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KOREAN REPORT:

Mr. Pak Is Worth Fighting For

A Great New Novel By A. J

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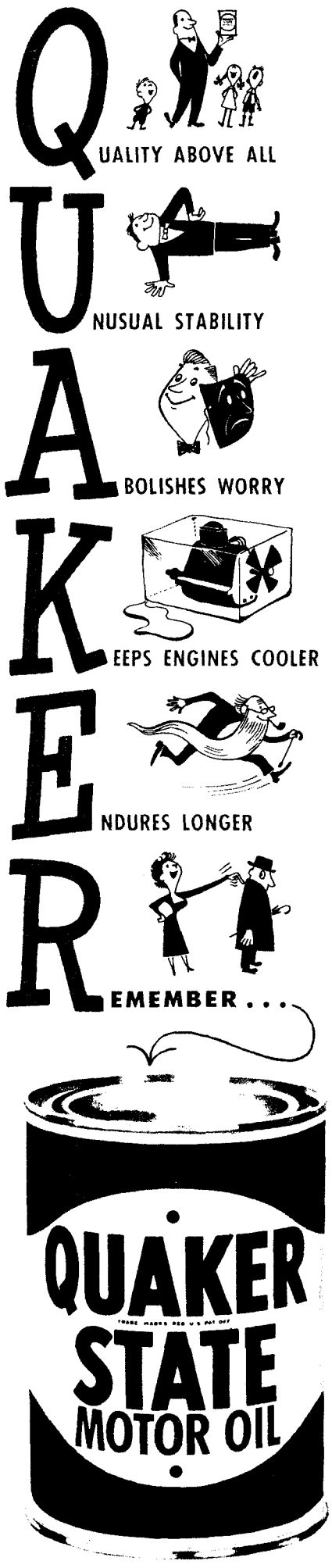

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August 19, 1950

ARTICLES

Mr. Pak Is Worth Fighting For.....JOHN DENSON 16
(A KOREAN REPORT)
Michigan's Happy Convicts.....HAROLD TITUS 18
Just One Break for the Disabled.....JOHN CONNER 22
F.D.R.'s Republican Cousin in Congress...EDWARD B. LOCKETT 26
'The Monocle' from Georgia.....GORDON MANNING 28
Selling War Bonds—Red China Style..... 31
Here's to the Pasta at Caproni's.....RICHARD B. GEHMAN 32
Laughter by the Yard.....SAMUEL KURTZMAN 34
Out Whar the East Begins.....JAMES DUGAN 62

FICTION

To Live Again.....A. J. CRONIN 13
(PART ONE OF NINE PARTS)
Devil's Hat.....LIBBIE BLOCK 20
Straight Life.....JOSEPH PETRACCA 24
I Guess I Fixed Her.....B. M. ATKINSON, JR. 30
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)
The Chinese Pheasant.....NORAH LOFTS 36
Waterfront.....FERGUSON FINDLEY 38
(CONCLUSION)

Keep Up with the World.....FRELING FOSTER 8
Are We Men or You-Know-What?.....RALF KIRCHER 10
Editorials..... 74
Cover.....PAUL GITTINGS AND PRESTON SWEET

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The Cover

The boy is 4½-year-old Ernest Harris Cockrell of Houston, Texas. The reluctant cat's name is Cloudy, raised from a kitten by Ernest himself. P.S. The photograph was taken by Gittings and Sweet, of Detroit, who report as a *non sequitur* that Cloudy gave birth to a litter of kittens 4 days later.

Week's Mail

Revolutionary Pin-up Girl

EDITOR: I was happy to see on your July 1st cover that Molly Pitcher was indeed cast in a mold suitable for the heroine of a contemporary historical novel.

My fuddy-duddy encyclopedia has a reproduction of a picture showing her dressed in a plain gray frock relieved only by a severe shawl collar of white. There seemed to be no logical explanation for American victory that day. Molly was as flat, according to that artist, as the coastal plain of Monmouth County itself.

Your cover explains it all. The British forces were obviously out of the battle as soon as Mrs. Pitcher showed up. What, they must have asked one another, holds that blouse up? Soldiers with that sort of a problem in their minds just cannot be made to fight.

WARREN MONTROSS, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Mr. Aiken's Credo

EDITOR: I don't believe there has been any article written in the past few years about our political situation which contains so much plain horse sense as that written by Senator George D. Aiken which you published under the title, Why I Am Not a Democrat (July 1st).

I wish there were some way in which this article could be placed in the hands of every voting American. I am sure that I am not the only citizen who has a rather vague but uneasy feeling as we take this expensive but exhilarating boat ride to the strains of the Missouri Waltz.

MRS. RICHARD MILLER, Highland, Ind.

. . . Senator Aiken could have explained why he calls himself a Republican much more briefly and accurately by simply stating that, while he favors the New Deal-Fair Deal program, he poses as a Republican because if he were a Democrat he couldn't be elected to any important political office in Vermont.

RALPH RITTENHOUSE, Seymour, Ill.

. . . Senator Aiken has some of the most sensible ideas on government that I have heard in a long, long time. Aiken for President in 1952! BOB HEG, Astoria, Ore.

. . . Hurray for Senator Aiken! More power to him. What we need is more good liberal Republicans like him, to give the Republican party a good overhauling.

STUART CAMPEN HALL, San Jose, Cal.

Thank You, Maestro

EDITOR: Many thanks for The Melody Must Be Perfect (July 1st). I'm deeply indebted. I think Gross certainly made the most of his material, and Beattie's picture is the finest I've seen of an orchestra.

DONALD VOORHEES, New York, N. Y.

Half-Size Sices

EDITOR: Being a freak under 5'4" I am moved to write my first fan letter about your article, Little Women Are Golden (July 1st).

I would like to send a literary orchid to Murray Sices. I don't own a Sices half-size yet, but I can't wait until I do. Instead of

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FIRST OF THE FINE CARS IN VALUE

Even Wiser than He Seems

PLAINLY, here is a man wise in the ways of fine motorcars.

You know it, by the four Ventiports and rich sweep of chrome marking his car as a ROADMASTER.

You know it, trailing him on the highway, by the lift of the big Fireball power plant at his toe's command, by the levelness of his ride, the swift ease with which Dynaflow solves his traffic problems.

What is *not* so plain is that here also is a man very wise in what today's dollar should buy!

For this man has all a fine-car owner can ask for – brilliant performance, a ride unequalled for softness, finger-easy handling, abundant room all around him, styling that is easily the most distinguished on the highway.

Yet he paid much less than comparable merit costs elsewhere.

He found fewer extra charges in his delivered price – with things like Dynaflow, foam rubber cushions, windshield washers, electric clock, even non-glare rear-view mirror as standard equipment.

Knowing fine cars, fifteen minutes at a ROADMASTER wheel tells you here is one of the finest.

And knowing prices, one look at the delivered figures proves this is the big buy of its field.

Why not double-check – especially since your Buick dealer offers you a run in a ROADMASTER any time you care to try it?

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Buick
ROADMASTER
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YOUR KEY TO GREATER VALUE

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, ABC Network, every Monday evening.

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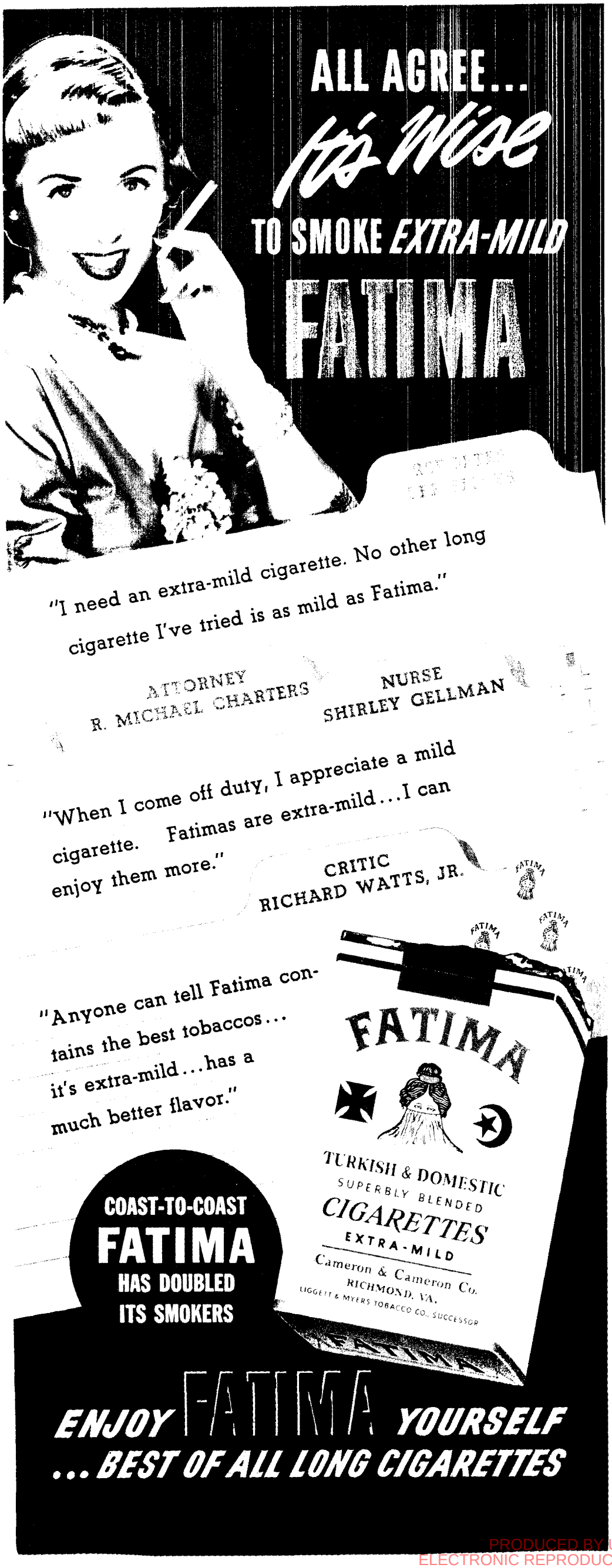

half-size, how about calling the Sices creations any of the following: Lilliputians, Figurines, or Petites Femmes?

Or, since Lord Sandwich was the originator of sandwiches, why not make Sices synonymous with suits that are sized to fit us 65 per cent?

SYLVIA TERRELL, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Big Town

EDITOR: Thank you very much for sending me the July 1st issue of Collier's which features the article, New York, New York—It's a Wonderful Town!, by Karl Schriftgiesser. The photographic illustrations are excellent and the text is graphic and generous. I really believe that Karl has come as close as anyone to date to an accurate word picture of our town and its people, their spirit, and the warm personality that really is New York.

WILLIAM O'DWYER, Mayor,
New York, N. Y.

His Honor and Mrs. O'Dwyer, up in Central Park

. . . I would like to compliment Karl Schriftgiesser for his superb story. It described the great "melting pot" to a T, and certainly made you agree with the song.

PHYLLIS LECHER, Fort Wayne, Ind.

. . . "And if you'll excuse an expression I use"—bologna to a good part of Karl Schriftgiesser's article on New York. I'm *not* in love with that so-called wonderful town.

I was born in New York. So were my parents. I am a product of the New York public-school system, Hunter High School, New York University and Columbia University. Until I married 13 years ago New York was my home, and I hated it. Coming to live in Ohio (Mr. McNulty's reaction to the contrary) was the best thing I ever did.

I visit New York regularly; and each time when my dirt-specked eyes glimpse the Ohio River, I begin to breathe again the kind of clean, fragrant air the good Lord meant us to breathe.

RUTH K. MELTZER, Portsmouth, Ohio

Mistaken Identity

EDITOR: Henry La Cossitt's series, Everyman's Meat (June 24th-July 8th), is about the most comprehensive story ever written about the meat packing industry and its importance in the American economy.

It is for this reason that, with some hesitancy and only for the purpose of keeping the records straight, we should like to point out that the president of this organization, and its executive head, is Wesley Hardenbergh of Chicago and not Dr. H. R. Kraybill, as is stated in the text of Part II.

Dr. Kraybill is described correctly elsewhere in the article as being in charge of scientific activities of the American Meat Institute Foundation, a separate organization.

NORMAN DRAPER,
American Meat Institute, Chicago, Ill.

. . . Everyman's Meat, by Henry La Cossitt, is very interesting though the title is scarcely a happy one.

If the price of meat should be reduced about one half, a big percentage of citizens would be mighty glad of a chance to test Mr. La Cossitt's theories.

ALTON G. MACKENZIE, Philadelphia, Pa.

Domestic Product

EDITOR: Your article The Giant Job of Telling Time (June 17th) was unfortunately in error when it said that Elgin, Hamilton and Bulova were the only manufacturers of American watch movements. For the past two years Gruen has been making a complete watch right here in the good old U.S.A. and we are very proud of our movement, as testified by the fact that sales of this completely American-made watch run into many, many thousands.

BERNARD M. KLIMAN, The Gruen Watch Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

Robert Froman's basic authority for the statement in question was the U.S. Tariff Commission's report on the American and Swiss watch industries prepared for Congress in 1947. This report stated that there were only four makers of jeweled watches in this country: Hamilton, Elgin, Waltham (now defunct) and Bulova, which also has a Swiss plant. The commission had no later developments to report, and further inquiries in the industry failed to reveal the error in omitting Gruen from the list of domestic watchmakers.

Municipal Cleanups

EDITOR: As a regular subscriber to Collier's I share the pride expressed in your July 1st editorial entitled With a Measure of Pride.

During the postwar years you have rendered a great service to the municipalities of our country by pointing out the defects of American city life. However I feel that you should have mentioned the great work Collier's has done in exposing the menace of air pollution.

It is heartening to be able to give illustrations of cities that are solving their problems such as Boston, whose police force won Mr. Whitman's praise.

As an example of a city that has moved ahead toward ironing out a modern municipal headache, I'd like to cite nearby Providence, Rhode Island. In that city a young ex-Navy officer, Austin C. Daley, has won national acclaim for cleaning up the air—at a cost of only six cents per inhabitant.

FRED B. RAMSDEN, Fall River, Mass.

Plea for Luxury Taxes

EDITOR: It seems to me that when Congress takes the luxury taxes from people well able to pay them and makes it up by adding a 3 per cent tax on corporations it is about time to fight back.

These congressmen should be made to understand that Big Business, as they love to call it, is made up of millions like myself who, having put by some money in the "old" American way, are depending for their living on dividends from these corporations on this money invested in them.

JOSEPH W. CHEESMAN, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Problem

EDITOR: I don't take Collier's Magazine but I saw it at the Service Club.

I saw an article on how to get fired. I'm in the Army and I'd like to get out. How do I do it? I am married and will be a father in about 7½ months.

PRIVATE, Btry B., 96th AA Gun Bn.,
Fort Bliss, Texas

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New ANAHIST TRADE MARK Atomizer

for Quick Relief from Sniffles, Sneezes, Stuffed-up Nose in

HAY FEVER or "Summer Colds"

Just Squeeze the Atomizer for Nebulized Mist of ANAHIST TRADE MARK

EFFECTIVE ANAHIST NOW AVAILABLE IN TWO CONVENIENT FORMS

AMERICAN FAMILIES **everywhere** are offered a wonderful *new* kind of relief from nasal congestion due to Colds and Hay Fever!

The same effective antihistamine contained in ANAHIST TABLETS is now available in the ANAHIST ATOMIZER for direct application into the nose and nasal passages. And the ANAHIST ATOMIZER is *safe* for both adults and children. Use as directed.

Unlike ordinary inhalers and nose drops, ANAHIST'S new companion product quickly and safely helps the swollen, irritated membranes to resume a more normal condition—by blocking the action of the histamine-like substance directly in the nose and nasal passages.

You may be allergic . . . without knowing it! Medical research reveals that millions are *unsuspecting* victims of Hay Fever, often known as "summer colds," "rose fever," "catarrhal condition." If you suffer from itching eyes, stuffy nose, dry throat, *use* ANAHIST *promptly!*

FOR HAY FEVER—95 OUT OF 100 DOCTORS TODAY PRESCRIBE ANTIHISTAMINES!

And the same antihistamine formula chosen by thousands of physicians is the one you know as ANAHIST—available *without a prescription* in 25 mg. TABLETS and in the new ATOMIZER.

ALL ANTIHISTAMINES ARE NOT ALIKE! ANAHIST is the only antihistamine proved safe and effective by doctors, as reported in the famous Reader's Digest article on colds. Just follow directions on label.

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BUY AT YOUR DRUG STORE

New Super-Economy Bottle of 100 tablets—*cost only about 2¢ per tablet!* Successfully used by millions of American families to check cold symptoms dramatically. Use it now for prompt, effective relief from symptoms of Hay Fever. Full directions in package.

New ANAHIST ATOMIZER—specially designed "squeeze-bottle" *self-atomizer* contains ANAHIST in solution plus cooling menthol . . . Carry in purse or pocket. Complete directions in package.

America's Number One Antihistamine ANAHIST TRADE MARK *OUTSELLS ALL OTHERS*

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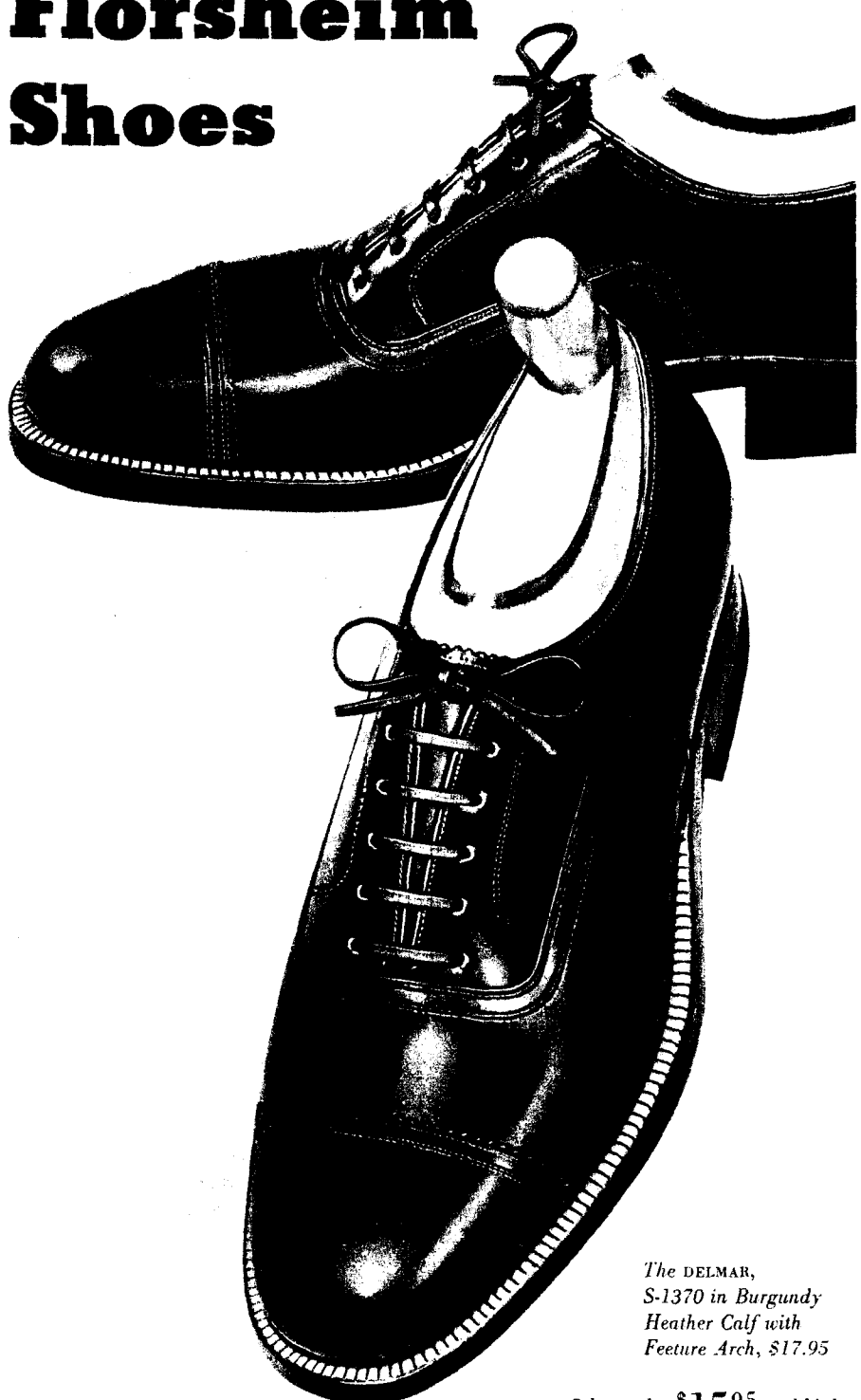
Men who require the comfort of an arch type shoe need no longer sacrifice style. Florsheim Shoes with Feeture Arch combine both. You get the almost-magic support of the two-piece, hinged Feeture Arch . . . plus the fine calfskin, exclusive styling, and correct details of the finest custom style. The arch support is hidden . . . but the comfort's there!

Florsheim Shoes



The DELMAR, *S-1370 in Burgundy Heather Calf with Feeture Arch, $17.95*

Other styles $15.95 *and higher*

The Florsheim Shoe Company · Chicago · Makers of fine shoes for men and women

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

Five villages and 5,300 citizens make up the odd country of Andorra

One of Europe's oddest countries is tiny Andorra, which is situated in the Pyrenees, occupies 191 square miles and has only five villages and 5,300 citizens. Although no roads leading to it were built before 1920, Andorra has since been modernized and its people have become wealthy by smuggling luxury merchandise in and out of France and Spain, which border it. Yet the country still retains a law that has kept its population stationary for centuries. A father is required to will three quarters of his property to one child, whose brothers and sisters, until recently, would give him their small shares to keep the family estate intact. Thus, these individuals, having no land and unable to earn a living in other ways in Andorra, emigrated to neighboring countries.

In the early part of the twentieth century, thousands of American and European men, while riding in elevators and on busses and streetcars, had their faces gouged and lacerated by women's hatpins, which were so long that their sharp points extended two or three inches beyond the hats. Consequently, in 1913, laws banning their use were passed in Berlin, Vienna, Paris, London, New Orleans and New Jersey. The laws could not be enforced and were forgotten, a year later, when World War I started. Soon after it was over, small hats and bobbed hair became fashionable and ended the days of the huge hatpin.

A prison escape, famous for its unique aspects, was that of Ed and Jack Biddle from the Allegheny County Jail in Pittsburgh on January 30, 1902, two weeks before they were to be executed. They were accompanied by Katherine Scoffel, the warden's wife, who had fallen in love with Ed Biddle and supplied the guns, keys, clothing and carriage. On the pretext of reading the Bible to the brothers, Mrs. Scoffel had been able to visit their cell daily without arousing suspicion because, in the past, she had often talked to condemned men about religion. Moreover, she was noted for her good deeds, had been married to the warden 20 years and was the mother of his four children. The day after the escape, a posse surrounded the trio, mortally wounded both desperadoes and captured Katherine Scoffel who was tried, convicted and made to serve two years in the jail of her husband. But he would never see her while she was there nor, as far as known, at any other time before her death, in 1926. The case had created such tremendous interest that a melodrama about it—called The Biddle Boys—was produced and presented for years throughout the United States.

A song unparalleled in many ways is the Hebrew hymn Lechah Dodi, which is sung by the cantor and choir at the beginning of the Friday-evening Sabbath service in every Jewish temple in the world. While it has never had more than a single set of words, the hymn has had many melodies written for it since its introduction in the sixteenth century. Not long ago, one European musician alone contributed 60 of them to the vast collection. Today, probably 500 of these Lechah Dodi compositions are in use and 1,500 are preserved in the musical records of Judaism.

In 1933 in New York City, a man sued a corporation for alienation of affections, demanding $200,000 as compensation. He claimed that he and his wife had virtually become estranged through the interference of the corporation's president who was both her employer and brother. As his charges were found to be untrue, the plaintiff lost the case; and later, he was divorced by his wife. The lawsuit is believed to be the only one of its kind ever brought in this country.

No mechanical musical instrument in history was ever made in such a wide variety of sizes as the music box of the nineteenth century. Among the mammoth models is one that can play 60 compositions and is housed in a cabinet larger than an upright piano. On the other hand, a few of the miniature models are so small that they are concealed in brooches and finger rings.

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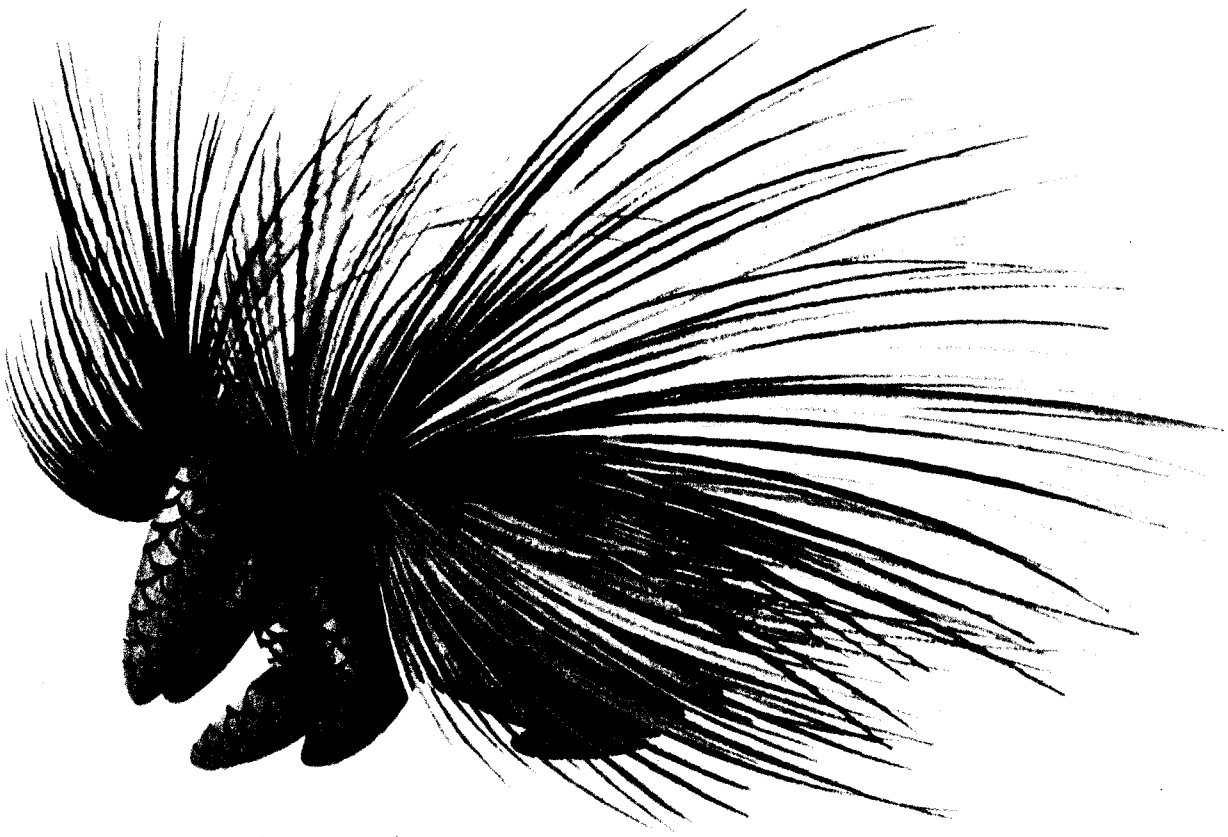
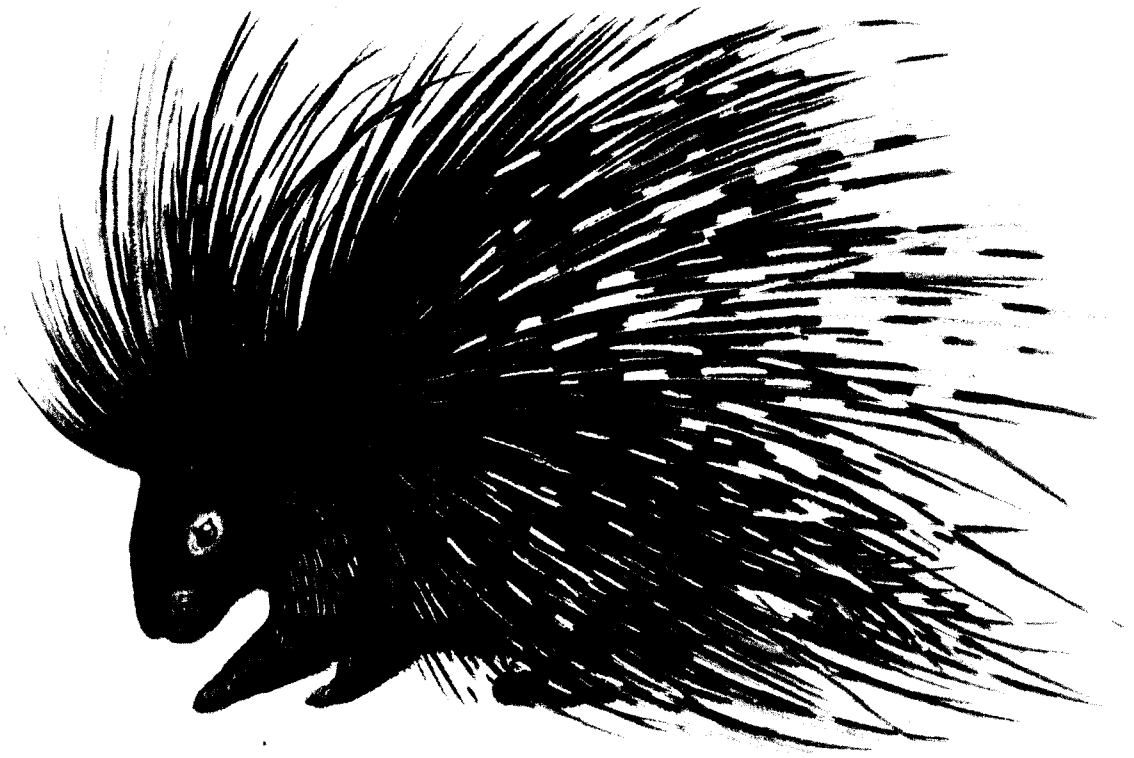
pine



There's a tremendous difference between a "**pine**" and a "**porcupine**"

porcupine



– and there is a powerful difference, too, between gasoline and "Ethyl" TRADE-MARK gasoline !

"Ethyl" gasoline is *high octane* gasoline. That's why it brings out the top power of your engine—makes a difference that you can feel on hills, on the open road, and when you need quick power for passing or acceleration.

When you see the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump, you know you are getting this better gasoline. "Ethyl" antiknock fluid is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.

ETHYL CORPORATION . . . New York 17, New York

Other products sold under the "Ethyl" trade-mark: salt cake . . . ethylene dichloride . . . sodium (metallic) . . . chlorine (liquid) . . . oil soluble dye . . . benzene hexachloride (technical)

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More Cavities! Why Didn't Your Mother Give You Amm-i-dent Ammoniated Tooth Paste?

More dentists recommend Amm-i-dent Tooth Paste and Powder than any other dentifrice in America!

Too bad! This child's mother was "too smart" to believe the ads that told her...

Amm-i-dent Helps Prevent Cavities!

"Just another exaggerated claim" this boy's mother thought to herself, when she read that Amm-i-dent ammoniated Tooth Paste could reduce tooth decay. She didn't even bother to call her dentist, who could have told her about Amm-i-dent. She just kept on buying the same tooth paste with which her family had been brushing—and having cavities—year after year.

More dentists recommend Amm-i-dent

And now, too late, she is sorry. At her child's regular dental check-up—*more cavities!* She wishes that she followed the advice of the dentists of America. They recommend Amm-i-dent ammoniated Tooth Paste and Powder more than any other dentifrice. Surely these men must know best of all what is right for you and your children.

Best protection against tooth decay

If you have provided Amm-i-dent for your family, you can feel justly proud! Your family is getting the best protection against tooth decay any dentifrice can offer, as proven in actual tests with people who followed regular brushing habits.

If your family is not using Amm-i-dent, you as a mother have not done all you can do—all you should do—to help them to have strong, healthy teeth. You can prove it to yourself. Were there any cavities in your family last year? What did you do to help prevent those cavities?

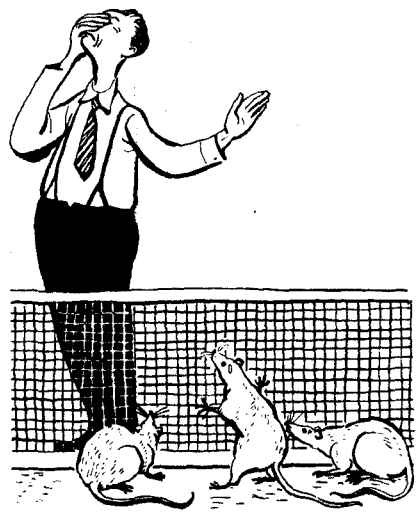
Does Your Present Tooth Paste Do Anything To Help Prevent Cavities?

No ordinary tooth paste, without ammoniated anti-decay ingredients, can do much to help prevent cavities—beyond what the simple act of brushing will do. Certainly it cannot do what Amm-i-dent can do. Amm-i-dent supplies *for many hours* the ammonia content found lacking in the mouths of cavity-susceptible people. *For many hours*, mind you.

That means Amm-i-dent's anti-decay protection continues—no matter when you brush. You don't have to brush after meals to get Amm-i-dent's effectiveness. Regular brushing at your regular time, with Amm-i-dent, helps prevent cavities.

ARE WE MEN OR YOU-KNOW-WHAT?

By RALF KIRCHER



CARL ROSE

I am the outstanding enemy of white rats at all times

FOR all its reputation as a nimble article, science can be mighty slow and awkward at times. Frequently, science lumbers up to a conclusion that I leaped to years ago. I do not say this to attract favorable attention to myself; I say it to discredit science, which is held in altogether too much esteem these days.

The latest instance of what I am ranting about was announced in the papers a few weeks ago when a Yale psychologist courageously confessed that white rats are not very useful in discovering what makes people tick. (Scientists are always talking that way. I cannot speak for you but personally I do not tick at all and, to the best of my knowledge, never have.)

I am not a psychologist and I did not go to Yale, but I formed my present low opinion of white rats at the age of eight when a so-called friend of mine tried to hand me one. As I sped through the screen door, without bothering to open it, I resolved that I would dedicate my life to the abolition of white rats—making speeches, writing pamphlets and lobbying against them in Washington. Most of this I have more or less failed to do, but I have never hesitated to put in a bad word for white rats wherever the opportunity presents itself. I am their outstanding foe at all times.

I could write a book, and one day will, about only one phase of the white rat problem; their use as pets. This problem I have studied, always from a distance, and I cannot for the life of me see what anyone else sees in white rats. Those beady pink eyes, and tiny feet, and that tail—but ugh! You will excuse me please. This is my stop. This is where I get off. I don't feel at all well and the walk may do me good.

Anyway, the purpose of this article is to applaud strongly the Yale brain who says that white rats are not very useful in determining the nature and causes of human behavior. I can only wish he had gone a step farther and voice my view that they are not of any confounded use WHATEVER in determining the nature and causes of human behavior. With 150,000,000 people in this country, who has to study rats to know how people act?

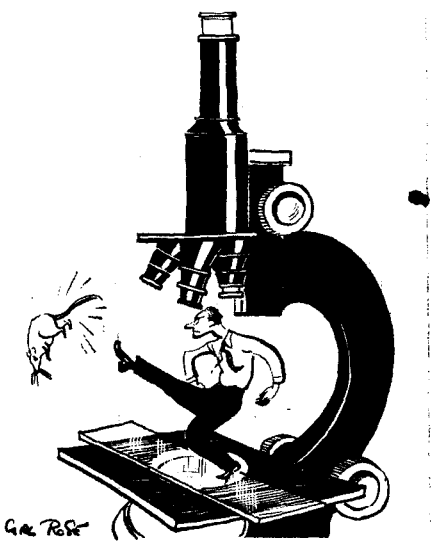
If, for instance, anybody wants to know why I behave as I do, they don't have to raise rats to find out. If they will come around when I am not busy, and if they will put their questions in a polite way, I will tell them what makes me act as I do. It's no secret, for Heaven's sake! To give you just one example: One secret of my behavior dates back to the day in 1932 when I was hit on the head by a hard foul ball at Forbes Field in Pittsburgh. How long would you have to raise rats to learn that significant fact? My own view is that you could look at a rat from now until Christmas and still not learn it. Why kid ourselves about these matters?

The most commonly known scientific use for white rats is the maze. This, as you know, is a miniature series of complicated rooms and hallways and blind alleys. The trick is for the rat to find its way to a nice piece of cheese that is placed at the end of the run. He does this while men in white coats stand around and watch him. Sometimes he finds the cheese, sometimes he gives up in disgust, sometimes he has a nervous breakdown and gets the hives, sometimes he goes stark raving nuts. So what? What does this prove about you and me?

If it is human behavior and not rat behavior that is under examination, let the men in the white coats apply themselves to the genuine article. Let them come with me when I am trying to find a lacy birthday gift (cheese) in a crowded department store (maze). Here they can observe human behavior at firsthand and can observe that I, too, may find the article, or give up in disgust, or have a nervous breakdown, or go stark raving nuts. That will give science something to put its teeth into, if, as I firmly believe, I am somewhat more typical of the human race than a rat of any color is apt to be.

Do I sound awfully bitter? I'm sorry. It was something that I simply had to get off my chest. In closing, let me repeat that any time you want information on human behavior, drop around. Any time I can't beat a rat in that department I'll go hide my head under something.

Incidentally, I feel exactly the same way about guinea pigs. Exactly. THE END



Let them study me if they want to find out something

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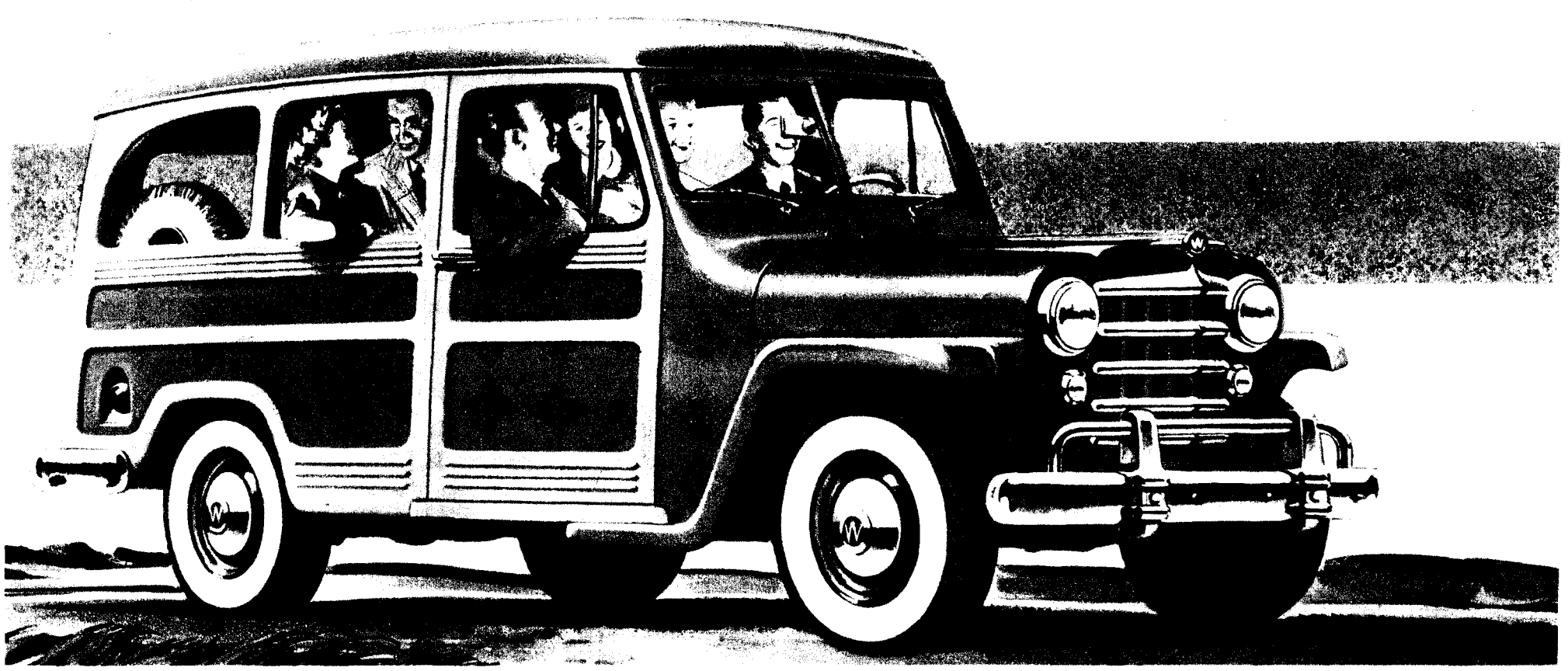

Willys makes sense

– IN DESIGN – IN ECONOMY – IN USEFULNESS

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When Paul failed to respond to her remarks with any show of interest, she resigned herself ungraciously to silence

To Live Again

By A. J. CRONIN

This is the story of Paul Engel, and of his struggle to prove the innocence of his father, convicted of a brutal murder. It is the story of one man's driving determination, in the face of overpowering opposition, to avenge the guiltless and expose the guilty—and of the love of one girl, who sustained him in his search for justice

13

BEGINNING ON NEXT PAGE

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I

ON WEDNESDAY evenings Paul's mother took the tram from her work in the City Hall to the mid-week service at Merrion Chapel and he usually walked over from the university, after his five-o'clock philosophy class, to meet her as she came out. But on this particular Wednesday, his interview with Professor Slade had kept him late and he decided to go straight home.

It was June, and the lovely expectant evening had cast a spell upon the begrimed buildings of Belfast. Against the amber sky, the roofs and chimney stacks of the northern Irish city lost their prosaic outlines and became mysterious—resplendent as a city in a dream.

As Paul came up Larne Road, the quiet side street of semidetached brick houses where he and his mother lived, a surge of elation took hold of him. He felt suddenly the breath-taking beauty and promise of life. Standing for a moment at their door, bareheaded, he filled his lungs with the soft still air. Then, with a sense of reluctance, he turned and put his key in the lock.

The canary was singing in the kitchen. Whistling to the bird, he removed his worn tweed jacket, hung it on a hanger in the hall of the small apartment and, in his shirt sleeves, set about making supper. The nickel alarm clock on the mantel struck seven and a few minutes later he heard his mother's step on the outside porch. He greeted her cheerfully as she came in, a spare and worn figure clad in respectable black bent a little to one side by the weight of her indispensable "holdall" bag.

"Sorry I couldn't get across, Mother," he said, smiling. "But Slade's given me the job. At least, I'm almost sure of it."

Mrs. Burgess studied him. The strand of drab gray hair escaping from beneath her hat enhanced the impression of weariness, of Christian fortitude and resignation, created by her lined features and intent, nearsighted eyes. But her expression softened at the look of pleasure on her son's handsome face.

"I'm glad, son. I knew you'd have good reason for not coming over. Both Ella and Mr. Fleming missed you."

She rolled her cotton gloves into a ball and, casting a practiced glance over the table, brought out from her satchel some cold ham and a bag of his favorite wheat scones. They sat down at the table and, when she had asked the blessing, began their simple meal. He saw that, despite her restraint, she was deeply pleased by his news.

"It *is* a stroke of luck, Mother. Three guineas a week. And for the whole nine weeks of my holidays."

"It'll be a nice change after all your studying for your final."

"Yes, teaching summer school will really be just like a vacation, I think."

"God is very good to you, Paul."

He subdued his smile and remarked, "I have to send off my birth certificate to Professor Slade tonight."

There was a pause. Head bent, Mrs. Burgess took her spoon and removed a tea leaf floating in her cup. Her voice was a little indistinct.

"What do they want with a birth certificate?"

"Oh, it's just a formality," he answered lightly. "They won't engage students under twenty-one. I had some difficulty in persuading Slade that I came of age last month."

"You mean he wouldn't take your word for it?"

He looked across in sharp surprise.

"There's nothing personal in it, Mother. The man's only obeying the regulations. My application and my birth certificate have to go before the board."

Mrs. Burgess did not answer, and after a brief silence, Paul launched into a good-natured description of his interview with the professor, who was also principal of the summer school at Portray. When he had finished his third cup of tea, he rose from the table. Only then did his mother stir.

"Paul," she said detaining him. "I'm — I'm not sure, after all—that I like this idea of your going to Portray."

"What!" he exclaimed. "Why for weeks we've both been hoping I'd go."

"It means your being away from me." She hesitated and looked down again. "You'll miss our week's holiday with the Flemings—and it'll be too much work for you."

"Nonsense, Mother. You worry about nothing." Lightheartedly, he dismissed her misgivings and, before she could protest any more, went down the passage to his own room.

This was a small study-bedroom, at the front of the house, its bright wallpaper hung with passe-partout photographs of football and hockey groups. On the mantel were a number of cups and other trophies which he had won from time to time at the university. Under the window stood a bookcase containing a selection of novels and more solid works of a wild range of interest. In the alcove opposite, concealed by a heavy green curtain, was the narrow cot in which he slept, and on a solid table against the wall, his textbooks, papers and notebooks were neatly laid out. Everything in the room testified to the quality of Paul's character, the soundness of his young body, the sensitive vigor of his mind.

He sat down at the table and filled in the application form. He read it over once to assure himself that it was correct, and went back to the living room.

"Will you get the certificate for me now, Mother? I'd like to get this in the nine-o'clock post."

She raised her head. She had not begun to clear the table but was still seated where he had left her. Her face seemed flushed, her voice curiously agitated.

"I'm not sure where it is. It's not a thing you can exactly put your hands on at a moment's notice."

"Oh, come, Mother." He glanced toward the bow-fronted chest where she kept all her papers, a few family trinkets, her Bible, spectacles and other private

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

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oddments. "It must be in your top drawer with all your other things."

She gazed back at him, her mouth slightly open, half exposing her cheap, badly fitting dentures. The flush had faded, leaving her lusterless cheeks more than usually pale. Rising, she took a key from her purse and unlocked the top drawer of the chest. With her back to him, she searched methodically for five minutes. Then she shut the drawer and turned around.

"No," she said, in an expressionless tone, "I can't find it—it isn't there."

He bit his lip in annoyance, but he controlled his voice.

"Really, Mother, it's an important document—and I need it."

"How was I to know you needed it?" Her voice trembled with sudden resentment. "These things get lost. You know the struggle I've had, left a widow all these years, bringing you up, with a hundred things to think of, and a bigger load on my shoulders than ever mortal woman had before, worrying half the time whether I could keep a roof over our heads, let alone educate you properly. I can tell you I've had enough to do without bothering about a few papers, especially since half the time I've had no proper place to keep them in."

This outburst, altogether foreign to her controlled nature, took him aback, and her unreasonableness left him perplexed. But he only said, "Well, I'll have to get a duplicate, then. I'll write for it tonight."

She made a gesture of negation. Her voice was calmer now.

"It's not your place to write, Paul." Reading his doubtful glance, she added, "Don't let's make a fuss about nothing. I haven't had too easy a day. I'll write for the certificate, on City Hall notepaper, tomorrow." *(Continued on page 53)*

A grim and tenacious resolve was forming within him. *I am not beaten yet*, he vowed. *This is not the end*

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Mr. and Mrs. Pak came to believe more strongly than ever in the United Nations

Mr. PAK

By JOHN DENSON

Collier's WAR CORRESPONDENT

Korea

THE Korean summer was hot, sopping wet and tragic. It was well along before Pak Young Pok, tin, aluminum and glassware merchant on the Won Dong, Taejon's main street, finally became convinced that perhaps he might yet gain a small part of what still was for him the vague free world. Mr. Pak was not a man of little faith, but for himself, his shy and pleasant wife, Yu Chung Lul, and their four boys, independence had always been, he said, a golden sun set on a far horizon. Mr. Pak had lived long under the threat of Communists to the north before war came. And he found it quite hard to believe that nations across the sea cared much about the tight little family on the Won Dong.

"Now," he spoke ever so slowly, "the Americans and the blue-white flag of the United Nations have come to rescue Korea. This, I think, is enough to hope that the far sun will one day be near."

Hope was difficult to find in Mr. Pak's home town. On the half-sunny, half-drizzling day this correspondent talked with Mr. Pak, Taejon was close by the fighting zone. Artillery, troop-carrying trucks and jeeps bounced over the aged stone streets. Military trains created an angry din with whistles and steam. Just around the corner from Mr. Pak's proud shop and a block north on the Chung Dong, famished refugees massed by the thousands in front of the railroad station, standing, squatting, lying, waiting with infinite patience to go on to safety if a way could be found. Other thousands straggled through the Won Dong and by Mr. Pak's place. They stared at the shining rice pots, the frying pans, canteens, things intended to make living a bit easier, but few stepped in to buy.

Taejon itself is a scrambled city of matchstick shanties about 90 miles southeast of Seoul, capital of the South Korean Republic, and from the beginning one of the main objectives of the Communist invaders. Taejon looks like the slums on the outskirts of some Southern city in America—a scene of brown and dull gray set on a plateau among the harsh, almost impenetrable mountains of Korea. Normal population runs between 40,000 and 50,000, but no one knows how many confused and frightened Koreans are there now.

Mr. Pak was not one of the frightened. It was business as usual the day I visited him at his shop. One of his first customers of the day—one of the few refugees to stop at the shop—was a young mother, baby strapped to her weary back. She fingered a frying pan, looking it over carefully, bottom side and top. She put it down to reach into the folds of her skirt, pulled out a wad of crumpled won (the South Korean currency) and counted it twice.

"How much?" she asked Mr. Pak's young salesman, Yi Pong Hi.

"Seven hundred won." (That's about 40 cents.)

"But I have only 600 won," she said and started to turn away.

Mr. Pak had been listening. He called to his salesman: "Six hundred won. Let her have it."

"*Komapsum nita.*" ("Thank you.") The young mother's eyes seemed almost happy. She gripped the frying pan, straightened the baby on her back and in a moment was gone among the thousands like her. There would be no profit for Mr. Pak, but a frying pan meant hot food if there was any food to be had at all.

In their little shop on the Won Dong, Collier's John Denson talks with Mr. Pak

PHOTOS FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLOTTE KNIGHT

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KOREAN REPORT

Is Worth Fighting For

An introduction to Pak Young Pok, a South Korean merchant. Caught in the maelstrom of war, he worries about his family, his home, his shop—and the future of democracy

The refugees, many of them from the villages and the farms, were like Mr. Pak himself. A rural Korean he came originally from Daiduck (great virtue) County, five miles from Taejon. In distant America, he would be called a self-made man. What Mr. Pak and his family had, he earned. He had worked for 15 years as a taxi driver in Tokyo to get some slight schooling and to save for his return to Korea and a business of his own. It was not until 1945, when Korea seemed to have won freedom and a chance at self-rule, that he decided to return to Taejon and his family which had remained here.

Mr. Pak's shop on the Won Dong was built of wood (red pine tree) and was open all the way across the front under a faded blue and gray sign reading Hyung Chea Company. The shop resembled a roadside stand in America and was not much bigger. It was jammed with a hundred products—from the Korean necessity, rice pots, to ash trays and whisky jiggers. Pots and pans hung from the ceiling as they do in general stores at the crossroads in Indiana and Virginia. Mr. Pak's shelves were stacked like those of a five-and-dime store counter, but the Korean dust (heavy between rainstorms) had gathered thickly on the glassware. Mr. Pak, whose business was both wholesale and retail, estimated his stock at 20,000,000 Korean won (roughly $11,000); not bad, Mr. Pak pointed out, for a rural Korean of forty-two who started with nothing.

Mr. Pak was a solidly set five-foot-two, with gold fillings in a wide, determined mouth. He had a slight brush mustache, and on the day I saw him, he wore a T-shirt, khaki trousers and the gum slippers customary in Korea. Mr. Pak managed to show the fillings an unusual number of times while we sat on a wooden bench near the rice-pot counter to talk of taxes, the state of his business ($25 to $50 a day in normal times), of his neighbor Sim Eung Pok, who ran a bookstore across the Won Dong, and of war and Communism.

Mr. Pak professed to know little of Communism. He had read of its threat and he had seen it erupt into war. The two morning papers in Taejon, Tong Pahng and Choong Chung, did not give a great deal of news. They were four-page papers about a quarter the size of standard newspapers in the States. But Mr. Pak did know of much Russian propaganda that had been drifting down from the Communist North in an effort to undermine confidence in the young South Korean Republic, in Americans and, in fact, in everything except the Russians and their Korean puppets.

The "Hate America" campaign of the Russians has been going on a long time. The Russians say Americans consider the Koreans "inferior." They have tried to sell the idea to the South Koreans with a thick coating of promises and claims of great cultural and economic gains in the Communist-controlled areas. Mr. Pak had not been taken in. Nor, he said, were many Koreans who were able to make up their own minds. A practical man, Mr. Pak was sure that his vote counted under the republic; he was not sure whether he or his vote would count under the Russians.

Mrs. Pak had arrived at her own conclusions and they were pretty definite. "The Russians," she said, "are very bad people because they agitate the Northerners to fight and kill their brothers in the South. But we feel safer now that the Americans have come to our assistance. Things will work out well. We know that." But she, the mother of four, is fearful of the hatred which has been stirred up between North and South Koreans. Her children, she said, have learned to hate. She told of the games they played in the streets and in the courtyards back of their home in the rear of the shop on the Won Dong. With other boys in the block, she said, they pretended their wooden sticks were guns and swords. They marched up and down, shouting:

"Let's remove the 38th parallel. Let's beat up the Northerners."

The four boys, Chong Sun, thirteen, Chong Wook, eleven, Heun, eight, and Whasun, five, were sent to the country because of the war. Mrs. Pak missed them terribly. It was obvious that the second son, Chong Wook, was Mrs. Pak's favorite, and her eyes lighted up when she spoke of him. He is so sweet, so good, so bright, she told the interpreter. "But that Heun (the third son), he is bad. He smashes things, talks too much and has no respect for his elders, as all good Korean children should. And he is all the time asking for won. 'Give me some won for ice candies, or give me some won for this—or that.' He asks so loudly that I usually give him the won. Still I guess he will turn out all right."

Mrs. Pak was particularly distressed because the war had caused her sons to miss their lessons. "They will be far behind in their work," she said. The eldest Pak son, Chong Sun, had been preparing to take his high-school entrance examination next year. To help him, the Paks hired a tutor, a young technical student who needed funds to support himself. Until the war came, he gave three hours' instruction every day to Chong Sun.

Day to day in the Pak home was pretty much the routine in most Korean homes. It was rugged because there had been a wave of inflation and the simplest requirements of existence were hard to come by. The Paks were better off than many of their neighbors, but Korea has never had sharply distinct classes. In 35 *(Continued on page 61)*

'Mr. Pak and Mr. Smith Are in It Together'

OFFICIAL PHOTO, U.S.A.F.

John Denson

Nobody knows what has happened to Mr. Pak and his family since Collier's war correspondent John Denson talked with them before the Communist army of North Korea closed in on Taejon. If the Paks were caught by the Reds, they may have been killed. Or perhaps, with luck, they escaped with the stream of refugees to the south.

Although the fate of that brave little shopkeeper is in doubt, he remains a symbol of the United Nations' cause in opposing Communist aggression in the Far East. Because he believes in freedom and the other democratic principles of our way of life, Mr. Pak has a big stake in the U.N.'s decision to fight. But his stake is no greater than that of the storekeeper in Des Moines, Iowa, or of any other American.

The United Nations have pledged themselves to this fateful undertaking. Mr. Pak and Mr. Smith are in it together. No further proof of this vital partnership is needed than the following paragraph of a letter sent back by John Denson from Korea.

"I did the Mr. Pak story because I wanted to show that there are *people* out here; that the Orient is not just a mass of faceless men. These people are individuals with feelings, hopes and aspirations." THE EDITOR

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Park manager of the Highland State Recreation Area (extreme left) supervises placement of some 600 prisoner-made picnic tables

Convicts working in the Island Lake State Recreation Area return tables they've refurbished during winter months to picnic grounds

S. J. Gilman and his chief, Corrections Commissioner E. C. Brooks, consult on planting with regional park supervisor Charles Leeson

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Michigan's Happy Convicts—

They Improve the State's Great Parks

By HAROLD TITUS

Living in outdoor camps, prisoners make a healthy contribution to society by building better recreational facilities, and so better citizens, while rehabilitating themselves

AS HE opened the door of the long, low building a gentle breeze off the Straits of Mackinac blew softly through the forest on the tip of Michigan's lower peninsula. He was dressed as would be any chore boy in summer at a Lake State logging camp. The room into which he stepped was like many another used to shelter lumberjacks of the region: double rows of metal cots, great wood stove in the middle, socks and clothes hung to dry for another day in the woods.

Most of the cots already were occupied by sleeping men. A few read. Two were quietly concluding a game of dominoes. One emerged naked from the shower room at the far end, white body in sharp contrast to his richly weathered face.

"Ten o'clock, boys. Good night," the man who had just entered said, and walked through to the other door at the far end.

He took a long look back, then pulled the light switch and went out, latching the door carefully behind him as any good chore boy, mindful of his crew's comfort, might do before turning in himself.

But this man wasn't a chore boy, any more than those 40 men inside were lumberjacks. He was a guard in the Michigan prison system; those behind him were convicts, and the careful latching—not locking—of that door was his final duty of the day. Neither he nor any of the other four guards in camp would return to the dormitory until six in the morning; but after better than three years of experience, the chances could be reckoned as anyhow 10,000-to-one that not only would every man be present but also ready to turn in a good day's work measured by any handy standard of accomplishment.

This was Camp Wilderness, located in Michigan's 7,656-acre Wilderness State Park. It was opened in October, 1949, and the men formed the fifth group of prison inmates to be set to work furthering development of state recreational areas. Before year's end it is hoped seven such camps will be operating, with 600 workers enrolled. Not only is this program a precedent for the numbers involved under lenient custody, but it is also something new in that, for the first time, the charges of a penal system are helping to solve the problems of a state conservation agency.

A camp was set up in 1947. Another was functioning in 1948 and four more were added last year, although all were not up to the full complement of 60 workers because the construction of quarters was the first task confronting two of the units. As a rehabilitation device for men who have lost to the law, penologists are watching it critically but with mounting enthusiasm. It is being observed almost breathlessly by public foresters, parks administrators and fish and game managers, because if the promises it extends to date are fulfilled, it means a return of a sizable amount of labor such as conservation agencies had available in the days of the Civilian Conservation Corps. And most of these bureaus, both state and federal, have been starved for help ever since.

The proposal to use prison inmates for the development of Michigan Conservation Department projects goes back to the thirties when veteran upstate Circuit Judge Parm C. Gilbert, since retired, began agitating for an experiment.

"We have a demonstration of the social results of CCC right before us," the judge used to say. "All judges recognize the value of Boy Scout and Four-H training in citizenship. The out-of-doors is a great healer of ailing impulses and I hate to send young men behind bars when, in a state like ours, so much work waits in our forests, parks and public hunting and fishing grounds. Let these boys pay their penalty by working with their hands—close to nature at her best—and we'll gain twice: Character will be restored in the offenders and more character will be built in the public by the additional facilities for healthy relaxation which are created."

Everyone approached in the state capitol agreed the suggestion sounded good. But to try it out would necessitate brand-new interdepartmental arrangements, and then came the war and nothing was done. Still, the idea (*Continued on page* 58)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RUSSELL OGG

Construction work by outdoor prisoners makes cabins such as this available to groups enjoying overnight hikes, outings and picnics

Road gang at Island Lake repairs park paths and roadways under direction of Roy Russell (extreme left), recreation area manager

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DEVIL'S HAT

By LIBBIE BLOCK

She knew he had a bad reputation, but Dutch appealed to her. He was tough and casual and sardonic—and he was supposed to be wild. She wanted to find out for herself . . .

TAMMIE had argued intelligently to be allowed to go out with this boy and already, a half mile from home, she was sorry she had won. The rules of simple psychology were as much in use in her home as knives and forks; she had learned them well enough to handle her parents.

"I ought to go out with all kinds of men," she had said. "Then I'll know what to look for in a husband."

She saw that her mother was wanting to be a big sister to her, her father was wanting to laugh. But he stayed tough.

"At seventeen you're not looking for a husband, Tammie. I've seen this Dutch Whyte hanging around the garage downtown. I don't like his reputation and I don't like his face."

She liked Dutch's face with its sharp nose and hollow cheeks; he'd been shaving so long that his beard looked real. She liked his dangerous reputation—it had no boundaries; he might be or do anything.

She said all the things she had planned: that they had raised her so carefully that they ought to be able to trust her in any situation . . . the wildest girls were known to be those whose parents were strictest . . . it would be easy enough for her to meet Dutch in secret but she wanted their permission; and most tellingly she said that if she had to suppress her curiosity about him it might grow to be an infatuation. "I might really get a thing for him," she said.

After she had tortured them awhile, they thought they were making a decision and gave their permission.

It was stupid of her to be uneasy so soon. Maybe it was because Dutch had honked for her instead of coming to the door of her house. Maybe it was because he had two other boys with him, boys who didn't go to high school, whom she had never seen before. They were called Red and Jeep; each said a short-bitten "Hi," and was silent. The hopped-up car looked like a wreck and roared like a plane. They traveled together like strangers.

She had learned not to fear any situation in which she could talk. She did not like the absence of speech. Now she thought of herself physically as a girl against three men. A strong girl who played tennis and skied. But female.

"Where are we going?" she asked Dutch in a pleased way as though anyplace at all would be fun.

He seemed to have been grown to drive an automobile, concave from shoulders to hips to fit over the steering wheel, face concave under the springy light hair. Only his nose jutted, sharp and straight as a road pointer.

"We're going to pick up somebody," Dutch said without turning.

If they picked up another fellow would it be better or worse? Tammie wondered if she could get a headache, fast, and be taken home.

The car had more momentum, more direction than Tammie's plan. They turned a corner and it was as though they had left the headache behind, irretrievable.

This was a part of the city she did not know, west toward the mountains, almost rural but with too many small houses close to the road to be real country. No corner lights here so that it was as though the moon had just been turned on; the streets were metallic as gun barrels, where the leafless trees fell away the air was fuzzy with light.

Where were they going for their date? Dutch wore a sweater. Tammie was too dressed up in her navy taffeta dress under her good coat. She had thought he would take her to a movie, then to a drugstore or a barbecue where they could talk. They never had talked.

They had only looked. In the corridors of the school, in the two classes they had in common, he had watched from the tail of his eye, for weeks; then he began to look at her openly, unsmiling, with no desire to please her. But she had been pleased because he was Dutch Whyte of whom it was known that he had once said there wasn't a girl in school he'd have as a gift.

If he wouldn't have any girl in the school, what would any girl want of him? He was the boy who always chose the last row and did not often occupy it. He was shabby and rough and he never answered any questions put to him by the teachers. Neither was he an athlete, nor a debater, nor even a man's man. He came to Greeley High as though he hated it. Whatever he got from life before eight fifteen in the morning and after three fifteen in the afternoon, he got nothing from school.

But when he had looked at her, she had looked back at him and his slouching thinness had seemed as though it might be grace, his roughness that of a man instead of a boy. With the intuition of all young girls, she knew he would soon attempt to make contact with her.

SHE had known he was looking for her today after school when she saw him outside the drugstore. She went in to buy a bottle of nail polish. Lounging against the glass display window he did not appear to see her. But when she came out he was still there and she held herself steady for the greeting.

"Hi," he said.

"Hi," she answered, standing still.

"Well, did you get what you went after?"

He made it sound as though she had gone into the store to buy something unpleasant or steal it maybe.

"I bought some nail polish."

He was through with that subject. "Where do you live?"

"Up near the park."

"I didn't ask you what you lived up near. I said where do you live?"

There was a querulous quality to his toughness, different from Humphrey Bogart. "My goodness," Tammie said, "if you want the *exact* address it's 704 Cliff Way."

"Pick you up eight thirty tonight."

She didn't like it much. His fingers, holding a cigarette, were not clean. That was one thing. The other was that he should not have asked her for the same night. A date, a first date, should have the dignity of futurity. It should be anticipated.

But if she said no he wouldn't ask her again. He demanded that she understand this by his immobility, the antagonism with which he looked at her.

"To get to Cliff Way you have to turn right off Brewer," she said.

"I didn't ask you for a road map. See you." And he peeled himself off the drugstore wall and left.

She looked at the squashed pad of cigarette he had stomped out on the sidewalk. Dutch is different from any boy I ever knew, Dutch is interesting. He's shy and he needs help and I can help him. For a second she saw him elegant in a tuxedo, standing straight and with clean fingernails. I can really help him because I understand him.

She had won her battle with her parents. She had won her prize, a date with Dutch Whyte. It was her duty to enjoy it. . . .

As the rackety car snarled down the streets, she turned and spoke into the back seat. "I don't believe I ever saw you boys around," she said to the two in the shadows.

"She don't believe she ever saw us around," they intoned flatly as though she had asked them to repeat after her an oath of allegiance. They spoke as one voice and that was all they said.

After a minute she said, "I mean it's fun to meet new people when you think you know everybody in town."

"She means it's fun to meet new people when you think you know everybody in town," they said, their voices lifeless yet arrogant.

She turned her face forward, the skin of her cheeks thin and hot. Dutch began to laugh, hard, pulling his body up against the steering wheel. "Funny, huh?" he said.

She managed to smile though she could not bring herself to speak. She wished he had not brought these boys with him; it was as though he might be bored with her alone.

Slowing the car, Dutch threw his head back so his friends would hear him. "Joint around here someplace?"

"Second house from the corner, right side of the street."

Without pulling the car toward the curb Dutch stopped it and sounded three blats of the horn. Tammie thought: I ought to get out here and telephone Daddy to come and get me. But she knew she wouldn't.

"Who are we waiting for?" she asked politely.

"I'm not waiting any more," Dutch said.

From the back, the one called Red or the one called Jeep growled, "Keep your pants on."

THEN across the black shining street there was a wedge of light, as a door opened in a house. It was gone again as the door closed. A person came out into the middle of the street and one of the two in the back seat reached out and opened the door for her.

It was a girl. The first thing Tammie thought was: Now it's two against three, instead of three, maybe four against me.

Before the new girl was seated Dutch started the car. She fell between Red and Jeep, there was scuffling, a little giggling. One of the boys leaned out and pulled the door shut.

Tammie did not look behind. She spoke no word of greeting nor did she prepare herself pleasantly for an introduction. She *(Continued on page 71)*

They pushed the table back to make room for Ceel. Dutch was beside Tammie, with his arm around her, making sure she wouldn't forget

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JUST ONE BREAK *for the Disabled*

By JOHN CONNER

Skip the sympathy, just give us work, plead those who fight their way up from crippling injury or illness. Now they're getting a big helping hand

WHEN Henry Viscardi, Jr., walks into his small Bellevue Hospital office at 9:00 A.M. of a morning and clears his desk for action, New York's sometimes self-centered business community is in for a miracle or two before the final bell at 5 o'clock.

Viscardi is executive director of an unusual new businessmen's group called the J.O.B. Committee. J.O.B. means "job," obviously. The committee was so named because it is dedicated to finding work for disabled people whose only *real* handicap in life has been a general misunderstanding concerning their actual capabilities.

To give the title more than just an alphabetical significance the words "Just One Break" were fitted to it. Actually, the tone of these three little words is not exactly what was wanted. They sound a slightly plaintive note and the *one* thing *not* wanted for handicapped people is sympathy. The break J.O.B. does desire for them is the opportunity to be considered normal and competent for purposes of a given job—a job that J.O.B., through some of the most advanced testing known to science, has proved they can do.

Orin Lehman, a wealthy young industrialist associated with the famed New York banking house of Lehman Brothers, lost a leg while on duty as a forward observer for artillery in Germany during the last war. Captain Lehman's two and a half years in the District of Columbia's Walter Reed hospital, U.S. center for wartime amputations, taught him the value of Colonel Howard A. Rusk's revolutionary technique in rehabilitating bed-bound soldiers. As chief of the Air Force's Convalescent Training division, Dr. Rusk made his patients begin retraining muscle and mind at the earliest possible moment.

Lehman knew that rehabilitation was only half the answer for disabled veterans. He'd heard them ask too often: What do we do after the war? Will there be jobs for us? He realized too that since V-J day a lot of them must be having a hard time. What he didn't realize was how widespread the problem really was.

Dr. Rusk had already gone on to set up his famous rehabilitation department at Bellevue Hospital and establish the Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation in the New York University-Bellevue Medical Center; and he was also associated with the New York Times as a writer on medical subjects. Dr. Rusk called on Lehman one afternoon to paint a vivid picture with some astonishing facts. Some of them:

During the first ten days of the Normandy invasion twice as many persons were injured in the United States from automobile accidents alone as became casualties on that bloody beachhead.

In four years of war there were 120,000 amputations among civilians compared to 21,000 among soldiers, sailors and Marines.

In a nation where life expectancy grows ever greater, we are increasingly beset by the burden of chronic disease among the old. The day may come when the disabled and the unemployable will constitute 50 per cent of the population. The U.S. now has more people over 60 than adolescents.

The job-placement need among civilian handicapped was overwhelming, Dr. Rusk told Mr. Lehman. With their limited staffs, both public and voluntary placement agencies have always found it difficult to place the severely handicapped. Such work would take a lot of time and selling, and a lot of understanding on the part of both the employer and the disabled prospective employee.

Something had to be done.

Dr. Rusk headed the two most modern rehabilitation facilities in the world. If these could be matched with an equally efficient job-placement system, to function first in New York and then on a nationwide basis, perhaps a calamitous future could be headed off.

Lehman was deeply impressed. He discussed the suggestion with several partners at Lehman Brothers; then with Dr. Rusk they organized the two groups that make up the J.O.B. committee. One is the advisory, the other the steering body.

The advisory group is nonactive. It holds no meetings. Only when special influence is needed to get a job for a particularly difficult case is one or another of its members called upon. The membership includes such important names as Elder Statesman Bernard Baruch, who organized his well-known Committee on Physical Medicine after World War II; James A. Farley, chairman of the board, Coca Cola Export Corporation; Thomas A. Morgan, president, The Sperry Corporation; Bernard Gimbel, president, Gimbel Brothers, Inc.; I. J. Harvey, president of The Flintkote Company; John Hancock, chairman of the board, Lever Brothers; Dr. Rusk and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

The steering committee is composed of an ever-growing number of young businessmen who find time to take an active part in the J.O.B. crusade. With youthful exuberance the steering committee began grappling with the problem, arranging lunches with potential employers, talking by telephone with their chains of contacts, leaning on the N.Y.U.-Bellevue Medical Center's rehabilitation counseling service occasionally and holding bi-weekly meetings to bat ideas around. Gradually, however, the we'll-show-'em-how-it's-done grins faded from their faces. As businessmen, newspapermen and attorneys they soon learned they knew too little about the new and highly specialized field they were trying to develop.

So they went to Dr. Rusk, and Dr. Rusk put on his thinking cap. Soon he *(Continued on page 43)*

. . . and in Other Cities

The Department of Labor estimates 1,000,000 physically handicapped persons, non-veterans and veterans, can be added to the nation's work force if they are given rehabilitation, training facilities—and equal footing with other applicants for jobs. The Just One Break Committee in New York has done outstanding work in this field, but a dozen cities in all parts of the U.S. are organizing other programs to help the disabled become self-reliant. Henry Viscardi, J.O.B. director, will do everything needed to share his experience with them

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE COVELLO

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Rose Hiraga needs a special glove to do her successful wallpaper designs

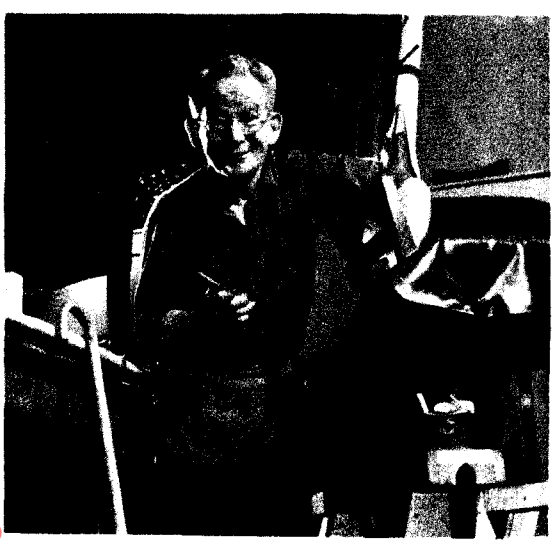
Saul Hartfield happily at work after winning a fight with cerebral palsy

Lehman and Henry Viscardi discuss J.O.B. plans with adviser Bernard Baruch

Ann Boyd, who cannot stand, expertly records an interview for her boss, Viscardi

Polio affected her legs and one arm, but Sylvia Levinson does a fine job

Thomas Grommet, upholsterer, came from Texas to get help from the J.O.B.



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OU might say it was a chain of coincidences. First: the snow fell early that year, weeks before Thanksgiving, and my grandfather, Nonno, sitting in his rocking chair and watching the first flakes spiraling past the front-room window, automatically began to feel the rheumatism stiffen his legs. Second: finding no Epsom salts for Nonno to soak his feet in, Mama ran down to the drugstore to get some, and returned instead with a hot-water bottle. And finally: because it snowed when it wasn't supposed to, the incoming freighters got stalled out in the bay and all the longshoremen were let off early, without pay. That's how come Papa was home and mad that Monday afternoon, the day Mr. Keppelring, our insurance man, came knocking at the door for his weekly collection on all our policies. You could always tell it was Mr. Keppelring as soon as you heard that timid one-knuckle rapping on the kitchen door, a kind of whispered knocking.

"Come in, come in!" Papa yelled, hanging up his big-checked Mackinaw on the closet hook. Mr. Keppelring opened the door and stood there smiling, his big black book in one hand and his derby hat in the other.

"What it is?" Papa didn't know Mr. Keppelring, who was more or less new on the Wallabout Basin route, and so he stood there scowling and staring at him as if he were a burglar. And Mr. Keppelring, with his sad pale face and his sad-looking hands, as soft and white as cream cheese, looked like anything but a burglar.

"Insurance," said Mr. Keppelring, smiling scared, and peeking over Papa's shoulders into the kitchen to see if Mama was around. But Mama was in the front room with Nonno.

Then Mr. Keppelring said something he never should have. "Do you mean you'll pass the hat?" he asked

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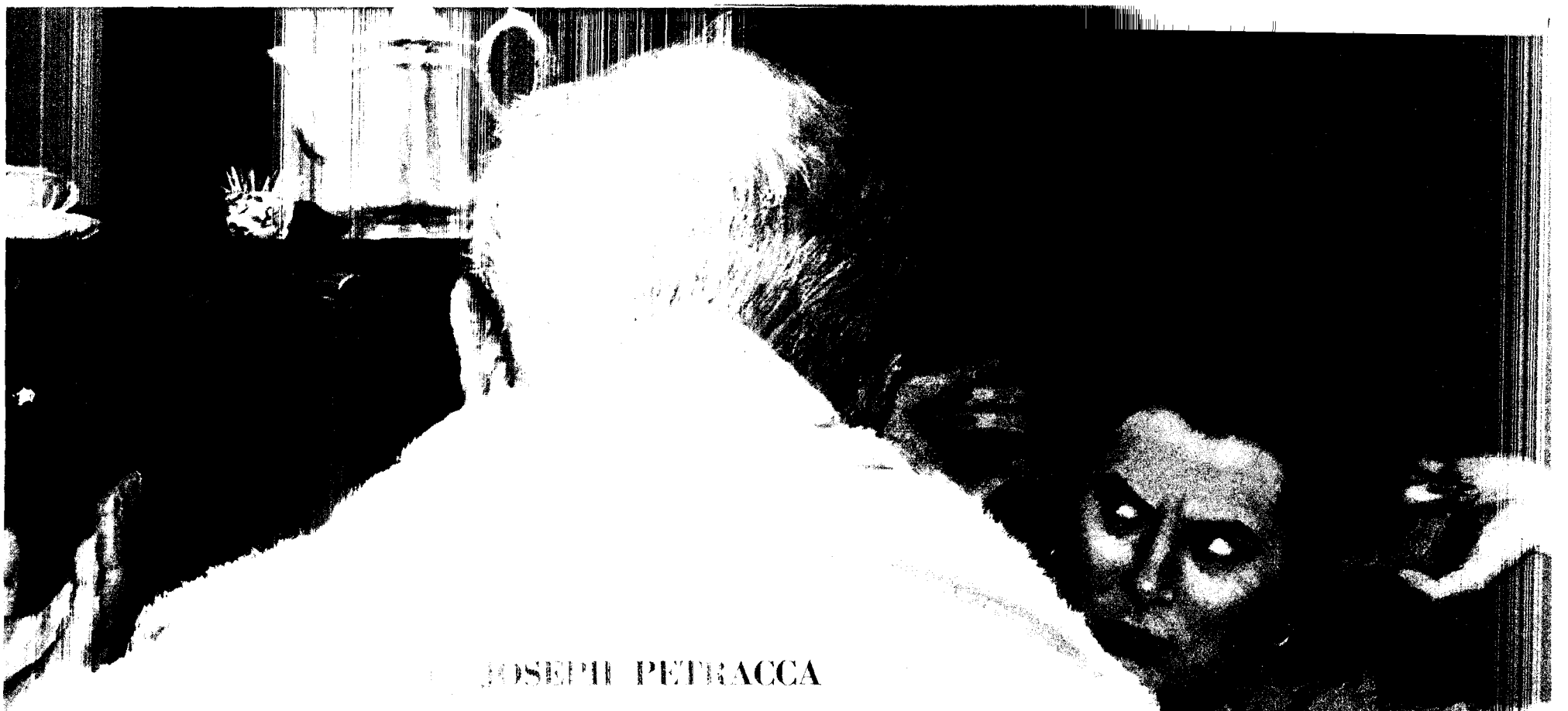

JOSEPH PETRACCA

STRAIGHT LIFE

... ever in doctors, statistics and insurance. And now ... Nonno—that old and fragile fake who never brought a penny into the ... and no one had ever thought to take out a policy on him ...

"I got insurance," Papa said, like you say to a salesman. "I got insurance the whole family."

Mr. Keppelring smiled wider, showing the baby-spaces between his teeth. "I know," he said. "I'm your agent."

Papa walked across the room and looked at him close. "Come in," Papa said, "I get my wife."

When Papa went into the front room to get Mama, Mr. Keppelring opened his overcoat and sat down, putting his derby to one side and opening his big black book, which had a page in it for each of us—me, my two sisters, Mama and Papa. A second later the screaming and screeching began in the front room.

"What's this?" Papa shouted.

"A hot-water bottle." Mama answered.

"A hot-water bottle? For why?"

"For Nonno's rheumatis'."

"You buy this hot-water bottle!"

"The man the druggastore say—"

"You buy it!"

"No, I steal it!"

At this point Papa began bellowing like a fruit peddler and Mr. Keppelring shot an alarmed glance toward the front room, thinking that maybe he would get himself transferred back to the Bushwick section, where it was safer dealing with Irishmen and Dutchmen.

"How much you pay?" It was Papa yelling again.

"A dollar and some change."

"How much change?"

"Ninety-eight cents," Mama said, adding quickly, "and no yell, Patsy."

"No yell!" Papa yelled. "You spend two dollars for a bag to put hot water in, and you say no yell! You know how long I'm work for two dollars? Three hours I gotta work and you go and spend my money like—water!"

"The man the druggastore say is good for Nonno's rheumatis'."

"What rheumatis'? He'sa fake!"

Nonno sneezed to prove he wasn't.

"Patsy," Mama warned, "no start again."

"I start," Papa shouted. "He'sa fake, fake, fake!"

Right then Mama must have thrown up her hands, knowing how futile it is to argue with Papa once he gets started on Nonno, and she came marching into the kitchen, tight-lipped, with Papa right behind her, waving his hands around her ears and screaming in Italian about Nonno being a bum, a vagabond, a poltroon, a lazy good-for-nothing, and a father-law, which to Papa is just as good as a curse. Seeing Mr. Keppelring at the table, Mama forced an embarrassed smile at him.

"Buon giorno, Signora," Mr. Keppelring said, using one of the half-dozen Italian phrases he knew.

"Buon giorno, Mr. Kepp'," Mama said, ignoring Papa, who stood in the dining-room doorway watching her, his face tight with a bursting purple. "I get the 'surance money."

PAPA watched her all the time. He watched her go to the dishes closet and take down the sugar bowl, the one without the handles, where she kept the insurance money and the little leather receipt books. He watched her as she went to the table and emptied the nickels, dimes and quarters on the oilcloth. And he watched her as she watched Mr. Keppelring make all the proper entries in both the big book and the little books.

Then just as Mr. Keppelring got up to go, Nonno came in limping exaggerated, a foot-on-the-sidewalk and foot-in-the-gutter kind of walk, holding the hot-water bottle in his hands and shaking his head at it. "The water she's cold," he said to Mama. "Maybe is better we put the flannel, like before."

You could see Papa working up steam all over again at the sight of Nonno and the hot-water bottle. But he didn't say anything. He just set his mouth tight as a safety valve, waiting for Mr. Keppelring to leave. Then he was really going to pop off.

"Scusi, Signora," Mr. Keppelring said to Mama, seeing Nonno for the first time, "but I don't believe I ever met this gentleman." That was the only time anybody ever called Nonno a gentleman, and Mama was pleased; because Nonno, with his scarecrow pants that were held up only by his hipbones, and with his woolen brown shirt, the collar four sizes too big for his wattled neck (so that if he wanted to, he could have taken off his shirt right over his head without undoing any of the buttons), looked, if anything, more like a knife- or organ-grinder. He had a big white blanket thrown over his shoulders.

"He'sa my father," Mama said, bowing smiles at Mr. Keppelring.

"Your father? Well!" Mr. Keppelring walked over with hearty strides and reached out his hand. "How do you do?"

Nonno shifted the hot-water bottle to his left hand and let Mr. Keppelring pump the other one, submitting to this crazy American ceremony with a shrug. "How you do," Nonno said; and sneezed.

"Salute!" Mr. Keppelring said, which is what you are supposed to say when an Italian sneezes.

"Grazie," Nonno thanked him.

Papa just stood there watching.

Turning back to Mama, Mr. Keppelring asked, "Does your father live here with you?"

Before Mama could even open her mouth, Papa came storming into the middle of the room, hacking his hands in the air toward Nonno and shouting all over again. "He's live here, he's sleep here, he's eat here—and now we gotta buy hot-water bottles for him!" Papa snorted at Nonno, flung a few daggers out of his eyes at Mama, and shoved his hands deep in his pockets, pulling his pants down under his belly.

Mr. Keppelring took off his derby. "I didn't know that."

"Now you know," Papa said, watching Mama as she went to the closet to take out the roll of red flannel cloth to wrap *(Continued on page 48)*

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Tea at Tuxedo Park: Mrs. Price Collier pours for her congresswoman daughter and her husband, George St. George

The St. Georges in their 1930 Stutz. Although they have modern cars, St. George keeps it for sentimental reasons

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN

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F.D.R.'s *Republican Cousin in Congress*

By EDWARD B. LOCKETT

Katharine St. George, who left a gay social life to enter politics and swiftly rose to a high position in party councils, now drives hard for Congressional approval of an Equal Rights for Women Amendment

AMERICAN women won the right to vote in 1920, after a bitter and spectacular fight lasting more than 50 years. Since then, they have battled doggedly to cap this success with another Constitutional amendment that would abolish all forms of discrimination against females. Platforms of both major political parties since 1944 have proclaimed each a firm supporter of Equal Rights for Women. Nevertheless, Congress after Congress has pigeonholed bills for submission to the states of an Equal Rights Amendment.

Political heirs of the immortal Susan B. Anthony and her cohorts have belligerently hammered away at political leaders to get action. Yet today men, aliens and corporations are entitled to equal protection under the law, and women are not.

It is unlawful to try a Negro before a jury from which Negroes have been deliberately barred. It is perfectly legal to try a woman before an all-male jury.

Numerous labor restrictions are imposed on women. They may not be exercised against men.

Man's liberty to make contracts may not be curtailed. Many state laws abridge woman's liberty of contract.

Neither the militant crusade of national organizations, nor the pushing of Women's Rights leaders in Congress has been able to alter these inequalities.

If and when Congress finally does approve an Equal Rights Amendment, it may well bear the name of Representative Katharine Price Collier St. George, a good-looking, highly intelligent arch-Republican from Tuxedo Park, New York, the ultrasmart stone-walled community created by the rich in the Empire State's Twenty-ninth Congressional District. Organizations backing Equal Rights asked Mrs. St. George to lead their fight in Congress after the death of an earlier sponsor, Representative John M. Robsion of Kentucky. In her hands, legislation for the amendment has gained more than 80 signatures, on a petition which will bring it to certain House approval when 218 members sign.

The new leader for Equal Rights forces is undaunted by delay in Congressional action. A definite conservative on most political issues, Mrs. St. George is confident that in this fight a "liberal" victory lies ahead. Women in politics offer today's best hope for world peace, she believes, even behind Russia's Iron Curtain. America, in her opinion, is ready to recognize and reward woman's new, important position.

The Equal Rights supporters picked a strong leader when they selected her to head their cause. Her influence in the Republican party is strong. A level-headed, energetic newcomer to Congress who in a mere two terms has won a top place in her party's grand councils, she will unquestionably, many observers believe, go still higher.

Mrs. St. George—called Cassie by her friends—is a far cry indeed from the pugnacious, old-time feminists who picketed and went to jail for woman suffrage. For the street parade and political martyrdom, she substitutes subtler and more effective methods. Her fighting arenas are in the House of Representatives, in the dining and drawing rooms, and on speaking platforms. Few members of Congress, of either sex, can match her as a public speaker.

The bellicose term "crusader" hardly applies to Representative St. George, but she brings to all her efforts a determination and bulldog tenacity which must have come down undiluted from her seafaring ancestors, the Delanos. Intimates say she takes after her storied Aunt Annie Hitch, said to have been the only woman ever invited to join a Lions Club. In her home town of Newburgh, New York, the Lions at first considered Mrs. Hitch merely an honorary member, but they didn't know their Annie. She attended every meeting, and on roll calls loudly responded: "My name is Annie Delano Hitch. Call on me when you want anything done."

Practically nothing stops Annie's niece Cassie when she sets out to do a job. During the 1948 campaign her station wagon skidded off an icy road and down an embankment while she was driving to a political meeting in Huguenot, New York. Bruised, badly shaken and wearing an impressive shiner, she clambered up the hill, hitched a ride, and would have gone to the meeting except that friends forced her into a hospital. Even then she stayed only an hour, and caught the midnight train to New York for a conference the next day.

The lady lawmaker from Tuxedo Park, a trim and compact small blonde with a touch of auburn in her close-cropped hair, never seems harried or unsure of herself. She is five feet, three inches tall, weighs 123 pounds, and looks nowhere near her fifty-four years. She wears a size-twelve dress, conquering a tendency toward excess poundage with a rigid diet limiting breakfast to fruit and coffee, and other meals to nonfattening essentials. Her light brown eyes are set widely apart in a piquant, heart-shaped face. She is considered one of the best-dressed women in Congress.

Not Many Democrats in the Family

Mrs. St. George was a first cousin of the late Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose father married her mother's sister, Sara Delano. Except for family ties, however, the two might have come from different worlds. The elegant Frederic Delano, who was Roosevelt's uncle and is an uncle of Congresswoman St. George, was the only member of the Delano family except the President's wife ever to desert the Republican party. He bolted the G.O.P. to vote for Grover Cleveland.

Delano tried hard to convert his family when Franklin Roosevelt was first nominated for the Presidency. He wrote to every member, asking them all to rally round and vote for Franklin. Niece Cassie promptly refused.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., now a member of Congress, may have had hopes of converting Cassie St. George to the Democratic party last year, when he congratulated her on voting with the Democrats in favor of the 1949 National Housing bill. If so, he was set right immediately. Mrs. St. George wrote him that she particularly appreciated his thought, because she knew he would have few opportunities to praise votes which she intended to cast.

Republican leaders in the House rely on Congresswoman St. George as a stanch guardian over President Harry S. Truman's spending, lending and taxing policies. Her basic conservatism is right down the middle of fundamental Republican party philosophy. Her occasional deviations are easily condoned by the G.O.P. leaders, since her record shows that more than 85 per cent of her votes have reflected the party's viewpoint, that she stanchly supports free enterprise and steadfastly demands a protective tariff.

A Dim View of Lady Legislators

Generally speaking, the conservatives who rule the House Republican hierarchy take a dim view of lady members at the working level, although they must, perforce, present a friendly and hospitable front. They don't dispute woman's right to run for election and serve, to be sure. But they privately believe few women possess the political savvy, shrewdness and, above all, the levelheaded qualities needed to function properly as a party legislator. To this sentiment—never publicly expressed, of course—Katharine St. George constitutes a striking exception.

There are those, indeed, among House Republican very-high-ups, who hold that Mrs. St. George is one of the smartest politicians and ablest legislators—male or female—who have come to Washington in a long time. Last February, when leaders set up an organization to work out 1950 G.O.P. campaign strategy for the farm belt, she was the only woman asked to participate. The bosses seek her political judgment—not merely the woman's viewpoint—when they call on Cassie. And they ask her advice frequently on a wide range of issues.

Rank-and-file Republicans learned at the G.O.P. National Convention in 1948 that the leaders considered Mrs. St. George something very special. She was invited to deliver a formal address, and the House Republican leader, Joseph W. Martin, Jr., of Massachusetts, chose to introduce her. Joe Martin is a smart New Englander who judges politicians with a cold, realistic eye, and therefore the introductory speech was notable.

"In the Congress of the United States," proclaimed the usually taciturn Martin, "there are a number of women who are serving their country with great ability and distinction. One of the new members, one with a profound knowledge of national affairs, is the charming, the able, the energetic, the unusually excellent congresswoman, the Honorable Katharine St. George."

For any female member of Congress to attain such standing and influence as this speech indicated is highly unusual. Even more remarkable is the fact that Cassie St. George ever entered politics at all. Her background is strictly social register, Junior League, grand balls in the gay capitals of Europe. She was educated by private tutors and was presented at court before the late Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany and *(Continued on page 40)*

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'The

At 73, Charles Coburn, a theater

By GORDON MANNING

AND one man in his time plays many parts," says the philosophical Jaques in As You Like It. There's more truth than Shakespeare in that line for Charles Douville Coburn, the portly dean of American actors. For in 60 years of show business, the monocle-wearing thespian has played some 400 different roles, with his costume changes ranging from the buskin of Hamlet to the sock of Hollywood.

Coburn, who has a lofty conception of his profession, sees nothing unusual in the wide scope of his dramatic art. "A good actor should be able to play anything within his physical limitations, from prince to guttersnipe," he says with a majestic flourish of his ever-present cigar.

Undoubtedly there is a whole generation of film fans, many of whom have seen some or all of the 50 movies in which Coburn has appeared since first going to Hollywood in 1937, who are unaware of his earlier triumphs on the stage or of his other contributions to American drama.

In the 25-year period between 1910 and 1935, Coburn and his late wife Ivah were among the dozen most famous names on theater marquees. Together they produced and starred in many classical and popular plays throughout the country. And by their paternal interest in aspiring actors, whom they hired to work with them in their repertory company and in their annual pastoral presentations on college campuses, the Coburns helped to develop some of the finest stage and screen talent of the current era.

Today at seventy-three, an age when the curtain has been rung down on most acting careers, Coburn still has Hollywood marveling at his vitality and his ability to handle with great charm and skill any and all roles assigned to him. On the Universal-International lot where he recently completed his latest picture, Louisa, the veteran character actor outlasted the rest of the cast, including co-stars Ronald Reagan, Ruth Hussey, Edmund Gwenn and Spring Byington, in the trying scenes called for in the script.

A lively square dance, requiring countless rehearsals, and reshootings, is one of the high lights of Louisa. After each taxing take, most of the performers flopped on dressing-room cots or soundstage benches. When director Alexander Hall recalled the cast for more jug-music jumping, Coburn usually was the first on hand while the others returned more slowly, some of them grumbling about overwork. A dance-floor tussle with Edmund Gwenn, Charlie's rival for Spring Byington's affections in the film, and a wild auto chase are other scenes from Louisa guaranteed not to give Coburn's life insurance actuaries much solace.

Actually, though, Charlie is in excellent health. "Never had time to be ill," he avers, giving as the main reason for his well-being the fact that he never exercises. "Nobody over thirty-five should exercise," he chuckles. "Look what happens to all those people who do—they die!"

"Charlieboy," an affectionate nickname given him as a youth by his father, plans to keep on acting until his legs give out. "That will happen last," he says matter-of-factly. "Human beings wilt like trees—from the top down. That's why you can't determine the age of a woman merely by looking at her legs," he adds, letting his bright blue eyes trail a trim pair of ankles tripping across the set.

Movieland's distaff side, incidentally, finds the

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Monocle' from Georgia

veteran of 60 years, remains one of Hollywood's liveliest and most beloved stars

gallant Coburn one of the town's most interesting males, despite his years. Charlieboy never misses the opportunity to kiss a pretty girl instead of just saying hello, and his gracious manners and flattering attention remind them of how men behave in reel—not real—life. "Charlie handles dames as they haven't been handled in years," says Al Horwits, a former Philadelphia sports writer who now directs publicity for Universal-International. "And they love it!"

Because of his precise diction and his monocle, which is, by the way, not an affectation but which he has worn since 1922 because of an astigmatic right eye, Coburn often is taken for an Englishman. In fact, director Richard Haydn, himself a Britisher and a friend of Charlie's for six years, once lost a bet to Kenneth Randall, Coburn's business manager, on the subject. Haydn stubbornly insisted that Randall's boss was British, but had to pay up when the veteran actor himself proudly proved he was Georgia-born and an eighth-generation American.

Although a native of Dixie, there's no grits-and-gravy accent in Coburn's speech. The last occasion that close friends recall Charlie's Southern accent coming through was many, many years ago in his portrayal of Bassanio in The Merchant of Venice. The one line they remember particularly is a speech to Portia in Act V when he said: "Po'tia, fo'give me this enfo'ced wrong." Since then, though as a result of the splendid voice school that is the theater, Coburn has spoken on and off the screen what he calls "universal English," a professional but not prim manner of expression.

Proud of Revolutionary Ancestry

Charlie is exceedingly proud of his ancestry, especially of being a member of the Society of the Cincinnati, a military-social order dating back to the Revolutionary War in which membership is inherited. The actor is entitled to wear the blue and white rosette of this exclusive organization because the Douville family (Coburn's grandfather married a Douville) passed its charter from generation to generation.

For his own personal crest, Coburn has selected the Douville coat of arms with its Latin inscription *Fac Bene Nominaris* (Guard well your good name). "I chose that over the Coburn coat of arms for only one reason," Charlie insists impishly, twirling one of the 10 imported cigars he smokes daily. "The Coburn crest, with a crowing cock on its shield, has for a motto *Expergiscimur Mane*. That translates 'We rise up betimes!' And as an actor, you see, I've always slept until noon whenever possible."

Born in Macon, Georgia, on June 19, 1877, into a family which eventually numbered eight children, Charlie grew up and went to primary school in Savannah, Georgia, where the Coburns moved when he was nine months old. At the age of thirteen, Charlieboy was standing one day with an impatient crowd waiting to go into a matinee at the old Savannah Theater when a man opened the green door that was the main entrance and beckoned to him. "Go downtown to the printing office and fetch the programs," he barked to the youngster. Charlie was off like the wind and soon returned, his errand completed, to find he had won an appointment as "program boy." That was Coburn's entrance into the magical world of the theater.

He rose rapidly at the Savannah Theater, becoming manager in 1894 at the age of seventeen. The experience gleaned there in handling performers and staging productions stood him in good stead later when he was head of his own company. The desire to get behind the footlights, though, burned brighter in Coburn's breast than the desire to run the front office. Occasionally, during his years at the Savannah, he took minor roles in minstrel shows and other productions, and he religiously studied the techniques of famous visiting actors.

At twenty, he came to Broadway to try to get a job as an actor. His luck was not good. He became a department-store bundle wrapper, then an usher. Charlie had been a bicycle racer of some note during summers in Savannah, so he turned professional. Soon his green-and-purple jersey was a familiar sight to the sports who wagered money on the outcome of the popular two-mile races then run weekly near New York. One of the fastest riders around, Coburn could have made a career out of the sport, but he never forgot his resolution to become an actor. He quit riding, and began making the rounds of casting offices once more.

Just before the turn of the century, he landed his first professional stage engagement. It was a role in Quo Vadis with a little road company playing the kerosene circuit in the Midwest. Coburn joined the company at Ames, Iowa, under an agreement which paid him "twelve dollars a week and cakes (room and board)." Slim as a pencil then and six feet tall, the blond novice had to have his costume well padded for the role of Ursus, the giant slave in that production.

(Continued on page 46)

Coburn sits before paintings of himself as Orlando and his late wife as Rosalind in As You Like It. They always called each other by these names

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

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I Guess I Fixed Her

By B. M. ATKINSON, JR.

FRIEND, a mother-in-law is usually a great treasure and a joy to have around the house. Occasionally, though, you will hear some churlish fellow dissenting slightly. His mother-in-law, he says, is nothing but a nosy, meddlesome old witch and if he had known she was going to park her broomstick at his place he would never have signed that contract with her daughter.

Such a man should be ashamed of himself. The chances are that the poor woman just doesn't have troubles enough of her own and wants to help out with his. Let him remedy that shortage and his woes are over. Now, I know what I'm talking about because I went through the same thing with my wife's mother right up until last week. I gave her something to occupy that mind of hers with, and life has been beautiful ever since. . . .

It all starts two weeks after Carolyn and I get married. Her mother, Mrs. Graves, ups and sells her house. She says she's so old and so lonely there's nothing left for her but a nursing home. Yeah! With all her parties and club meetings she's about as lonely as a worm in a can of 'em. Besides that, she is only fifty-two and has the same sickly look about her as a Notre Dame tackle.

I don't interfere, though. I just try cheering her up by telling her that Carolyn and I will drop around to see her every Sunday or so. Carolyn peels the scales from my eyes and makes me see that the lonely talk is just her delicate way of forcing us to take her in.

She says we aren't holding still for it, but she's wrong. Her mother keeps on moaning and carrying on until I finally tell her to come on in—after she gets over that lonely spell she can get a nice little place of her own.

The day she moves in, the trouble starts. I no sooner come home from work than she hollers out from the living room, "Ed, there are a couple of letters on the table for you. One of them is just a bill but the other one is from the government. You haven't done anything, have you?"

The bill is all twisted around in the envelope so that you can see the amount through the Cellophane window. The government letter is just something about my reserve commission but it's had the same handling. To top that off, she tries reading over my shoulder at twenty paces.

Then I get a phone call during dinner. It's Joe Malley. His car has broken down and he wants me to take him to work in the morning.

"Who was that, Ed?" she says, when I come back in.

"Joe Malley."

"What did he want?" She knows Joe and doesn't like him.

"Wants me to take him to work in the morning."

"What's the matter with his car?"

"His wife ran away in it with another man. She didn't leave Joe bus fare."

She doesn't appreciate that at all. But it doesn't stop her. Every time Carolyn or I get a call, we get the Grand Inquisition. The woman's brain is just one great festering lump of curiosity. It's even worse when she's directly involved. Let somebody call her when she's out and she goes off her rocker.

"You sure she didn't leave a number? I don't think you take down half the numbers my friends give you!"

"I take down all the numbers your friends give me. This one did not leave a number."

"It wasn't Mrs. Parker Yates, was it?" Always Mrs. Parker Yates. She's the stiff-necked old dame who does the town's social arbiting. Mrs. Graves just meets her in a reception line someplace, but she's got the goofy idea she's going to call her.

"No, I haven't the slightest idea who it was!"

"Well, you might have asked. I always ask when someone calls you!"

Then she goes out and spends an hour on the phone trying to locate the caller. Once a friend calls her just before leaving for Florida. She stands it as long as she can and finally calls her long-distance to find out what she wanted.

That's the way it goes. Not just the phone, either. Every place we go, everything we do, for six months, Gravesy's got to know all about it. It's like living with the F.B.I. Carolyn keeps threatening to tell her that she'll have to get a place of her own. I keep telling her to wait, that maybe she'll get bored with what she's finding out and leave.

Then the pay-off. For two months Carolyn has been raving about this ranch-type house being put up on the edge of town. It's way over my head, but, just as it's about finished, I run into this agent who says the builder needs some quick money and is knocking a big chunk off the price. I figure that by living on roots and herbs for the next fifty years I can swing it. It's going to be Carolyn's birthday present—her next seventy-five, in fact.

Naturally I want it to be a big surprise. I know Gravesy would blab it all over the place so I don't tell a soul except ten or twelve bankers and a second-mortgage shark. I give the agent strict orders that when he calls my place he's not to leave any messages, numbers or anything. It's an awful week for Mrs. Graves. Mrs. Yates actually nods at her at some function and Gravesy's absolutely positive now that she's going to call. Instead, it's always the agent calling me. The way I grunt and yes and no him kills her. She keeps asking me who it is and I keep telling her it's the vice squad.

We get the deal closed three days before Carolyn's birthday. She doesn't suspect a thing. She's even stopped wishing about the place. Well, when I come home that evening, Mrs. Graves is beaming like a cobra with a new tooth. I figure Mrs. Yates has finally called her. Then we sit down to dinner and Carolyn says something about calling the plumber, that the old sink has stopped up again.

With that, Mrs. Graves flashes her piggish little eyes at me and then smiles real sweetly and says, "Oh, I wouldn't worry about it, dear. Edward has bought you that little place you wanted."

All I can do is just stare at her and shake my head. "Oh, don't deny it," she says. "One of the girls down at the real-estate office couldn't get you at work this afternoon so she called out here. She wanted to know about a fire insurance policy. She told me all about the transaction. I don't suppose she knew about the sneaky little arrangement you had with the agent."

Carolyn is so up in the air about the house she can't see the long, bloody knife quivering in my back. But then after she likens me to all the saints and angels, and kisses the hem of my garments, it dawns on her what Lady Judas has pulled.

"Mother," she says, "that is the lowest, meanest thing I've ever known anybody to do!"

Mrs. Graves doesn't bat an eye. "He deserved it. He knew how nervous he was making me—"

"Forget it, forget it!" I tell 'em. "I was going to tell you about it tonight anyway, Carolyn. Give you a chance to start fixing it up."

That's a lie, of course, but I'm going to murder Mother Dear so I don't want to put her on guard.

ROBERT BUGG

The bill was all twisted around in the envelope and to top that off she tries reading over my shoulder

WELL, Carolyn is too excited to stay mad long and she says we ought to go out right after dinner. I tell them to go ahead; I've got to wait for a long-distance call. They leave around six thirty.

I'm still so damn' mad I can't think. I switch on the radio and go back in the kitchen and fix myself a drink. Then I come back in and fume and listen to the music. Later, when I'm trying to decide whether to shoot her in bed or on the wing, I pick up a local news brodacast:

"This city's first lady, Mrs. Parker Yates, wife of the late Parker Yates, prominent financier, died of a heart attack at seven ten this evening. She was stricken as she stepped from her car in front of the Taylor Hotel. Widely known as a hostess, Mrs. Yates—"

I turn him off and go back and fix myself another drink, a toast to Marconi. I've scrapped my shooting project: a lingering death will be much more appropriate.

Carolyn and Mrs. Graves come back around nine. They've evidently had quite a talk because Mrs. Graves is trying to act repentant. It's a hard job. "Edward," she says real smugly, "I'm awfully sorry I spoiled your little surprise. We just won't tease one another after this, will we?"

I give her a great big smile and put my arm around her. "We sure won't, honey," I tell her. "Now you go out there and call Mrs. Yates. She called just after you all left. Said it was awfully important and be sure to call her back."

She bounds out into the hall. Just then the phone rings. She pounces on it. "Oh, it's you, Lucy!" she half snarls. "Look, dear, would you please call me back later? I just must call Mrs. Parker Yates. She called around six thirty when I was out and insisted that I call her back. What did you say? No! Oh, no! Lucy . . . I can't . . . in front of the hotel! No, Lucy, no! . . . At seven ten . . . Oh, no!"

As I say, things are lovely now. All old Nosy does is sit in her corner and wonder what in hell Mrs. Yates wanted. THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT

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"Old comrade, you should purchase 10 times 10,000 units of bonds"

SELLING WAR BONDS

-Red China Style

THIS ACCOUNT of the fund-raising methods of the Chinese Communist government was written by an American woman who lived in Shanghai for nearly 20 years until she recently obtained permission to return to the United States. Her exit permit was approved only after months of exhausting, nerve-racking effort. She has intimate knowledge of Chinese life and customs and personally experienced the repressive efforts of the Communists to clamp their rule onto the native and foreign population of Shanghai. This woman's identity cannot be revealed because members of her family still are living in Communist China.

★ ★ ★

NINETEEN Chinese sat under the direct glare of the naked fluorescent tubes—18 implacable young men clad in padded jackets and trousers of the Communist government's Political Workers, and one frail old man in the traditional long gown of his ancestors. It was cold in the room, but the old man perspired. He was very old and very weary.

His companions, seated in a circle around him, took turns speaking softly. Over and over they repeated: "Old comrade, you should purchase 10 times 10,000 units of bonds."

At two o'clock in the afternoon they had begun the tuneless chant: "Old comrade, you should purchase 10 times 10,000 units of bonds." At four o'clock in the morning the old man, exhausted in body and spirit, signed away the remnants of a fortune that sixty years of business acumen, industry and integrity had accumulated.

Throughout Shanghai today, the music of the Victory bonds is being played, with overtones of blackmail and terror, the batons wielded by new masters of an ancient land.

The Communist government announced from Peking last December that it was floating a huge "Victory Loan." Thirty million units of bonds, representing $15,000,000, were allotted to the residents of Shanghai. The sales campaign opened with a blast of persuasive propaganda promising an early end of the civil war, but the people of Shanghai, disillusioned with their new rulers, were not impressed.

The campaign was stepped up. Dragon parades wended their way through the city's main streets in the dance of the peasants—two steps forward and one step back, the traditional depiction of progress. Prospective buyers seemed not to notice the parades and remained away from bond sale rallies despite the calls of drum and bugle. The Shanghai Trade Association was mobilized behind the drive, but in four months only a fifth of the city's allotment was subscribed. Then the Red Political Workers really got busy.

Every head of a business firm, whether Chinese or foreign, and each individual known to have money to invest, was called to a meeting by written invitations that left no doubt as to their meaning. Translated, they read:

1. You are hereby requested to represent your company at a meeting for the promotion of sales of Victory bonds.
2. You are advised to attend personally.
3. Should you fail to attend, the authorities cannot be held responsible for the consequences.

The invitees went.

All the meetings began and ended the same way. A suave, quiet young man in padded garments called the session to order and extolled the virtues of the bonds. Slips of paper were passed around to permit members of the audience to indicate how many units they would subscribe to purchase. When the pledges were collected and carried to the presiding officer he invariably found the subscription figures too low. Ripping the slips up and throwing them on the floor, he demanded sarcastically: "Where is your allegiance? Is your heart with the bandit Chiang Kai-shek? Is this gratitude for all that we have done for you?"

Over and over the process was repeated, the Political Workers passing out the slips and tallying returns. Doors were locked. No one was allowed to leave until the predetermined quota had been met by the "salesmen."

If even this polite imprisonment failed, thinly veiled terror was used. Individuals were singled out and called by name to come to the rostrum. There they heard the presiding officer recite their family, business and financial connections, a signal for men stationed about the hall to cry out as at an auction, raising the ante on the number of bonds to be subscribed.

In this fantastic atmosphere, leading residents of Shanghai learned some bitter lessons concerning the Communists: the remarkable efficiency of their intelligence service, so alien to Chinese nature, the completeness of their dossiers on all citizens, their cold inflexibility of purpose.

The Victory bonds, publicized as voluntary investments with a patriotic appeal, were not reserved for the wealthy and the business community. They were sold under pressure down through the social income strata to the pedicab coolie, who earns barely enough for food to keep him alive. And none believed the benefits promised at redemption actually would be paid. The Chinese are realists. Austerity became the keynote of life in Shanghai. The gayest and most enterprising metropolis of the Far East took on an air of shabbiness and poverty. The authorities demanded that Victory bonds be shown before silks and other luxuries could be purchased. Travel restrictions were imposed and no exit permit issued to Chinese until a certain number of bonds was purchased.

Stories of the true nature of the "voluntary" bond sales inevitably began to filter through the city's rigid censorship of press and speech. A cotton goods merchant, operator of one of the best-known establishments on Nanking Road, was assigned a Victory bond quota which would ruin him financially. He returned to the store, called together his employees and divided the establishment's entire stock among them. Having thus given away his assets, he purchased a coffin with the balance of his cash and, with the cold fatality of the Chinese, went home and hanged himself.

One industrialist knew his people better than the Communist Political Workers. Given an exorbitant bond assessment, he called his workers together and explained frankly that if he purchased the quota he would be forced into bankruptcy. Hence, he continued, the laborers who, under their new way of life, held equal share with him in the welfare and future of the factory, should know of this threat to their joint enterprise.

A laborers' union, which had opposed him to the point of violence, suggested that it handle the matter when the bond sales committee came around the next day. Police were called out to quell the riot which ensued when the workers attacked the "salesmen" in defense of their employer's treasury. Officers of the union were arrested and sentenced to death for treason in attempting to obstruct the work of the government. Before the sentence was carried out, however, the Political Workers changed their minds and had the sentences withdrawn. Somehow, they sensed it was not in keeping with the sweetly voluntary spirit of the Victory bond drive—Red China style. THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID SHAW

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The Palazzolos inspect a menu: (l. to r.), seated, Antonio, Joe; standing, Pete, Dominic, Bill

Bill Palazzolo and Gabriele DiMaiolo, chef at Caproni's for 24 years, check a Marinara sauce

Here's

Cincinnati's famed restaurant

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

ENRICO CAPRONI, whose friends all called him Cap, an alternately cheerful and fiery Tuscan with handsome mustaches and eyes that burned and softened with his disposition, opened his first restaurant in an alley cellar near the Enquirer building in Cincinnati in 1886. It was a small, untidy place, whose customers—reporters and printers from the Enquirer, visiting theatrical folk looking for a change from the heavy German fare that predominated in most local places, and Cincinnati residents of Italian-American stock—referred to it affectionately as the Bucket of Blood. The name didn't bother Cap at all: his sole interest was serving huge quantities of well-cooked, filling food at the lowest possible price. "People who come here," he liked to say, "can't eat any more when they leave."

Shortly after World War I, a chef said to Caproni, "Boss, prices are going up everywhere, and here you are still charging 25 cents for dinner. You can't make money that way."

"Okay," said Caproni, reluctantly, "we'll start charging 30 cents." Then he reconsidered. "But we'll give 'em more food."

The restaurant grew slowly but steadily, moved a couple of times, and by 1924 was occupying a four-story building on West Court Street. Its reputation grew, too, and its clientele was—and is—as mixed as the population of the United States: social registerites dined happily elbow to elbow with day laborers. The fine old German rathskellers that used to abound in Cincinnati have all but disappeared, but Caproni's is still going strong in a remodeled building at 610 Main Street. The proprietor has been dead nearly 15 years, but the legends about him continue to grow. Colored richly by the affectionate memories of those who knew him, they are as meaty as the spaghetti sauces he used to concoct in his kitchen.

Caproni was not an educated man—he had been a penniless immigrant who left school in Italy at an early age—but he needed no education in getting along with all kinds of people. He loved to roam from table to table with a tremendous jug of Montefiore Chianti, pouring generous, on-the-house draughts for his friends. Sometimes he would impulsively give a party, unmindful of the cost.

"I don't know how Cap ever made any money," one old friend muses. "He may have made some in real estate—he built houses around town—but you know, he never liked to press his tenants for rent. When one fell behind, Cap would go out to his house and walk up and down, even in freezing weather, hoping they'd see him—but he never could go up and knock on the door. And he was always treating."

The birthday party that Caproni gave for Victor Herbert in 1918, when the composer was guest conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony, will be remembered as long as any of the guests are alive. J. Herman Thuman, then an Enquirer music critic and now a concert booker, remembers that festivities began around six. At nine, Thuman had to go to the newspaper office for an hour; when he came back the feasting was still in full force. "Cap poured me some more of that Montefiore," Thuman remembers, chuckling, "and the next thing I knew it was early in the morning and I was standing in front of the Lincoln statue, a half mile down from Cap's." Another guest recalls that when he saw Victor Herbert the next day, all the composer could do was shake his head in regretful wonder.

Dr. Gustav Eckstein, a physiologist, was one of Caproni's most faithful customers for years. The doctor always worked late in his lab at the University of Cincinnati, and he generally showed up

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GENE BADGER

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to the Pasta at Caproni's

lures gourmets through its mastery of cooking with macaroni, spaghetti and egg noodles

around 12:30 A.M. Quite often he was the last customer, and he and Cap, the professor and the unlettered immigrant, would sit and talk for hours. "He was one of the inconspicuously wise people," Dr. Eckstein said recently. "His talk was wasteless—there was an economy in his mind. He made friends with a good many in a distant way; it was the kind of relationship you have when you *feel* you know someone without going into detail. It ended the day in the nicest way."

Caproni lost his wife and two sons within six months around 1901, and although he occasionally went a-courting, he never remarried. His greatest pleasure was talking and eating with his four closest friends, all bankers from the Fifth Third Union Trust, Arthur J. Schmitt, Robert W. Wellman, H. J. Ramp and Charles Ginocchio, formerly Italian consul in Cincinnati. Ginocchio began eating in Caproni's in 1890, and hasn't missed a week since; Schmitt began in 1910, and Wellman and Ramp started in the early twenties. Every Saturday night, rejecting their wives' protests, the four men would gather in Cap's for dinner with him. They called themselves the Four Horsemen, and they're still talking about the unbelievable dinners they used to put away.

On an average Saturday, they often sat down at the table around 5:00 or 6:00 P.M. and ate slowly and magnificently until one or two in the morning. They would start off with a Gargantuan *antipasto:* several different kinds of salami, *capocollio* (spiced pork), thin-sliced *prosciutto* (smoked ham), yellow-green artichoke hearts preserved in a thick, aromatic oil; tuna fish, herring, anchovies, mackerel; green and ripe olives and red pimientos; hot peppers; pâté with truffles; the little tan pea beans known as *ceci;* celery, onions, fennel, pepper tomatoes, radishes and scallions. They liked to put all the ingredients together on one plate, chop them fine with knife and fork, and mix them together with red wine vinegar and imported olive oil.

Soup Almost too Thick to Stir

Next would come *minestrone*, a soup made with a stout stock from a ham hock, teeming with romani beans, cabbage, chard, bits of *zucchini* vine, garlic, onion, tomatoes and macaroni, seasoned with basil and a coarse-grated Parmesan or Romano cheese—a soup so thick it demanded real effort to steer a spoon through it. Then would come spaghetti or macaroni, great bowls of it, running with garlic and butter sauce, or possibly flavored with bits of clam or tuna fish; or perhaps *ravioli*, the light dough squares concealing a mixture of calves' brains, veal, spinach and pungent herbs.

Now the Four Horsemen would settle down to some honest-to-goodness eating. The main dish would be either scaloppine of veal, thin-pounded slices of tender meat doused with a thick sauce of Marsala wine; sweetbreads stuck on skewers with mushroom caps, *prosciutto* and artichoke hearts, broiled gently and basted with a hot, white wine sauce; *polpettone*, a rolled-up combination of pork, veal and beef; or sometimes *capretto*, or roast kid. Accompanying this was always a tremendous mixed green salad, tossed at the table with Jovian garlic sauce; and afterward there was strong, heavy lemon-flavored *espresso*—coffee steamed quickly in the Italian style. Then the crooked Italian stogies came out, and Cap put a bottle of Strega on the table.

The five friends had a ritual they went through after dinner each time they met. They would call for a bottle of champagne, and Caproni would open it at the table. If the cork hit the ceiling when it flew out, the Horsemen would pay; otherwise, Caproni served the bottle on the house.

A few days before Caproni died he called in his son-in-law, John Kauffman, and said, "John, you must take the restaurant—the name means something to people in this city." Kauffman, a real-estate man, ran the restaurant 13 years—to the great astonishment, by the way, of the late Richard Tauber, the tenor, who with other opera stars liked to eat in Caproni's when in town. "What," Tauber cried, "a German running an Italian place?"

Kauffman enjoyed being the proprietor of Caproni's, but as the years went on he found it more and more difficult to split *(Continued on page 51)*

The Four Horsemen, patrons for over 20 years, at front table (l. to r.), Arthur J. Schmitt, H. J. Ramp, Charles S. Ginocchio, R. W. Wellman. At rear table (l. to r.), Peter Grant of WLW, Bill Dawes of WCPO, J. L. Koetters, mayor of St. Bernard, Albert D. Cash, Cincinnati's mayor, Judge William J. Dammarell, Lawyer Charles B. Ginocchio, Reporter Helen Detzel

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On some recorded programs tape plus scissors plus a pot of glue have become a formula for radio miracles. Splicing it

Laughter by the Yard

By SAMUEL KURTZMAN

Now that tape recording has come of age, radio's sound editors are among the most admired sorcerers in the business. There's never a dull moment on a "canned" show

THE late radio comedian Joe Penner used to lock himself in his dressing room and sob when a particularly good gag failed to produce a laugh in the studio audience. W. C. Fields, despite his bold front, would suffer over every joke of a new script. But for many of today's comedy stars of the air, all doubts, all uncertainties, all worries are over.

No longer need they tear their hair or nibble their nails while trying to rephrase a half-baked joke into a genuine object of mirth and merriment. Now they can elevate any lowly gag to immortality with deafening laughter and appreciative applause. By the miracle of tape recording, they have found a sure-fire mechanical, technological, magnetic and electronic way to insure them laughs.

With this newest science of canning, grading and cataloguing audience reactions, the tape-recording editor has become radio's most sought-after sorcerer. At a comfortable hourly wage he can guarantee revelry on a program, arrange to stuff the show with laughter by the yard and applause by the pound.

This form of broadcasting fills a long-standing need. After paying a staff of four to ten writers a weekly wage of between two and five thousand dollars, comedians still couldn't be sure whether they had bought belly laughs or only echoing boredom.

The so-called "canned broadcast" fad was all quite innocent in the way it started. A few seasons back, when Bing Crosby was signed to appear on a regular weekly program he persuaded the sponsor and the network to let him record the program in advance. Thus, instead of doing a show a week, the crooner was able to transcribe as many as three shows in one week and have the rest of the time for golfing, or for making movies, or phonograph recording, or tending to his varied business interests.

Sound engineers, even then, were quite adept at editing an acetate record before it was set spinning for the actual radio audience, so that it was also possible for Crosby and his cast to clown around when they faced the mike without worrying as much as usual about the finished broadcast. The editor could cut a word here, remove a dull spot there, and, if necessary, chop the program to size.

Then tape recording was introduced. This method differs from conventional needle-in-the-groove recordings in that any sound picked up by the microphone magnetically rearranges the pattern of molecules on a cellophane ribbon covered with iron oxide dust. When the tape is played back through the apparatus, the same sounds are heard again. Traveling at the rate of 15 or 7½ inches per second, it takes almost a half or a quarter of a mile of tape to record a half-hour program. Wound on a reel, these tapes can capture forever hours of entertainment.

That iron particles could be attracted by a magnet was known to the ancient Greeks as early as 600 B.C. In 1873, James Clerk Maxwell, a British physicist, published his important paper Electricity and Magnetism. But the ultimate in the application of the principles of electromagnetism came when Jack Mullin got Der Bingel to hum When the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day into a strip of iron oxide dust.

Jack Mullin, a thirty-six-year-old sound engineer, has been called the very young daddy of tape recording for broadcasting. He studied all the American and world-wide patents on the subject, and in 1947 was able to demonstrate to Crosby the better sound quality as well as the facility of editing with tape. Not only was Bing sold, but he and his brothers bought into the Ampex Corporation, which manufactures tape-recording machines used by many studios.

When Crosby changed networks in 1949, he placed Jack Mullin under exclusive contract and took him to CBS. The Crosby shows rate at the top

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE KAUFMAN

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guffaw is a sure-fire way to insure deafening laughter and appreciative applause if the live audience fails to react

with the smoothest tape-recorded-and-edited shows. If, when his program resumes this fall, you think you can spot the exact place where a splice has been made, chances are you are wrong.

Jack Mullin's work is so faultless that once the editing has been done, even Mullin can't spot it.

Anyway, tape plus scissors plus a pot of glue became the formula for additional miracles. Other sound editors jumped on the band wagon and began to experiment with getting the tape to revamp audience reactions. Psychologists all, they proceeded on the acceptable theory that listeners at home, hearing loud amusement on the part of a studio audience, could be conditioned to guffaw along with them. If this sounds cynical, remember that a best-selling record two decades ago consisted solely of the hearty and contagious laughter of one happy baritone. People bought it by the thousands because it made them feel good to hear him.

The early comedy shows which followed the Crosby lead in using tape were no masterpieces in legerdemain. The less proficient technicians made splices which at times were so obvious that the only way you couldn't detect them was by turning off your radio.

Richard F. Wilson, who has been the tape-recording mastermind of the Groucho Marx show, explains some of the problems this way: "You cannot, for example, successfully take a laugh from one show and put it in another, because every show has an atmosphere that cannot be duplicated. The number of people in the audience, the size of the auditorium, even the humidity—all affect the quality of the laughter or applause. That is why the best way of inserting a laugh is not by taking it from another show, but from the same show at another spot. You can take one good laugh, make six or seven copies of it and insert it at strategic places in the show."

He also contends that every laugh has character—like a loud shriek by a woman in the front row, or a basso whoop from a Texan up center. Because these are easily recognized, they have to be removed before the laugh can be repeated.

When Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor taped shows for NBC, they quickly mastered some of the techniques. However, like the top-notch entertainers they are, neither saw any advantage of using the spliced laugh, for they are experts at producing a laugh no matter what the script says. Relying on showmanship and experience accumulated during years of entertaining, they back up a punch line

There's a new pastime among listeners: guessing which laughs are on the level

with a "sight gag"—a wild gesture or comic expression to build up audience reaction.

It is amazing how versatile a reel of tape can be. The story goes that when Danny Thomas was about to begin a series of programs for a new sponsor, network officials thought it would be a good idea to play transcriptions of Danny's voice several times a day informing the listeners of the new show.

The writers at once prepared about five or six jokes for the occasion but, unfortunately, Danny Thomas was taken ill and was unable to get to a studio to record the short speech in front of an audience.

The studio management had the solution in a jiffy. They sent a tape-recording machine to Danny's bedside, where the comedian read the script into a microphone, leaving spaces for the insertion of laughs. The tape was then put together very neatly by a sound editor, and if you knew that Danny was sick at the time, you would have sworn that his bed must have been in the middle of Madison Square Garden.

As a result of all this, a new pastime is springing up among radio insiders: guessing which laugh is on the level and which is fake. One wag claims to have unscrambled a taped program that went something like this:

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, we bring you transcribed from Hollywood that newest comedy personality, Jackie So-and-So.

Sound: *(Applause from Yankee Stadium.)*

Comedian: Thank you, folks . . . Boy, did I have a time getting to the studio! In order to avoid an accident I had to drive my car between two trolleys. Does anybody want to buy a tall, thin convertible?

Sound: *(Laughter from an old Bob Hope program.)*

Comedian: Boy, what drivers here in Hollywood! You know, folks, every one of you here who crossed the street to get into the studio will receive a medal for bravery.

Sound: *(Actual murmur from this program.)*

Comedian: Thank you, Ma.

Sound: *(Laughter and applause from a 1942 Fred Allen show.)*

A guessing game of this kind can do much damage, and often an honest laugh, obtained through the labors of a comedian and his writers is wrongfully labeled an insert, stretched or fattened to abuse the credulity of trusting listeners.

To ward off this occasional injustice, perhaps the Federal Communications Commission ought to step in and require a voice to announce before every phony gale:

"This loud laughter, ladies and gentlemen, has been previously transcribed. Things are tough all over."

THE END

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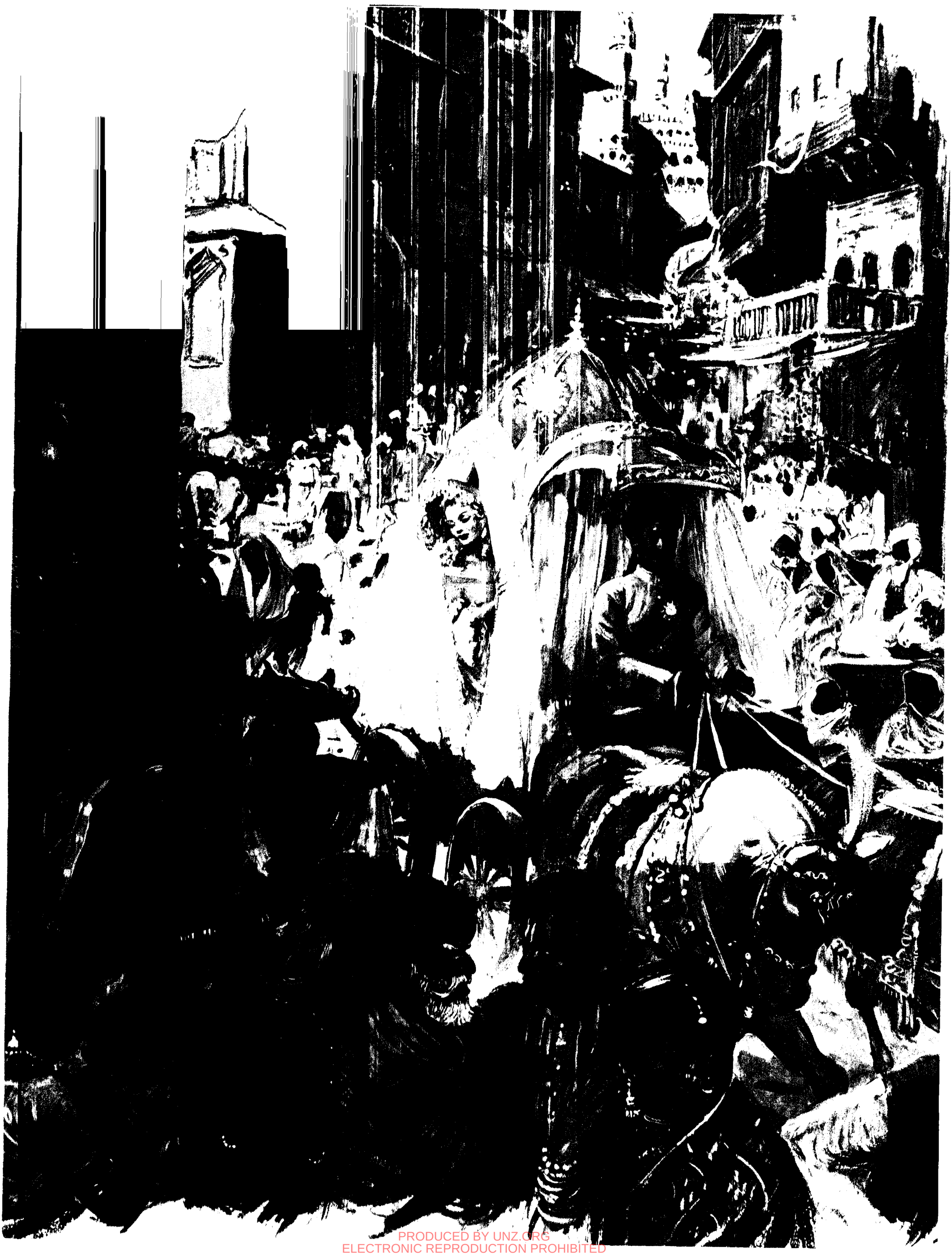

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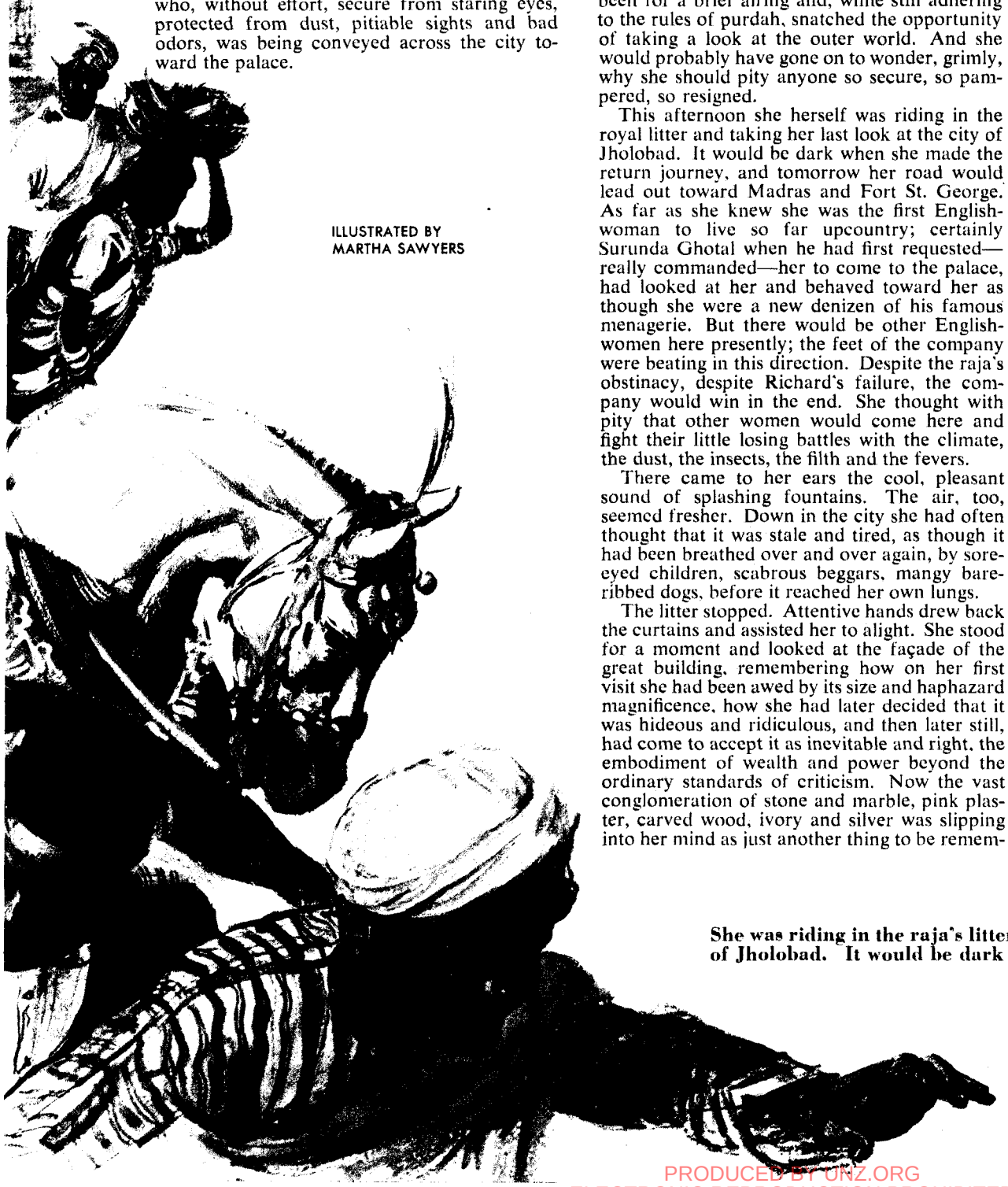
The Chinese Pheasant

The raja's wealth and power were fabulous. Were they enough to tempt this proud English lady into forsaking her duty and her dignity?

ON THE third of May in the year 1781, just before sunset, a wheeled litter, drawn by two white horses, was making its way through the narrow crowded streets of Jholobad in the province of Kilapore. For the most part one glance at the conveyance was enough to send the crowd scattering, so that the litter might have free passage. With its framework of shining red lacquer, its curtains of white silk, its four miniature minarets of solid gold and the matching harness of the horses, it was easily recognized.

Nobody in the crowd regarded the litter with the slightest sign of resentment or envy. Nobody drew any ironic comparison between the lot of the litter's occupant and his own. They stared, moved aside, swarmed back behind it and went on with their business. But the comparison was being drawn all the same, and by the woman who, without effort, secure from staring eyes, protected from dust, pitiable sights and bad odors, was being conveyed across the city toward the palace.



ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

Staring at Surunda Ghotal's magnificence, she had often estimated how many people the price of one of his countless diamonds, one golden ball from the horse's neck, would provide with food, and for how long. Superficially the answer was appalling, but further thought reduced it to idiocy. If Surunda Ghotal and all his fellow rulers ceased to cherish their jewels and their diamonds they would become valueless; a poor man might pick up a handful of them, and still starve.

The horses swung into the palace gateway and the din of the crowded city died away. The curtain of the litter which had been held aside a little, fell into place. If Linda Dorbray had been watching the conveyance from the outside instead of riding within it, she would have watched the fall of the curtain with a pang of fanciful pity, imagining that one of the palace ladies had been for a brief airing and, while still adhering to the rules of purdah, snatched the opportunity of taking a look at the outer world. And she would probably have gone on to wonder, grimly, why she should pity anyone so secure, so pampered, so resigned.

This afternoon she herself was riding in the royal litter and taking her last look at the city of Jholobad. It would be dark when she made the return journey, and tomorrow her road would lead out toward Madras and Fort St. George. As far as she knew she was the first Englishwoman to live so far upcountry; certainly Surunda Ghotal when he had first requested—really commanded—her to come to the palace, had looked at her and behaved toward her as though she were a new denizen of his famous menagerie. But there would be other Englishwomen here presently; the feet of the company were beating in this direction. Despite the raja's obstinacy, despite Richard's failure, the company would win in the end. She thought with pity that other women would come here and fight their little losing battles with the climate, the dust, the insects, the filth and the fevers.

There came to her ears the cool, pleasant sound of splashing fountains. The air, too, seemed fresher. Down in the city she had often thought that it was stale and tired, as though it had been breathed over and over again, by sore-eyed children, scabrous beggars, mangy bare-ribbed dogs, before it reached her own lungs.

The litter stopped. Attentive hands drew back the curtains and assisted her to alight. She stood for a moment and looked at the façade of the great building, remembering how on her first visit she had been awed by its size and haphazard magnificence, how she had later decided that it was hideous and ridiculous, and then later still, had come to accept it as inevitable and right, the embodiment of wealth and power beyond the ordinary standards of criticism. Now the vast conglomeration of stone and marble, pink plaster, carved wood, ivory and silver was slipping into her mind as just another thing to be remembered and perhaps told to half-incredulous, half-enchanted grandchildren.

The servant led her across a hall, high and wide and echoing as the nave of a cathedral, to the door of a room she knew well. Eastern tradition decreed that the visitor must be permitted to repair the ravages of travel before attending to either the business or the pleasure which had occasioned the visit. Even after the luxury of a ride like hers, the rule held.

For a moment she studied her reflection in the mirror with an attention that held in it the very negation of vanity. No woman could have looked more coldly or assessingly upon her worst enemy. It required, she thought, a great effort of the imagination before one could believe that she had been very beautiful: that this was the face which had inspired Richard's brief, overriding passion.

But although she noted, coldly and cruelly, that her dress was shabby and her face aging, she turned away from the mirror with a satisfied air. She looked cool and calm and tidy, and she had done her best.

THE servant was waiting, and proceeded to lead her through the labyrinth of passages to a little walled garden which she had never seen before. It was walled solidly with white marble, topped by fine carving like a fringe of petrified lace. From where she stood a marble path ran straight toward the far end where there stood a little summerhouse, white and ornate as a bridal cake. On either side turf lay, very fresh and green and pleasant. There were three fountains precisely spaced in each plot of grass. And planted along the walls, and on either side of the path, were flowering trees, pruned neatly so that they fitted the little garden. It was all very mathematical and very artificial, but also very beautiful, with the unreal beauty of a dream. The servant indicated that she would find Surunda Ghotal in the summerhouse. With a gentle dignity which she recognized and admired when she saw it in other people, not dreaming that she possessed it herself, she walked down the white path between the splashing fountains and the softly falling petals of the blossoms. . . .

Surunda Ghotal, Raja of Kilapore sat among his cushions on a low couch and watched his guest's approach. He was thirty-six years old, but his age might have been estimated at sixty. At twenty-five, leading a punitive expedition against a rebellious poligar, he had suffered a spear-thrust through his thigh. The wound had never healed properly and the leg was swollen and heavy, practically useless and often painful. He had never been able to mount a horse again, could walk only the smallest distance, and spent most of his time sitting on couches with the troublesome limb stretched out before him. As a consequence he had become very fat. The opium and other drugs which his physicians prescribed for the relief of *(Continued on page 69)*

She was riding in the raja's litter and taking her last look at the city of Jholobad. It would be dark when she made the return journey

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WATERFRONT

By FERGUSON FINDLEY

We had a plan to catch Blackie Clegg. We rigged a trap for him and, as usual, I was the bait. But you can get caught in your own trap, too—and it's awful easy to be stone-cold dead when you get out of it

CONCLUSION

The Story: Well, cops are paid for risking their necks, and I guess I've more than earned my keep in the past couple of weeks. I went hunting a waterfront racketeer called BLACKIE CLEGG, who was wanted for a number of murders. He was looking for me, too, because I had witnessed one of them. That is, he was looking for FREDDY MALONE—which is me, all right—but he didn't find me because I'd changed my appearance and taken the name "Tim Flynn" and gone down to the docks to work as a longshoreman while I was looking for him. I lived in a dump called the Royale Hotel, where there was a bald bartender named "Smoothie." This Smoothie was a queer guy. He turned out to be a big operator who lived with a beautiful wife on Riverside Drive, under the name of "Charles Tremaine."

As Tremaine, he wanted to pay me to kill Malone—something I was understandably unwilling to do. It was then that I discovered he was really Blackie Clegg, the guy I'd been looking for all along. He'd just killed a crooked cop named BENNION, with his bare hands, and now he had my girl, MARY KIERNAN, in his clutches, and he and some of his goons were torturing her, trying to get her to lead them to me. I pulled out my gun and shot one of the goons, and so Clegg knew who I was, too. But he and his boys got away from me again. A big bunch of cops led by my boss, INSPECTOR STRATFORD of Homicide West, broke into Clegg's hangout a little too late. They found me unconscious on the floor—and Clegg and his boys had got away.

COME on, Freddy, wake up," I heard Inspector Stratford saying. "Wake up, Freddy boy, we gotta get going. Time's a-wasting, and we ain't found Blackie Clegg yet."

Water splashed on my face, and the haze drifted away. The inspector was kneeling on one side of me, and Mary on the other, and somebody else shoved a handkerchief full of ammonia under my nose and I came out of it.

"He got away from me again, Chief," I muttered. "He outsmarted me again. You better put me back on a beat."

"He can't be very far, Freddy. A germ couldn't get out of this block, there's so many cops around it."

"What are you doing here?" I asked, suddenly wide awake.

He laughed. "I had to lead the parade. I was the only one they could find who knows what you look like. First time they've dragged me away from my desk for three years, and damned lucky I was here to shoot that ape man. They might have mistaken him for you."

"This is a hell of a time for jokes, Chief." I stood up, felt for my guns. "Are you all right, Mary?"

She was still white as a sheet, but she smiled and nodded her head. "I got a couple of bumps. Gee, I was glad when I saw you in there. They were going to give me a bad time if I didn't tell them where you were—and I wasn't. It's all over, isn't it? I think—I think I'd like to go home." I put my arm around her.

"Sure, you can go home, Miss Kiernan," Stratford said. "We've sent for an ambulance. Freddy"—and he was all business again—"who the hell is this Blackie Clegg? You got a line on him?"

"Yeah," I said. "I got a line on him, only I loused it up." He led me into the office, where Bennion still lay on the floor. A lot of cops and detectives I didn't know were there. They all stopped talking as we went in. "Blackie Clegg has been the bartender down at the Royale Hotel ever since I've been on this case. He's smooth bald, and looks almost twenty years older than he does when he puts on his black wig."

"He wears a wig?"

"A good one, too. He was wearing a wig when he shot Jenson, the first time I saw him. He put it on again tonight, because he wanted Mary to know who was working her over."

"Why would he do that?" somebody asked.

"Because he thought she would lead him to me. He thought she knew where I was. The funny thing is that she didn't. She didn't even know what kind of a case I was on, for sure. I'd never mentioned Blackie Clegg to her by name, or even described him."

"Then why did he get her up here?"

"He was looking for *Malone*. He had hired me to kill *Malone*, as soon as *(Continued on page 64)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

We had come up at a manhole down near the waterfront. The cops rang up a squad car for me, and they drove me to Homicide West

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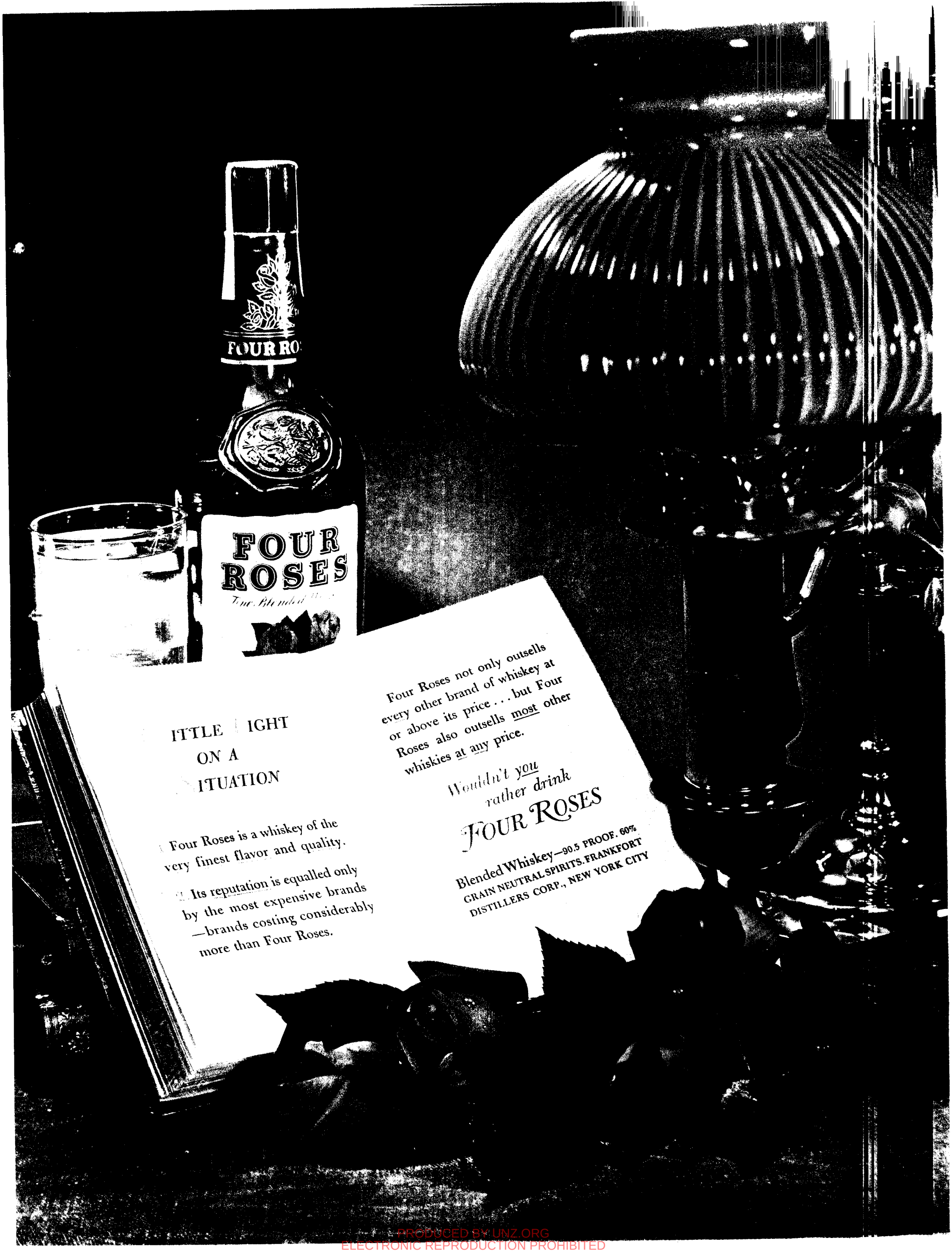
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Four Roses is a whiskey of the very finest flavor and quality.
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F.D.R.'s Republican Cousin in Congress

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

his empress, Augusta Victoria, in 1912.

Mrs. St. George's father was W. Price Collier, an able, globe-trotting author, a fine judge of horseflesh, and an intimate of the world's great figures before World War I. He married her mother, Katherine Delano, after the death of Warren Robbins, her first husband. He served for some years as European editor of Forum Magazine. Katharine was born July 12, 1896, in Bridgnorth, Shropshire, England, and grew up mostly in Europe: England, France, Germany and Austria. After Collier died in 1913, she came home with her mother to live in Tuxedo Park as a reigning belle. In 1917 she married George Baker St. George, grandson of wealthy George F. Baker, a co-founder of the First National Bank in New York City.

Early married life was lively, carefree and colorful for the fashionable and popular St. Georges. There were gay parties in the Tuxedo Club, elaborate dinners in the manorial home presented to the young couple by indulgent Grandpa Baker. When these activities palled, there was always a familiar Europe, and hosts of old friends with hospitably open homes. Both George St. George's sister, Lady Gardenia Gunston, and Mrs. Reginald Fellowes-Gordon, a sister of Mrs. St. George, live in England.

Cassie St. George, who seems to have been good at everything she attempted, gained fame as a charming hostess whose luster matched the magnificent string of pearls which she wore on state occasions—another gift from Baker. She rode to hounds at Fox Hill, New Jersey, and behind the famous Berkely and Beaufort packs in England, and won prizes in the Madison Square Garden horse shows. After the birth of a daughter, Priscilla, whose name was quickly shortened to Prune, Mrs. St. George established a dog kennel and raised prize-winning cockers, setters and pointers.

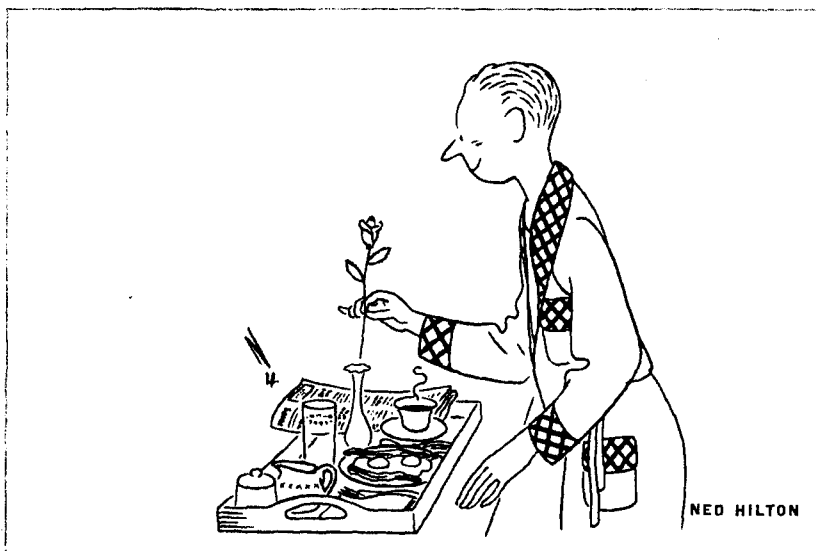
Somehow, in the midst of all this activity there were quiet week ends for the St. Georges in the big Tuxedo house, long walks through the woods and around the borders of Tuxedo Lake. Katharine, who had always been deeply religious, kept up her study of the Bible and sang in the choir of St. Mary's Episcopal Church in the town of Tuxedo just outside the park.

The full and entertaining life of a wealthy socialite and mother kept the young Tuxedo Park matron a busy woman in those early days, but serious things were beginning to appeal to her. She found herself increasingly beguiled by the small coterie of intellectuals generally found at formal dinners and receptions. The importance of parties and horse shows shrank as her horizons widened to the challenge of unanswered social and economic questions. Cassie St. George began to seek some of the answers. For her, the transition from society to political leadership had begun.

Her First Political Post

First steps on the new road were easy. Everybody in the tight little park community knew George St. George's wife had a good head on her shoulders. She was a vice-president of his wholesale firm, the St. George Coal Company, and worked at it. She carried a heavy social calendar, rode horseback, managed her dog kennels and supervised her daughter Prune so smoothly that it all seemed effortless. Noting these good qualities, Tuxedo Park elected her to the township governing board, which gave her membership on the Orange County Republican Committee.

As a girl, Katharine St. George had been taught to read aloud, and she soon found that this training had given her ability as a public speaker. Tuxedo Park's lady politico was soon a leader in local, state and national Republican women's clubs, president of the Tuxedo Board of Education, a member of the State Agricultural Society and the chamber of commerce, as well as an officer of the local Red Cross and numerous other organizations.



How to Get Along with Your Wife

Women love to be surprised. Some Sunday morning slip down to the kitchen and prepare a tray. Fix bacon and eggs and orange juice. Place the morning paper next to a steaming cup of coffee and, as a final touch, add a tiny rosebud. When everything is ready, carry the tray into the dining room and have a leisurely breakfast. When your bride comes down she will be delighted to find that you've eaten and got out of the way.

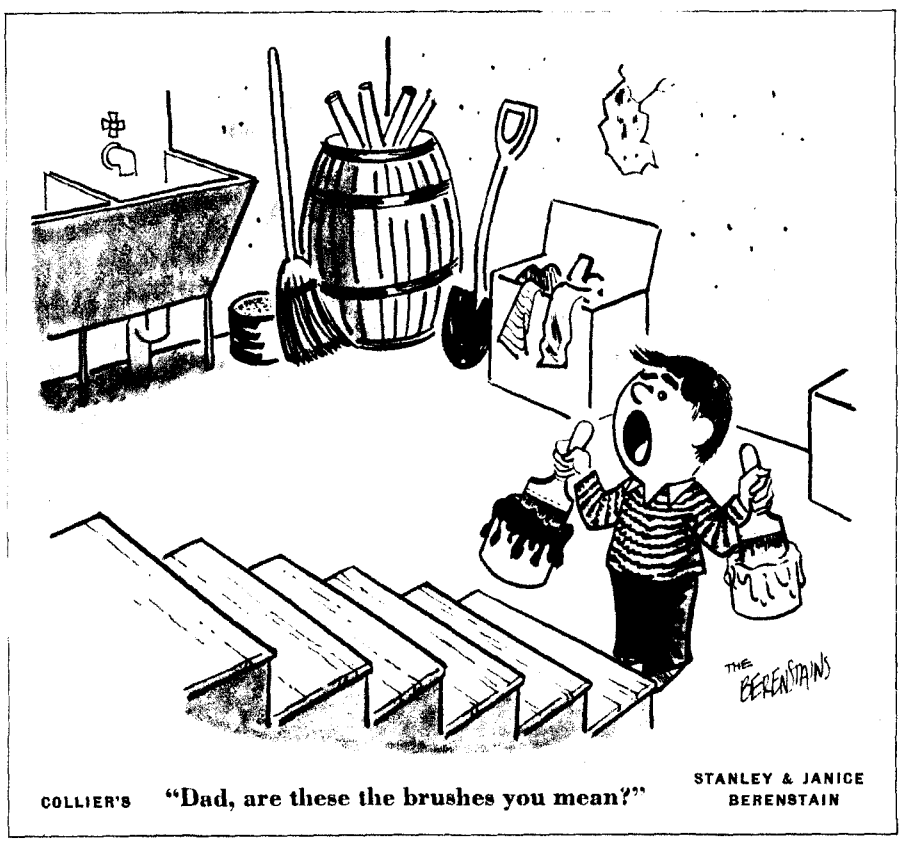
—DICK ASHBAUGH

Jobs, responsibilities and public offices multiplied until the election of Mrs. St. George's cousin Franklin to the Presidency. This checked her political career, for she resigned from the Orange County Republican Committee lest she be accused of lukewarmness toward the Democrats. In 1940, however, when F.D.R. tossed precedent aside and announced for a third term, she returned to action as treasurer of the county committee.

In 1941, Mrs. St. George was elected vice-chairman of the county committee, and managed the mid-term election campaigns of 1942. That was the year she sought nomination to the state legislature for herself, but when the committee picked Wilson Van Duzer she accepted the decision and pitched in to elect him. "I think my failure to get that nomination was a good thing," she philosophized. "A politician ought to know how it feels to be licked." Van Duzer won in the election, along with the rest of the G.O.P. slate.

The next year, with her cousin in the White House openly on the warpath to purge Orange County's deep-dyed Republican Congressman Hamilton Fish, Katharine St. George was selected as the first woman county committee chairman in New York State.

Opposition to Fish was on the increase even among Republicans at that time, and things looked tough. But County Chairman St. George campaigned like mad throughout the four counties—Delaware, Orange, Rockland and Sullivan—of the Twenty-ninth District and helped carry him to victory in the 1944 primary. The man Ham Fish whipped in the primary, however, an Orange County attorney named Augustus W. Bennet, ran on the Democratic, American Labor and Liberal tickets in the election and won.



COLLIER'S **"Dad, are these the brushes you mean?"** STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

Gus Bennet didn't know it, but the very night he was elected, the decision was made which limited his Congressional service to a single term. Cassie St. George, sitting dejectedly in headquarters as returns rolled in, turned to her secretary, assistant and friend, Mrs. Frances Brown. "You know, Fran," she said, "I think I'll try for Congress in the next election."

This seemingly off-the-cuff decision was neither pique directed at Gus Bennet nor spur-of-the-moment inspiration. Vigorous war work for the Red Cross and long service in lower political ranks had convinced Mrs. St. George that it was time to move to a spot where she could do something about the affairs of the nation.

Two Women Begin Campaigning

Frances Brown, then working in the New York State legislature, got a brief note from her Tuxedo friend in February, 1945. It stated simply: "I meant it when I said I would run for Congress. Can you come down and help me?" On April 1st, as Bennet warmed his new Congressional seat, the two women opened their campaign to cut short his political career in a Republican primary then 14 months away.

Early phases of the St. George campaign somehow escaped the notice of Congressman Bennet—a mistake he was to regret sadly in later months. Cassie and Frances Brown covered the district like traveling salesmen during a lean season. They divided the Twenty-ninth geographically and gave a series of steak dinners for members of the county committees, a few at a time. At every get-together, at least one informal speaker was primed to put in a plug for the St. George candidacy.

Villagers in the Twenty-ninth have traditionally harbored a cool resentment toward residents of plush Tuxedo Park, but they warmed to Mrs. St. George. She visited frequently with the Polish farmers who raise lush truck crops in the "black dirt" belt of her district; talked with the voters in big towns as well as small. At political meetings in her home, attended by Negro politicians as well as whites, the hostess' clothes never outshone her guests'.

By the time Candidate Bennet caught on to these shrewd tactics he was a gone gosling, but he went down fighting. The climax came when he badgered his feminine opponent into a public debate in the Tuxedo Masonic Temple. Mrs. St. George appears a fairly mild person, and Bennet had no idea what a wallop she packed. With her home-town backers shouting from the rafters, Cassie announced that she wasn't going to say Congressman Bennet's record was "very bad," and then proceeded to take him apart. "Mr. Bennet's record," she said, "is simply another mediocre record. It is the sort of record that makes the average citizen disgusted with politics."

When the debate ended, Candidate Bennet was a whipped man. He learned that night what a good many abler politicians have found out since: Representative St. George is no opponent to pick lightly for a rough-and-tumble fight.

In the 1946 primary, Katharine St. George won over Gus Bennet by 1,636 votes, and in the election polled a 17,000 majority in a field of two contenders. She was re-elected in 1948 with a majority of more than 27,000, again over two opponents.

The new member from Tuxedo Park came to Congress pledged to solid Republican doctrine. She promised support for a balanced budget, reductions in low-bracket

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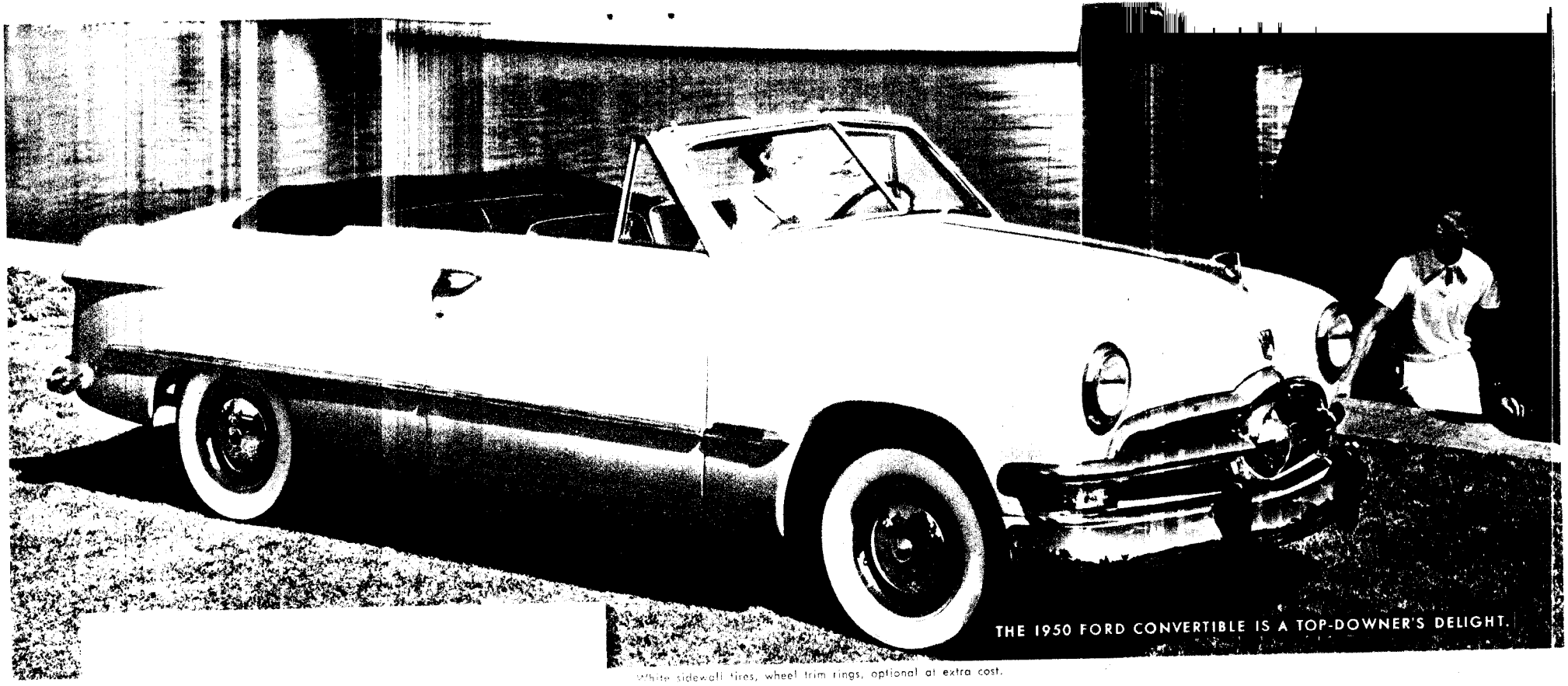

White sidewall tires, wheel trim rings, optional at extra cost.

It'll light a bonfire in your heart but it won't burn a hole in your pocketbook!

When the moon looks cool as sherbet, it doesn't take a share of Fort Knox to enjoy it . . . it merely takes a Ford convertible!

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Its economical 100 h.p. V-8 whispers while it works. Its wheel responds to your finger-tip touch. Its brakes take hold with kid-glove grip—actually 35% easier! Its springs—"Hydra-Coil" in front, "Para-Flex" in the rear—pooh-pooh the bumps.

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A "Test Drive" will convince you that Ford is the one *fine* car in the low-price field.

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income taxes, and adequate tariffs; for a vigorous foreign policy alert to U.S. security, for veterans' benefits, fair treatment of labor and capital alike, and repeal of rent controls. Her pledges guaranteed a fight against excessive foreign loans, the long-pending St. Lawrence Seaway, against farm subsidies, subversive groups, "whatever their stripe," and against the Truman policies.

During her first term Mrs. St. George lived in a Mayflower Hotel suite, but after re-election in 1948 moved into a two-bedroom apartment decorated with furniture from Tuxedo. She maintains an office in Goshen, New York, and goes there for appointments on the last Saturday of each month. Her Washington social calendar is crowded, and she entertains frequently at small dinner parties in the smart 1925 F. Street Club.

Practically nothing could have impressed House old-timers more favorably than the new Congresswoman's ready acceptance of work assigned to her as a first-term member: a place on the Post Office and Civil Service Committee. Everyone knew her first choice was Foreign Affairs, and her preferred alternates the committees on Armed Services and Agriculture. Undaunted by failure to land any of these plums, she plunged into the work at hand and slaved like a Trojan at the tedious job of reorganizing the postal rate structure.

Some members were surprised when Representative St. George selected atomic bomb secrecy as the subject of her maiden speech in the House and delivered the address only a few weeks after taking her seat in Congress. They were impressed by the quiet ease with which she got it off. In reality, there was little reason for disquiet. Cassie St. George had heard too many windy harangues, by orators reading unfamiliar words which someone else had written, to make the same mistake herself. She writes her own speeches and statements.

Any fears that the female emissary of New York State's Twenty-ninth District might talk herself or her party into trouble soon vanished. No G.O.P. stalwart could object to a colleague who lambasted the Truman regime for trying to "socialize these United States under a top-heavy and power-drunk" bureaucracy. Nor could he criticize a plea for voters to "turn out the Lilliputians," any more than the St. George admonition to all Republicans: "Vote the straight ticket, from the governor to the coroner."

Similarly, Republicans could only applaud thrusts at the Brannan Plan as a program calculated to make the Secretary of Agriculture an "American farming czar." Ringing calls for free citizens to end planned economy, economize on spending and place self-reliance ahead of security could bring nothing but praise from G.O.P. leaders. When party rulers selected an ambassador to carry a vigorous campaign of speechmaking to the grass roots in the states of Washington and Oregon last spring, it was Cassie who got the job.

On the question of women in politics, old-line party bigwigs are less effusive about Representative St. George, but it doesn't bother Cassie. "Let's forget all this nonsense about the man's sphere and the woman's sphere," she says. "Let us go forward together as comrades in the great epic of America. There is a strong possibility that the coming of women to politics is a new transfusion of the blood of freedom. The American woman—a phenomenon of the twentieth century—can reshape the world."

This fine talk may be unduly ambitious. Older Republican leaders can hardly be expected to shout with glee at the prospect of woman usurping any part of man's traditional leadership in politics. But if anyone can lead the women to greater influence in government, there are many on Capitol Hill who think Katharine St. George can do the job.

THE END

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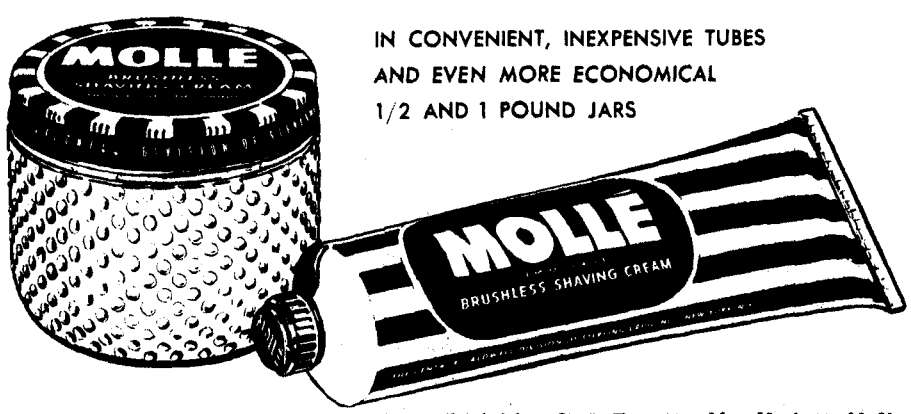

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WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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Just One Break for the Disabled

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

remembered a young man, disabled himself, who had done a remarkable job as a Red Cross officer at Walter Reed during the war. The name was Henry Viscardi. Viscardi had overcome a very difficult problem with his legs and had long experience as a highly paid executive. He would have an incomparable understanding of both sides of J.O.B.'s spirit-cracking assignment.

Viscardi was, at the time, director of personnel administration for the Burlington Mills Corporation. Dr. Rusk called him up.

Three at a Lunch Conference

"He invited me to lunch," Viscardi recalls, describing his introduction to J.O.B. "There I met Orin Lehman, and the two of them asked my opinion of their committee. The conversation hopped around from one detail of the problem to another and I began thinking again of the soldier amputees I had worked with.

"I had a terrible moment when they popped the question: Would I take over direction of the work? I had a good job and my future was assured, but I guess Dr. Rusk knew from the start I wouldn't refuse. He was right. I'd never forgotten the beating I took because the able-bodied would not realize that the disabled have vocational rights, too."

Son of a barber on New York's West Side, Henry Viscardi was born with useless legs. He paid out the first seven years of his life in hospital time before he was able to shuffle about at all on a pair of misshapen feet successive operations had molded for him.

When he was eight years old and out of the hospital at last he found himself in a strange land full of hardhearted giants. On his withered legs he was only three feet, eight inches tall when he reached manhood. He learned to use the streets in the hours when few people were about, and to use the same car on the same subway train each day so that passengers would get a little used to him and curb their staring.

Nothing but trouble dogged his steps. His father died while he was in his teens and, with four sisters to help support, he went to work at fifteen, doing anything he could part-time from sweeping floors to keeping books. In his senior year at law school—he'd graduated from Fordham—his mother was taken seriously ill and would not have recovered had it not been for the care and attention of a wonderful doctor, Robert R. Yanover of Kings Point, New York.

Doctor Yanover turned to Henry one day and said: "Son, your legs are burning out. Unless we can do something soon you'll be in a wheel chair or completely bedridden inside a year."

Henry paled, but the doctor wasn't through. "However," he said thoughtfully, "with surgery I think we can do something. I don't dare tell you what—yet."

Weeks later Henry walked away from the hospital equipped with a pair of specially designed artificial limbs. He'd always been husky in the shoulders and of better than average appearance, but apparently no one ever noticed it before. Now he was two feet taller than he had been and the girls he met smiled as he made his way home unannounced.

He let himself in the house while the family was at supper.

"What a scene," he says. "My sisters were hysterical and I was near it. I could hardly believe I was looking *down* at them. But Mother was quiet and later I found out why. She'd been praying for me on the Feast of St. Anthony for years and found it not at all surprising that her prayers were answered in due time."

He let his sisters teach him how to dance. He took out his first date—at the age of twenty-one. He ventured out at any time of the day, rode any subway car he wished. He found himself stopping in the street for five minutes at a time to survey the *tops* of parked automobiles. It was as though he had suddenly become a giant, able to lean an elbow casually on the cornice of a row house and survey the chimney pots.

"I promised the doctor then that if I could bring the same satisfaction to someone else, ever, I would do it," Viscardi says. "Dr. Yanover told me that was payment enough for him. He never charged me a cent."

The promise of payment for the good deed done him was delayed 18 years in fulfillment. When Viscardi's chance came—at the lunch with Dr. Rusk and Orin Lehman—his enthusiasm was fired, then caught on and spread like a prairie blaze through sections of the New York business community, and on into town after town as each fell within range of his, and Dr. Rusk's, constant speechmaking.

Companies and business associations possessing prodigious powers for hiring or for influencing hiring on a national scale have only had to listen to Viscardi's impassioned plea once to fall in step with a growing procession of believers.

A Valuable Ally Co-operates

The New York chapter of the powerful National Office Management Association voted co-operation with J.O.B. and promptly named Viscardi to the chair of a permanent committee—established on the spot—to publicize the program and write the rules for running it.

Elmer Helm, the chapter's retiring president, refused to permit a delay until a new administration came in.

"Get it going now," said Helm. "I hope it will be a national project for N.O.M.A. We can't start soon enough."

The incoming president was Charles Haverin, a member of the J.O.B. steering committee.

Tom Noble, business opportunities head for the New York State Junior Chamber of Commerce, heard Viscardi at another meeting and asked to be placed on the steering committee. Once accepted, he went off to a state J.C.C. convention to sell the J.O.B. idea to 47 other cities.

Less than a week after he'd heard Viscardi talk, a public relations official with

JOHN FISCHETTI

In a Nutshell

Here is a sampling
Of public opinion
On world events:
The past—perfect;
The future—conditional;
The present—tense.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

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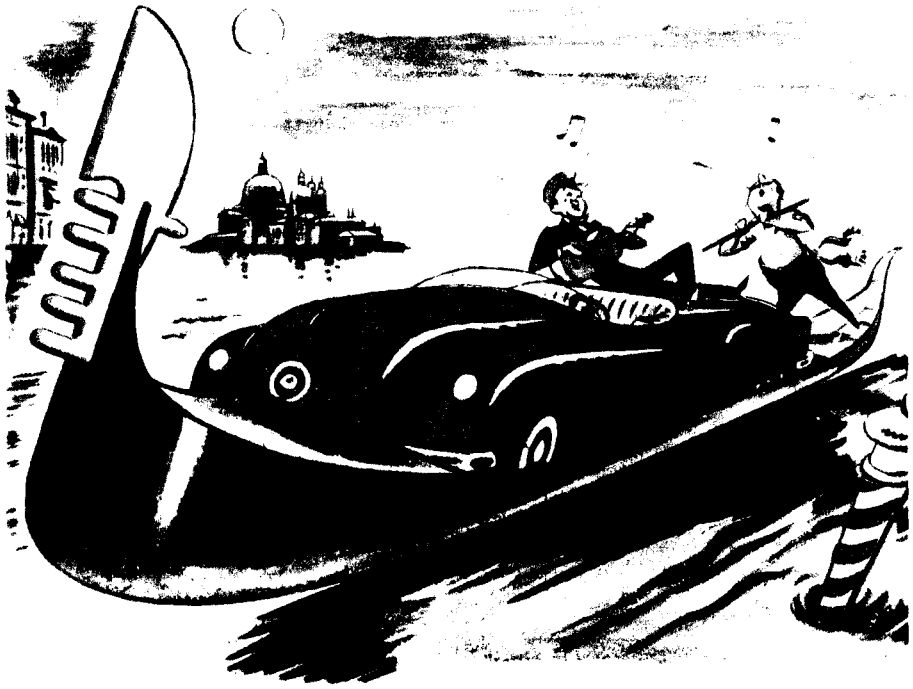

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the American Telephone & Telegraph Company called the J.O.B. office.

"Mr. Viscardi," he said, "we'd like to begin hiring some of your people right away."

A.T. & T. uses thousands of girls on its switchboards providing the sort of work that is precisely suited to many types of disability.

After that Viscardi had to put on the brakes. J.O.B. isn't big enough to fill that one order yet.

Hartford and Collinsville in Connecticut; Plattsburg, New York; Roanoke, Virginia; and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, are among the cities that have written letters asking for details. They want to set up their own J.O.B.

"We have to move carefully," Viscardi warns when eager-beaver civic clubs, chambers of commerce, medical groups or private citizens seem to be jumping the gun. "The war taught us to move carefully. We want everyone sold, not only on the idea but on carrying it out properly. The plan will never work permanently with business unless we are businesslike about operating it."

All the necessary elements should be present wherever J.O.B. is established. One of the most important is selling the town's top businessmen, the local Baruchs and Gimbels. For instance, a few weeks ago Viscardi went in to see the employment manager of a really big firm. The personnel man greeted him with a warm clasp of the hand.

"What a wonderful thing you're doing, Hank!" the personnel man exclaimed. "I'm all for it; what can I do?"

Viscardi explained: Just hire a few people recommended by J.O.B.

"Okay, Hank, can you call me in a week?"

Viscardi wanted to know why something couldn't be worked out immediately.

"Gosh, Hank, union negotiations have got me rushed," said the employment manager.

Viscardi left, called in a week, was asked to call the following Monday, called the following Monday. Same story: Union negotiations were still in center stage.

He Wanted Help—and Got It

So Viscardi went to lunch with Orin Lehman and I. J. Harvey, president of the Flintcote Company and a member of the J.O.B. advisory committee. Viscardi said he wanted help. Mr. Harvey nodded, went back to his office and telephoned the chairman of the board of a very large holding company.

On the following afternoon—24 hours later—the vice-president of the firm with which Viscardi wanted to reach an understanding was on the phone anxiously inquiring as to when Mr. Viscardi could find time to see him. The vice-president would be glad to discuss J.O.B. down to the smallest detail.

That was that.

It's a nice, comfortable feeling to have the support of influential men like Mr. Harvey, but there are smaller and more easily available angels in J.O.B.'s firmament, like the three members of Viscardi's kitchen cabinet who sit down with him at lunch every other Tuesday and hold his aching head. Mae Williams, Claire Ryder and Betty Di Vall, chain-store personnel directors three, know a thing or two about cracking jobs and Viscardi listens attentively.

Tough problems are solved in an instant, one way or another. Viscardi knew of a thirty-two-year-old ex-schoolteacher who hadn't been able to land a thing in her home town ever since she'd been partially paralyzed in an accident. Mae Williams looked at a brief on the girl's history over coffee and said:

"Sure, I'll hire her."

Viscardi says he needs a lot of heads and a lot of arms if he's to keep his sanity. Two of his best arms are Ellen Lehman McCluskey, Orin Lehman's sister and proprietor of a fashionable Madison Avenue interior decorating shop, and Anne Meyring, who handles the shop's public relations. They've pulled several J.O.B. chestnuts out of the unemployment fire.

One of them was the case of Thomas Grommet, a fifty-two-year-old upholsterer from Fort Worth who had been crippled from babyhood. Another was that of Rose Hiraga, a talented Japanese-American girl who is paralyzed as the result of a broken neck.

Grommet is a spastic traumatic paraplegic victim who was fast losing complete control of his never-too-good legs when he read about the N.Y.U.-Bellevue program in a newspaper. He wrote to Dr. Rusk and got this heartening reply:

"If you are ever in New York, drop in. We'll be glad to see you."

A year later he arrived at the doctor's office. Like the faithful who trudge to Lourdes, he'd spent a year working his way up from Texas, traveling between jobs when he'd earned enough money. He still had the letter, his passport to health.

Today his rehabilitation is nearly complete and Ellen McCluskey has given him some of her own upholstering work to do while she and Anne Meyring look around for something more permanent.

Rose Hiraga's normal way of life was snapped on a summer's day in Colorado when the car she was in turned over. In a Denver hospital, where she lay paralyzed from the neck down, she heard of Dr. Rusk's N.Y.U.-Bellevue program and began trying to get to it. It took her a year. First she was transferred to New York's Metropolitan, then to Goldwater Memorial, where the incurables go. It was in Goldwater that Dr. Rusk found her after he'd received a letter telling him she was there.

Rose was taken before the Bellevue evaluation clinic, where some of the nation's best doctors compare opinions on each case. Viscardi was there, as he is at all of the clinic's conferences. He watches every patient throughout his or her rehabilitation and maintains a complete file.

He saw Rose faint at the clinic from the terrible effort of keeping her head up in the wheel chair; and he saw her faint many times after that as nurses encouraged her to exercise the stringy muscles in arms so thin the forearm bones showed as clearly as if no skin were over them at all.

Months later she could sit up and eat, and, lying on her stomach, paint. She was well-trained in textile design before her accident and soon her talent was showing through the great effort it took to wield a small paint brush. Her wallpaper designs are selling well now, thanks to Miss Meyring, who spent eight months looking for customers.

The intestinal fortitude of patients like Hiraga and Grommet is a constant inspiration to Viscardi. He uses their stories to convince rugged individuals in business that handicapped employees are a better bet than some ordinary people holding down jobs. Their production rates often are higher; they are more careful to keep safety rules; they never quit, and it takes a snowstorm of blizzard proportions to keep them at home.

Viscardi's office is the merchandising outlet for mended people who've been trained and carefully measured, physically and psychologically, at some of the best hospitals in the world. A rehabilitation center has been set up in Goldwater Memorial Hospital and is being serviced by J.O.B. Still more New York City hospitals have been lined up for participation in the program.

"Where else could you get intelligence service like that on men or women you're going to hire?" Viscardi argues.

To prove his point—if more proof than his personal history were needed—he hired a disabled girl himself. Ann Boyd is the best secretary he's ever had, although she can't leave her wheel chair. An automobile hit her five years ago and paralyzed her from the waist down. But she maintains a Manhattan apartment by herself and gets around freely in taxicabs.

Ann's daily experiences are a constant reminder to Viscardi of an apparent paradox in human nature—the do-nothing attitude on the one hand that can break the heart of a disabled person looking for work, and, on the other, the sincere but misguided attempts of individuals to be solicitous of folks in wheel chairs.

Ann Boyd used to refuse all the little assistances that people tendered her, but she's had to give it up. She accepts them now. The constant pursing of her lips in a sweet and smiling "No, thank you" became too much of a strain. Crowds in packed department stores part before her, busy clerks drop everything to wait on her, and kindly old gentlemen open doors for her. She lets cab drivers bore her to death with well-meaning but inane conversation. Ann bats not an eye at such extreme attentions, though they make her self-conscious.

Further, Viscardi has found, the impractical sympathy of foremen for handicapped people working under them is not only silly, it's dangerous to morale and, *ipso facto*, to the handicapped.

"The disabled don't appreciate it and neither do their fellow workers," Viscardi says. "It does much more harm than good. All that the rehabilitated need is a job. You can skip the rest."

Saul Hartfield of Brooklyn was a near tragic case in point. There was nothing much wrong with Saul at first except that scarlet fever had left him with a now-and-then severe stutter and that he needed a job. He'd been a lens grinder during the war, working 16 hours a day, and then he'd bogged down in a slack period when lens grinders were a dime a dozen. But Saul had had three and a half years of night-school training in accounting and business administration at the City College of New York, which should have qualified him for many another kind of position.

Tragedy of a Speech Defect

The stutter stopped him. With each of more than a dozen rejections in his hunt for a job he lost more and more confidence in himself until finally he was afraid to go near curbstones. They seemed as high as cliffs and he had a fear of falling. Then he couldn't stand up at all, couldn't leave the house without someone holding his arm.

Cerebral palsy is usually congenital and most people afflicted with it are aware they have it. Saul had it but he didn't know it until he was admitted for rehabilitation at Bellevue following three years of cringing confinement to his home. The terrible strain of seeing job after job slip from his grasp because of a speech defect had brought the weakness out in all its fury.

His recovery was incredibly swift. There were three reasons for this. First, in the halls of Bellevue he saw patients in far more hopeless straits than himself—people who couldn't get back a leg or an arm as he could get back his balance.

Second, he met Sylvia Levinson, a pretty girl from the Bronx who, incurably affected in a leg and an arm by polio, was nevertheless working with great competence on the Bellevue switchboard, one of the world's busiest. He fell in love with her. (They've since become engaged.)

Third, Henry Viscardi came along the corridor one day and sat down on the bench beside Saul. He told Saul that he'd get him a job. Saul nodded agreeably, in accordance with a new philosophy he was developing, but he didn't quite believe *that*.

A few days after he'd gone home, though, Saul got a wire from Viscardi. It advised him to report at 9:00 A.M. the following day for a job interview in the New York University chemistry laboratory, where they needed a technician's assistant.

The miles-per-hour rate of Saul's locomotion had been increasing steadily since the days when he stopped being afraid of curbstones, but First Avenue's heavy traffic, which courses between Bellevue and the N.Y.U. lab building, hadn't seen a crossing like Saul's for some time. At 9:30 A.M. the day of the interview he burst out of the N.Y.U. building, dashed across the street against a light, streaked through the main hall in Bellevue shouting, "I'm in! I'm in!" and bounded through the door of the hospital's switchboard room.

"Sylvia, Sylvia, I got the job!" he gasped, and sank into a chair.

Sylvia looked at him a moment, her eyes brimming, then she plugged in and rang the J.O.B. office number.

Eight floors up Henry Viscardi picked up the receiver and said "Yes?" Then he grimaced and pulled the instrument away from his ear slightly. You could hear Sylvia's voice across the room:

"Mr. Viscardi, it's a miracle, it's a miracle —Saul, you tell him!" THE END

COLLIER'S "See, Howard, I won *again!*" BARNEY TOBEY

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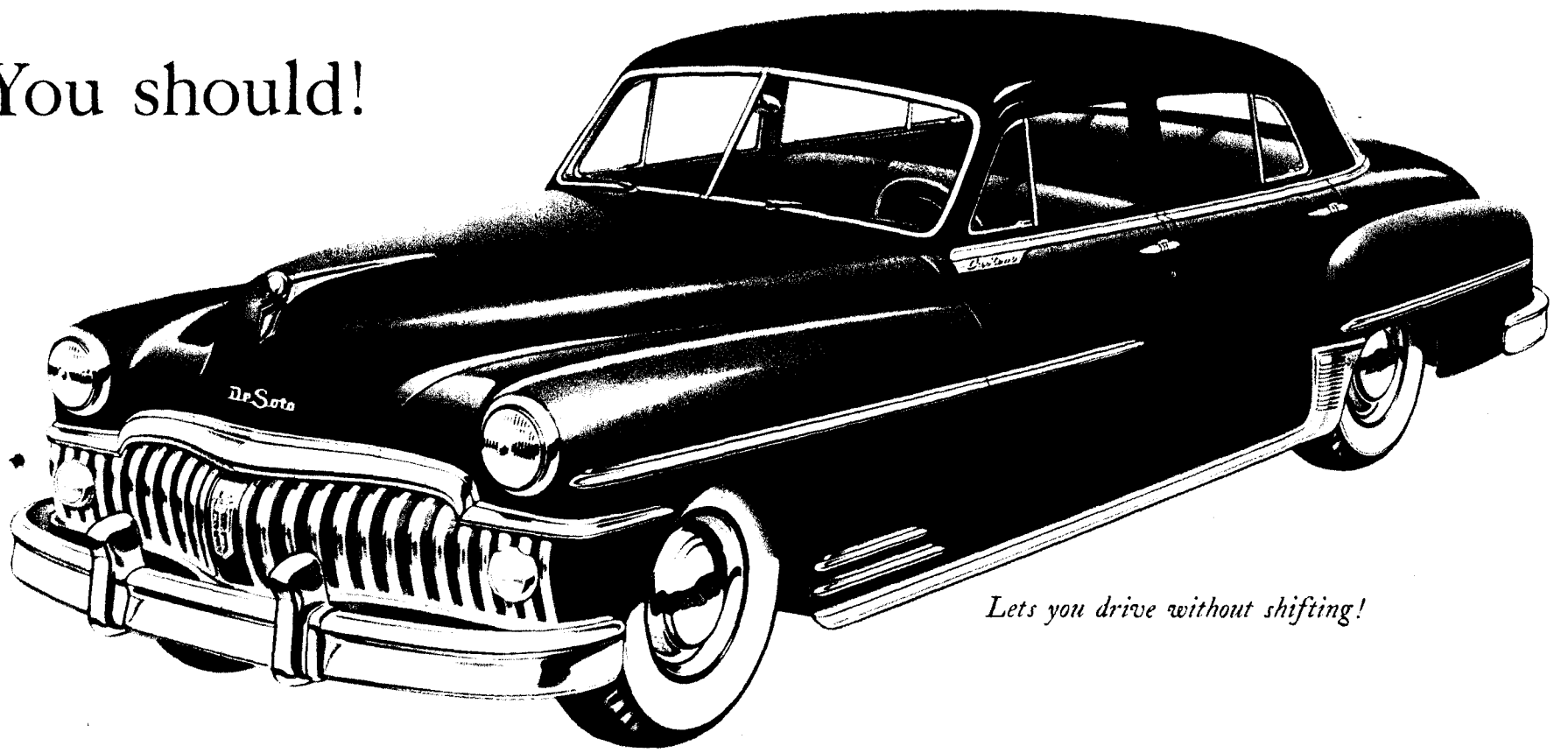

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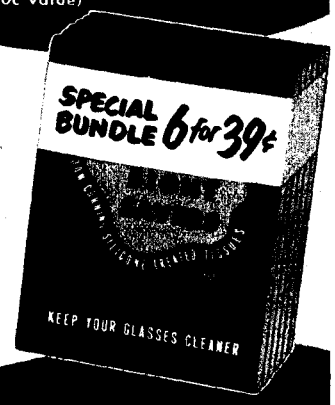

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'The Monocle' from Georgia

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

Then followed two years of road appearances with various companies. Every hamlet had a theater in those days, and every theater had a Hamlet. As his experience grew, Coburn began to take more important roles in the endless succession of one-night stands. Sometimes a company would put on five different classics in one week. Memorizing lines for five major parts was no cinch, although Charlie never has been a "moaner" (an actor who finds it difficult to commit his lines to memory, and must repeat them over and over again).

Even today Coburn has no difficulty with movie dialogue, and seldom has to be cued. "It's not that I have an unusual memory," he says. "I don't learn by rote. For example, even though I've played Macbeth possibly 500 times, I wouldn't be safe in quoting one speech offhand right now. But after one rehearsal on stage, I dare say I could go on tomorrow night and not miss a line."

During a road company's Shakespearean tour through upstate New York in 1905, there began a real-life love story that for enchantment and devotion rivals any of the great romances created by playwrights. Charles Coburn's leading lady that summer was a dark-haired slip of a girl named Ivah Wills. He fell in love with this pretty creature in Amsterdam, New York, during their first performance, an open-air presentation of As You Like It with Coburn as Orlando and Ivah as Rosalind. When, in Act V, Scene IV, Rosalind looked up into Orlando's eyes and said, "I'll have no husband, if you be not he," he knew she was speaking from the heart, too.

Charles and Ivah were married at Baltimore in 1906, beginning an idyllic partnership which flourished on and off the stage for 31 years. As You Like It, which they put on many times, was their favorite play down through the years. Because she never liked the name Charles, Ivah usually called her husband Orlando. He, in turn, called her Rosalind.

They soon organized The Coburn Players, a unique group banded together "with the single purpose of devoting their talents to the presentation of poetic drama." The Players toured widely, offering Shakespeare and other classics. During summers, in the days before air-conditioned theaters, they gave alfresco performances on college campuses. Coburn not only produced and directed the plays, but usually took a major role, often the lead opposite his attractive and talented wife.

A high light of the 1910 pastoral tour was a two-day performance on the White House lawn. The Coburns put on As You Like It and Twelfth Night as a benefit for the Washington Playground Association at the request of President and Mrs. Taft.

Audiences under Umbrellas

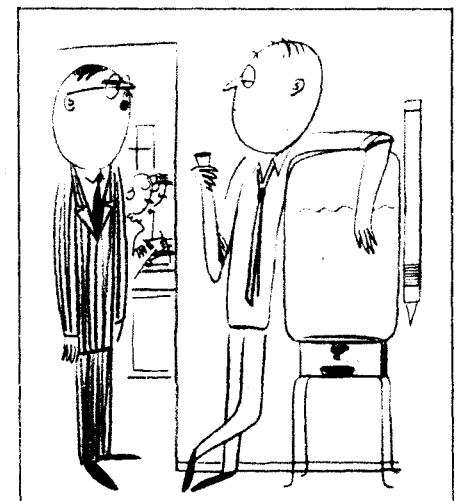
The Coburn Players often performed in drenching rain, while the audience huddled beneath umbrellas. After one particularly wet month in 1914, the drama critic of the New York World wrote: "If New York should ever suffer from a serious drought, the best way to bring about rain would be to engage The Coburn Players for an outdoor engagement."

Thomas Mitchell, Grace Moore, Gladys George, Milton Sills, George Cukor, Chester Morris, Lynn Starling, Harley Knowles and Walter Connolly were among the many who learned the fundamentals of the theater by appearing with the Coburns during the 12 years they toured the country with the classics.

In 1916, the Coburns quit the road to concentrate on Broadway. Billed as "Mr. and Mrs. Coburn," a team which they refused to break up no matter how attractive any proffered single part was, they achieved many successes. Their biggest hit was The Better 'Ole in 1918, a dramatization of British Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's amusing World War I cartoon which featured a walrus-mustached soldier named Old Bill. In his first Cockney-speaking role, Coburn scored a great success as Old Bill and Ivah supported him admirably as Victoire, a young French girl.

Reviewing The Better 'Ole in the New York Tribune, drama critic Heywood Broun wrote: "Mr. Coburn has taken full advantage of the pictorial possibilities of Old Bill. His make-up is a masterpiece. Nor does the worth of his performance stop at the end of his mustache. It is a rollicking and first-class piece of work."

Coburn produced as well as acted in The Better 'Ole. It was so successful that he put four companies on the road while he continued to play the lead in New York for two years. Some of their other memorable shows on Broadway were So This Is London, The Yellow Jacket, The Bronx Express, The Farmer's Wife, Lysistrata, The



"There's a message for you written in the dust on your desk"
COLLIER'S BORIS DRUCKER

Imaginary Invalid, The Rivals and The Canterbury Pilgrims.

In 1934, with the help of the late Dr. Dixon Ryan Fox, president of Union College, the Coburns founded the Mohawk Drama Festival. After each winter season in New York, they would move to the Schenectady, New York, college campus to perform the classics as they did in their pastoral tours before World War I. And more young actors and actresses profited by working with professionals.

Coburn always has been intensely interested in perpetuating his profession by helping to train youths. He often expresses genuine alarm that the dramatic art will someday die out. "One can easily comprehend the sad state of the stage today," he says, "by asking one question. If you were casting Hamlet, what young American actor do you feel is qualified to fill the leading role? Due to a lack of youthful talent, there is a serious danger that the art of acting on both the stage and screen will become extinct in another 20 years."

Now that touring stock companies are no longer around in sufficient number to provide the fine training ground they gave budding actors of Coburn's generation, he feels that the nation's colleges and universities must teach the Thespians of tomorrow under a program which includes a great deal of actual campus theater work with a company of professional actors.

"Amateurs can learn nothing from other amateurs," Coburn maintains. "Acting is an art that is learned only during the performance of a play in concert with professionally competent actors capable of causing the audience to react properly. Remember, it is the audience, not the actor, that plays the play. The spectators live the experience vicariously and so the play comes to life among them. Acting takes place the moment the actor's technique causes an emotional release in the audience. That's why one cannot learn to act in the movies where every performance is actually just a dress rehearsal."

Toward the goal of encouraging colleges and universities to school actors, Coburn has been and still is working. Several institutions have started or improved drama departments by following the programs outlined by Coburn in several pamphlets that he has written.

A Partnership Is Ended

In the spring of 1937, the famous "Mr. and Mrs. Coburn" billing was seen for the last time. Ivah died just as they were making plans for another Mohawk Drama Festival. Her death came as a great shock to Charlie who speaks reverently of Ivah as "the only woman I ever loved."

Childless and without definite plans for the stage the following fall, Coburn decided to accept a Hollywood offer "for one picture" after the summer season at Schenectady. In the past he had had numerous film offers, but had spurned them all because none included his wife. It was about this time that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was casting players for the role of Judge Hardy in what turned out to be a long and successful series of pictures. Charlie made a screen test for the part in New York at the request of agent Irving Salkow, who as a child actor had appeared on the stage with the Coburns.

At the same time as the Judge Hardy search, M-G-M also was looking for a character actor to play the role of Doc Shingle, a kindly but drunken country doctor, in the film that later was called Of Human Hearts. When M-G-M's Clarence Brown saw the Coburn tests, he jumped up, pointed at the screen and exclaimed, "There's Doc Shingle!" Of Human Hearts was made in the fall of 1937, and Coburn was a great success in it. That film gave him a start in a brand-new career at the age of sixty.

Success followed success as the stylishly stout actor proceeded to make his monocle and cigar the trade-mark of a superior movie. Coburn excelled at playing rascals and villains, his favorite roles, and in comedies he imparted a certain elegance to slapstick which drew laughs without benefit of custard pies and falling ladders.

Through his fine sense of drama and his knack of making a cocked eyebrow or the smallest gesture mean more than a three-minute speech, Charlieboy unwittingly became the number one scene thief in Hollywood. On the walls of Coburn's office at his home today, along with photographs of practically every big name in the movie business, there is a picture from Bob Hope inscribed: "To Charles Coburn—a gentleman, a scholar and a fine picture stealer."

Never less than fifth as a box-office attraction among character actors in the last eight years, Coburn has been nominated for three Academy Awards and has won one. In 1943 he copped an Oscar for his performance in the supporting role of Benjamin Dingle, the philosophical inventor-promoter in The More the Merrier. The other nominations were for his work in The Devil and Miss Jones (1941) and The Green Years (1946).

Charlie never has signed an exclusive contract with any studio. His big worry is becoming typed in any one role. Consequently, under Irving Salkow's management, he works as a free-lance actor, selecting his parts so carefully that he turns down about one out of every five scripts offered him. Coburn gets between $75,000 and $100,000 a picture these days, and his contract always stipulates that he receive nothing less than second billing in the film credits and advertising.

A sentimental and emotional man, Charlie took his sister, Mary Harris, and her husband to a small theater while vacationing

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in Lexington, Kentucky, last year to see The Doctor and the Girl, a film in which he had a prominent role. "During the picture I noticed Charlieboy had his handkerchief out several times," Mamiekins (Coburn's pet name for her) recalls. "When we came out my husband Steve looked at his red eyes and remarked, 'Charlie, you surely must be good to cry at yourself.' "

Coburn's fan mail, which often runs as high as 1,000 letters per month immediately after a film release, comes from all parts of the world. Most of the letters are from women, and include everything from proposals of marriage to requests for photographs. One lady in North Carolina thought so much of him that she developed a new extra-large sunflower in her garden and named it "Charles Coburn, Pride of the South." The actor is extremely co-operative in the matter of fans and publicity. "If it would sell tickets," Charlie often says, "I'd stand on my head in the middle of Times Square at noon."

An ardent sports fan, Coburn frequently attends football games, horse races and every Friday night he can be found in ringside row G at the Hollywood Legion Stadium for the fights. He has a diagram of every arena and stadium in the Los Angeles area so he can order tickets in the exact section he prefers. In 1947, while playing the role of Beaver, a harness-horse trainer and driver in the film Green Grass of Wyoming, Coburn became interested in that fast-growing sport. So he bought some horses, hired a trainer-driver and began breeding racers.

Coburn's stable, which currently includes four brood mares, three stallions and six small colts and fillies, now costs him some $24,000 annually to maintain.

Another Coburn diversion is high-stakes poker played regularly with a group of cronies who have labeled themselves the Hoyle Club. Members of this informal gathering include producers Harry Kurnitz, Sam Marx and Howard Benedict, director George Waggner, writers Paul Yawitz and Morrie Ryskind, actor Percy Waram and composer Ira Gershwin. George S. Kaufman, Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse also sit in when they're on the West Coast.

The Hoyle Club has a ritual for practically every play. For example, when a player buys a new stack of chips everybody rises and sings Happy Birthday to him. Also the chief of the club is the last person to hold a royal flush. The chief must supply the players with food and drink until the next royal flush is dealt.

Memory Plays a Trick on Him

Oddly enough, Coburn's one failing is remembering names. Although he never has any trouble retaining lines while acting, the names of individuals, even those of close friends, often escape him. A classic story in that regard occurred at a football game. While sitting with a friend one Saturday, Charlie spotted his agent Irving Salkow and Lew Deuser, an associate in Salkow's office, nearby.

"I'll take you over and introduce you to Irving Salkow, my agent," Charlie whispered to his chum, "as soon as I can think of the name of that fellow who's sitting with him. Then Coburn mulled over names, starting with the letter A and working down the alphabet. At half time, it suddenly came to him. "Lew Deuser!" Charlie said aloud, grabbing his companion and hustling over to the two agents.

"This is Mr. Lew Deuser," Coburn told his friend. "And this gentleman," Charlie went on, turning to Irving, whom he has known for nearly 30 years, "is . . . er . . . ah . . ." He had forgotten Salkow's name.

During his first 10 years in Hollywood, Coburn thought of it only as a temporary engagement. He retained the old apartment he and Ivah had at the National Arts Club on Gramercy Park, New York, while living in a small apartment in California.

But in 1947 he decided to buy a home, and chose a medium-sized, pleasant, white stucco house on a grassy knoll along Hollywood Boulevard. Coburn spent nearly $25,000 remodeling it, the main renovation being the drawing room which he had rebuilt so it was an exact duplicate of the living room he and Ivah loved so much in their old Gramercy Park place. For the front entrance of the building, Charlie ordered a special paneled door which had to be painted green—a replica of the one through which he entered show business at the Savannah Theater more than a half century before.

Souvenirs of Many Successes

The same furniture the Coburns had in New York and all props retained as souvenirs from stage plays they had starred in fill the drawing room of his Hollywood home today, virtually making the place a theatrical museum. Coburn takes great delight in pointing out a copper bucket from The Farmer's Wife, a handsome cabinet from The Plutocrat, tables from The Right Age to Marry, chairs from The Better 'Ole, a tapestry from The Yellow Jacket, and an oak settee, his favorite chair by the fireplace, from So This Is London.

Somehow or other all these varied furnishings blend harmoniously in the large room. On the walls are paintings of the Coburns in the costumes of their most prominent roles, the most majestic of which are seven-foot oils of Ivah as Rosalind and Charles as Orlando.

In the rear of the building is Coburn's glass-bricked office. In this room Coburn keeps more than 100 scrapbooks filled with notices and mementos of his long acting career. Also from this office the actor has been mailing hundreds of releases on political topics in recent years. Coburn has become more and more critical of the Democratic party and the national administration under Roosevelt and Truman, and has shown his ire by abandoning the usual actor's neutrality in politics. His writings on the subject have been mailed at personal expense to 700 newspapers through the country, and some of his pronouncements have been entered into the Congressional Record.

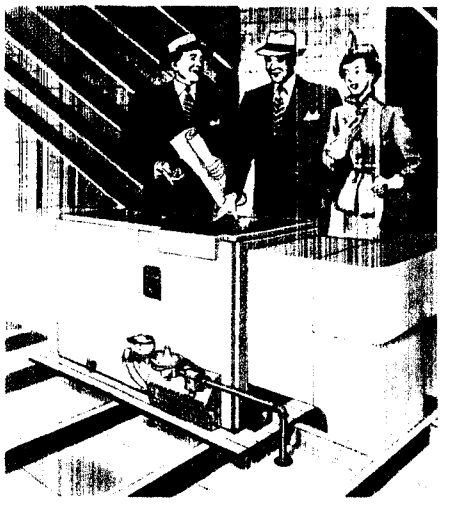
Outside of a nationwide Theatre Guild tour in 1946 when he once again played Falstaff in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Coburn has not been on the stage since he went to Hollywood 13 years ago. Nonetheless, he longs to get back on Broadway. In his great zeal to do another play, he is always soliciting and reading manuscripts from playwrights, hoping to find an interesting role that will enable him to enjoy a successful run in New York.

"Yes, the theater always has been Charlieboy's first love from the time when we were children charging pins to see performances in our back yard in Savannah," says Mrs. Marcia McFadden, Coburn's other sister.

The two sisters, Mrs. McFadden who lives in Jacksonville, Florida, and Mrs. Harris of Savannah, and Charlie are the only living children of the Coburn family of eight. The sisters adore their brother, and never grow weary of praising him. "Don't let Mamie get started on Charlie," Steve Harris is wont to say, "for once wound up she never runs down."

But this sisterly devotion is very nearly matched by the fondness and admiration everyone in Hollywood has for the grand Charlie. In a town where a knife in the back is worth two in the sheath, you never hear a bad word against Coburn. Proof of this was a recent studio party which Universal-International threw on the Louisa set to celebrate the veteran actor's 60 years in show business. Everybody who wasn't nobody attended to pay tribute to the seventy-three-year-old star, even some feuding film celebrities who ordinarily wouldn't be caught dead in a cemetery together.

This unusual display of friendship does not perplex Charlie's sister Marcia, however. Says she: "Charlieboy is a modest person, extremely charitable at heart, and I, for one, am not at all surprised that everyone loves him." THE END



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Straight Life

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

around Nonno's legs; watching Nonno as he sat down and crossed his woolen-stockinged feet on the chromium apron of the stove; watching Mama as she came back and knelt before Nonno, unwinding the long flannel roll that was sewn together every eight or ten inches. "You see!" Papa yelled, diving his hands at Nonno. "That's what I'm talk!"

Mr. Keppelring tried to look sympathetic by blowing specks off his derby. "Of course, it's none of my business," he said, "but which company is he insured with?"

"Company?" Papa asked, looking at Mr. Keppelring as though he were smelling him. "No company."

"You mean your father-in-law is *not* insured?"

"Sure is what I mean," Papa said. "Why I gotta insure him? He's nothing for me. He's only my father-law."

Mr. Keppelring gave a little laugh, thinking that Papa was joking. "Well, I should think," he said, smiling down and rolling his arm over the fuzzy crown of his derby, "that even fathers-in-law should receive some consideration."

"He's receive too much considerash now," Papa said, glowering at Mama, who was beginning to wind the flannel strip around Nonno's knees. "Ten years he's live here and he's no bring one penny in the house! Ten years!"

MR. KEPPELRING stood listening to him with his head bowed, looking like a pallbearer. "Mr. Esposito," he finally began, selling insurance to his derby. "It's obvious to me that you are a wise man, a man who believes in insurance."

"Natural," Papa said.

"In that case," Mr. Keppelring went on, turning his hat over and talking into it, "I don't think you are being smart about your father-in-law."

"No worry," said Papa grimly. "I'm smart. I'm know what I'm do."

The derby got a tolerant smile from Mr. Keppelring. "I'm afraid I have to disagree with you—"

Without waiting for another word, Papa started on Mr. Keppelring. "He's eat here, he's sleep here, and now I gotta buy insurance for him! You crazy! If he's want insurance, let him go out and work like everybody else!"

"And if he doesn't?"

"Then is his hard luck!"

Mr. Keppelring smiled. "No, Mr. Esposito. It will be your hard luck, as you put it."

"*My* hard luck!"

Putting his hat and book back on the table, Mr. Keppelring said, "I don't mean to alarm you—but what would happen if your father-in-law should die tomorrow?"

Mama stopped wrapping the flannel to thumb a quick cross over his lips, knock three times on the wooden rung of Nonno's chair, and to mumble "God forbid!"

"He's die, that's all," Papa said.

"Patsy!" Mama screamed, scrambling up and stamping her foot on the floor. "No talk like that when Nonno is sick!"

"Sick!" Papa screamed back, bending his face into hers. "He'sa big fake!"

Nonno sneezed.

"Fake!" Papa insisted, looking down at Nonno, who just sat there with his eyes closed and the empty clay pipe hanging out of his mouth, reclining in the chair as if he were on the deck of an ocean liner.

With great patience Mr. Keppelring began again. "You still haven't answered my question, Mr. Esposito. What will happen if your father-in-law—well, you know what I mean."

"Happen?" Papa said. "What's gotta happen?"

"I don't understand how you can fail to see—"

"I understand," Papa said.

Then, if you know Papa and his colossal pride, Mr. Keppelring said something he never should have. "Do you mean," he said, lowering his voice in horror, "that you will pass the hat around to cover the burial expenses, the way they do in the old country?"

"Mr. Kepp'," Papa said, barreling up his chest and looping his arms at his sides, like a strong man posing, the muscles all over his neck and arms writhing like a nest of awakened snakes, "I'ma no beggar, understand? You see these hands?" he asked, sticking his clawing fingers under Mr. Keppelring's nose, and then clenching them hard. "While I got these hands I never beg."

Mr. Keppelring's fingers were a sewing machine, running apologetically around the satin rim of his derby. "I meant no offense, Mr. Esposito. As an agent I was only trying to look out for your welfare."

"I'm look out for myself," said Papa.

Seated behind the table again Mr. Keppelring took an application blank from inside his coat pocket, smoothed it out and, unscrewing the cap off his fountain pen, said, "The first thing we should decide is how much insurance to carry. Naturally, the older a person is, the more the premium is."

"How much?" Papa asked.

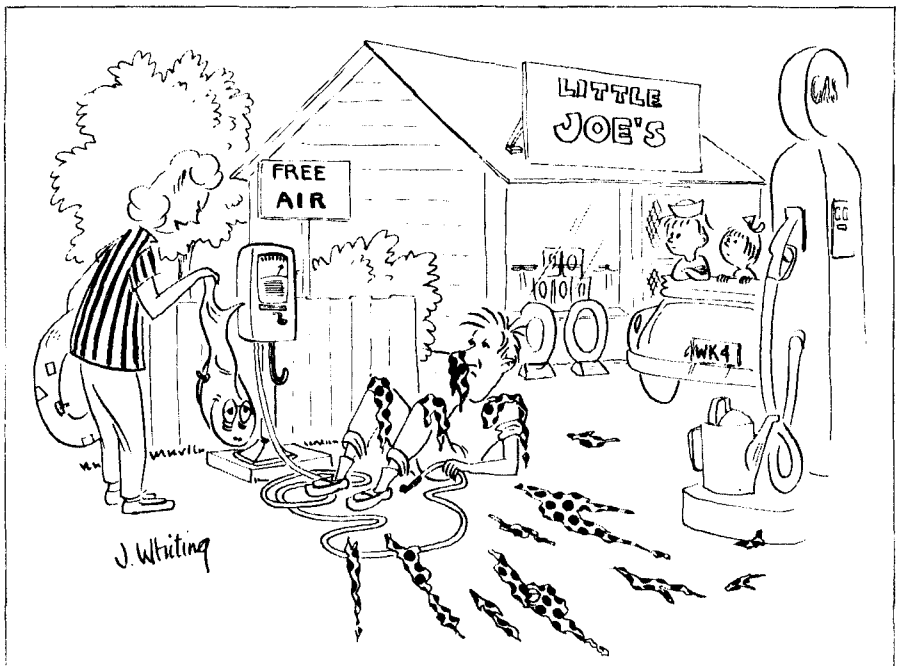
"I can't tell you that until I know when your father-in-law was born," Mr. Keppelring explained.

"All Saints' Day," Mama volunteered, and when Mr. Keppelring looked at her dumbly, she added, "November one."

"What year?" he asked, writing at the top of the application blank. Mama didn't know and she shook Nonno gently.

"Nonno," she said, when he opened his eyes, "when you was born?"

"When?" Nonno asked, glancing around



COLLIER'S **"Well, so much for Ali Alligator. See if you can do any better with Freddy Fish"** JAMES WHITING

"But, Mr. Esposito, you know all about insurance—and yet, in the case of your father-in-law, you keep trying to buck facts and figures," Mr. Keppelring said, instinctively hitting on Papa's weakness—Facts and Figures.

The snakes went away and Papa relaxed, looking seriously at Mr. Keppelring.

"I assure you," he went on, buttoning up his coat, "that whether or not I get this policy means very little to me. Without meaning to joke about it, it's your funeral."

Papa looked.

Nonno sneezed.

"Salute," said Mr. Keppelring, and when Nonno didn't move his head, he picked his hat and book off the table and started out. "Well, it's your problem, Mr. Esposito."

AS SOON as Mr. Keppelring closed the door behind him and his shoes began creaking down the stairs, Papa began to think. He thought and he thought, torn irresistibly between the logic of insurance and the laziness of Nonno. Facts and Figures. He was trapped and he knew it. He looked at Nonno and cursed under his breath. He looked at Mama and cursed some more. Then he looked back at Nonno, who was practically stretched out flat in his chair with his hands crossed over his chest as though he were already in a coffin. Suddenly Nonno sneezed, and Papa, as if he had heard a death rattle, flung open the kitchen door and ran to the landing outside and shouted down, "Mr. Kepp'! Mr. Kepp'!"

From the vestibule two floors below, Mr. Keppelring called up, "Yes, Mr. Esposito?"

"Come up," Papa said.

the room and fixing his eyes on Mr. Keppelring. "Why?"

Papa's fingers were all under Nonno's nose in a second, and he was screaming again. "No why, when!"

"Why?" Nonno asked, keeping his eyes on Mr. Keppelring.

"Oh, *Dio!*" Papa pivoted and whirled away from Nonno like a dancer with a wooden leg. Then he came back to Nonno and opened his mouth to say something else, but instead he stuck the side of his hand into it, and bit down. That's when Mama came between them.

"Nonno," Mama said, "the 'surance man want to know when you born."

But Nonno just kept watching Mr. Keppelring and not saying anything, sucking his empty pipe suspiciously.

"How old! *Managgio il diavolo!*" It was Papa screaming and swearing again, standing over him and breathing fire out of his nose, weighing his hands up and down at Nonno, as if he were ready to choke him.

"Sixty-five," Nonno said, and went back to sleep.

Doing some quick arithmetic with small birdlike numbers on the side of the application blank, Mr. Keppelring figured out the exact year Nonno was born and wrote it down in the box he was supposed to. Then he took out a chart that was folded six or eight times like a timetable, and after running his finger halfway down a column of fine-print numbers, he looked up and announced, "At sixty-five, for a five-hundred-dollar straight life policy, your premium comes to a dollar a week."

"A dollar a week!" Papa yelled. "Is too much! I'm get *two* five-hundred-dollar policy and I'm pay only fifty cents!"

"But, Mr. Esposito," Mr. Keppelring explained, "you took out those policies ten years ago when you were thirty-five. Your father-in-law is sixty-five, and according to the Bible, you know a man is only allowed his threescore and ten. But the Good Book aside, the average life expectancy, according to the Tables of Mortality, is 59.66 years of age. Your father-in-law is already over the limit."

PAPA was staring at the figures Mr. Keppelring quoted. "You mean most people die when they get to fifty-nine? Nonno, he'sa cheat."

Mama was studying Mr. Keppelring.

"It's only averages, you understand. Your father-in-law is already over sixty-five, so according to our tables, he could live another eleven years or so. The entire structure of insurance is predicated on—"

But Mr. Keppelring got no farther, because at that point Mama stuck her two cents in and blurted out, "Is not true!"

Mr. Keppelring smiled. "Mrs. Esposito, please don't misunderstand. I was speaking—statistically."

"Is not true," Mama repeated, and she turned her back to him and shut her eyes to all further argument.

"Is true!" Papa said, snatching the chart out of Mr. Keppelring's hands and flapping it under Mama's closed eyes. "You know more than these?"

"Yes!"

"Pah!"

"Mrs. Esposito—"

"No bother her, Mr. Kepp'," Papa said, returning the chart to him. "She's know nothing."

But Mr. Keppelring persisted. "Mrs. Esposito, I don't think I've made myself quite clear. You see, it's not true for *one* individual, it's true for all individuals. Do you see what I mean?" He looked up at Mama and frowned hopelessly. Maybe now he was wishing he had left Nonno to die peacefully and have the family bury him some dark night in the back yard.

"My grandfather is live to ninety-two years," Mama said.

"That's *exactly* what I mean," Mr. Keppelring said, his voice getting higher and louder. But if he knew Mama, he would have dropped the whole thing right there, because on the subject of death, a favorite of hers, she had made her own personal surveys and observations, and didn't go by any such nonsense as censuses, statistics, Tables of Mortality, or anything else. With lofty contempt she went over and took the chart out of Mr. Keppelring's hands, wrinkling up her nose at it, as if it were some new kind of fortunetelling system.

"Where it says everybody's die when they fifty-nine?"

"It doesn't say so in so many words—" Mr. Keppelring started to explain, and that's as far as he got. Mama dropped the chart on the table, humphed, and walked back to Nonno, standing behind his chair and tapping her foot, confident that she had outsmarted the insurance company and its whole staff of actuaries.

"My grandfather is live to ninety-two."

Mr. Keppelring decided to let it go at that, and went back to his application blank.

Ignoring a lot of questions which could not possibly apply to Nonno, such as "Give the names and addresses of your previous employers during the past five years," Mr. Keppelring's pen paused in the box marked BENEFICIARY.

"Beneficiary?" he asked, looking across at Nonno, who didn't know what he meant and appealed to Mama with two clusters of fingers, meaning, "What is this crazy one talking about now?"

Papa spoke up. "I'm the benefish. I'm buy the policy, so I'm the benefish."

Mr. Keppelring gave that smile to Papa

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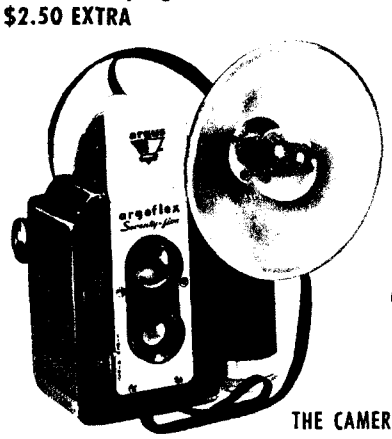

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and said, "I'm afraid your father-in-law will have to answer that question himself."

After Mama slowly explained to Nonno, more with her hands than by talking, what a beneficiary was and that the five hundred dollars would go to the person he named, Nonno said, "I be the benefish."

"Cretino!" Papa bit his knuckle and catapulted it at Nonno's head. "How you the benefish? You dead!"

"I'm dead?" Now Papa was just as crazy as the insurance man and Nonno's eyes sought Mama's for confirmation. Nonno had enough. He wanted no part of all this American foolishness. He hunched his shoulders and sank back in his chair as though it were the uncomplicated trunk of a fig tree in Italy. But Mr. Keppelring shook the fig tree.

"You'll have to answer it," he said.

MAMA explained it all over again and this time Nonno understood. *"Mia figlia,* the benefish," he said, meaning Mama.

"No!" Papa pounded his palms on the table. "I'm pay, I'm the benefish!"

Mama said, "What'sa differenza who's the benefish?"

Papa said, "Is big differenza! You pay?"

Mr. Keppelring held up his hands. "Mr. Esposito, it really isn't that important—"

"Then I'm the benefish!"

Mr. Keppelring looked at Nonno beseechingly. "Is it all right with you?"

Nonno shrugged.

The rest of it went easy enough. And when Mr. Keppelring brought over the application for Nonno to sign, Nonno gripped the fountain pen like it was a bread knife, and next to where Mr. Keppelring pointed with his finger, he cut a long straggly X. It was done. Papa sighed. Now Nonno could die whenever he wanted.

"Well, that's that," said Mr. Keppelring, folding up the application and putting it away inside his pocket. "I'll try to have the doctor out here Wednesday or Thursday night."

Papa stiffened. "The doctor—what for?"

"For the examination," Mr. Keppelring said, buttoning up his coat. "I thought you knew, Mr. Esposito. Before this policy becomes effective, your father-in-law will have to be examined by one of our doctors."

"But why? Nobody 'zamine me!"

"That was you, Mr. Esposito. But your father-in-law is something else again. If the doctor thinks he's too big a risk—"

"But suspose Nonno's no pass?"

Mr. Keppelring shrugged and tapped the derby on his head, meaning, "Then it's your funeral, not mine." . . .

All during supper that night Papa watched Nonno as he sat deep in his chair, sneezing and shivering, and being spoon-fed a chicken broth that Mama made especially for him.

"Why he's don't go to bed?" Papa asked Mama, irritated.

"Because is cold the bedroom," Mama said. "Is better he sleeps here. I get the rocker chair in the front room."

Right after supper Papa went to the café up the street; and when he got back everybody was in bed and the kitchen was dark, lighted only by the glow of the isinglass windows on the stove. Moving quietly across the room on tiptoe, he adjusted the slipping blanket around Nonno's shoulders, slid two shovelfuls of coal noiselessly over the banked fire, heated some water in a kettle, and then, before he went to bed, filled up the hot-water bottle which, like his anger, had long since cooled. The important thing now was for Nonno to pass the medical examination.

The doctor didn't come the next night, or the next night, but on Thursday night as my two sisters were clearing the dishes off the table and Mama was pouring out a glass of wine for Nonno, the downstairs door creaked open. There was a big quiet. All of us listened to the scientific footsteps coming slowly and precisely up the stairs. Papa put down his glass of wine, opened the door and waited for the doctor, looking from Nonno to the stairs and wringing the nervousness out of his hands. At last the doctor's hat lifted above the landing and Papa rushed out to help him up the rest of the way, greeting him with fake enthusiasm. "Ah, doctor! Come in! Come in!"

They came inside. Papa was beaming with obvious bribery and his arm was half linked through the doctor's. "Sit down, sit down!" Papa said, pulling his chair out from the head of the table. The doctor sat down and began to take his gloves off, finger by finger.

Papa winked, "Maybe the doctor would like a plate of spaghetti?"

"No, thanks," the doctor said, smiling and opening up his overcoat. "I've got a busy night tonight."

Papa winked again. "Not too busy for a glass of wine?" He nudged the doctor with his elbow, as if wine was something special.

"Thank you, I don't drink," the doctor said, getting up. "And now the—applicant."

"This is him, my father-law," Papa said, motioning with his hand toward Nonno, who was sipping wine and looking suspiciously over the glass at the doctor. "He'sa got a little cold," Papa said. "Nothing serious, you understand."

"H'mmm," the doctor said with his chin down. Then looking critically at Nonno for a moment and nodding his head to himself, the doctor snapped his black bag open and hooked the stethoscope in his ears. He turned to the family, talking mostly to Mama and Papa. "If you don't mind, could you leave us alone for a minute?"

"Sure, sure," Papa said laughing, as though the doctor had said something funny. He pushed all of us ahead of him into the dining room, and just as he closed the door, Nonno sneezed.

"He's no pass," Papa said solemnly. . . .

It seemed like an hour that we waited in the dining room, watching Papa pace back and forth from the china closet to the sideboard, counting out loud to himself and multiplying a dollar a week by one year, two years, three years, five years, seven years, and nine years—and always coming out ahead of the insurance company. On the wallpaper he figured out exactly with his fingernail how long it would take before he paid in his five hundred dollars. *If* Nonno lived to be seventy-five, then Papa and the insurance company would break even. If not— But just then Nonno sneezed violently three times in a row; and Papa, remembering the Bible and the Tables of Mortality, cursed himself for not taking out the insurance sooner.

FINALLY the dining-room door opened and the doctor called in, "All right, you can come in now."

Papa ran into the kitchen ahead of the rest of us. Nonno was standing by the rocking chair in his pants and underwear, his skinny and goose-pimply arms hanging shapelessly to his sides like a couple of French loaves.

"Well?" Papa asked the doctor.

The doctor looked up from closing his bag, and shook his head. Papa's face fell to the floor.

"I don't know," the doctor said, still shaking his head. "I've never seen anything like it. Lungs clear as crystal, and the old man's got a heart like a football player. Maybe I ought to drink some of that *vino* myself." The doctor kept shaking his head.

"He pass?" Papa said.

"Pass? Any insurance company would take him. The old man will live to be a hundred!"

"A hundred!"

"Good night," the doctor said.

Papa was stunned. Without saying good night back to the doctor or anything, he stood in the middle of the kitchen with a dazed and faraway look in his eyes, faraway in time. And then slowly, as he watched Mama pour another glass of wine for Nonno, a trapped look came over his face and you could see all his little idols of Facts and Figures crumbling all around him—59.66, 70, 100—the Tables of Mortality, the Bible, and the doctor.

Papa knew they were all wrong: Nonno was going to live forever. THE END

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Here's to the Pasta at Caproni's

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

his time between the restaurant and his real-estate interests. He finally decided to sell out around 1948.

At this point, with a crashing fanfare of cash registers and adding machines, enter the new owners, the Six Palazzolos. The Palazzolos are not aerialists, although their ideas are high-flown; they are not jugglers, although they are adept at keeping several lucrative projects in the air at one time; and they are not acrobats, although the combined energy they spend in 15 minutes would keep a troupe of tumblers doing back somersaults for hours. They are businessmen who love to eat.

Antonio Palazzolo, a dignified, white-haired gentleman of sixty-five, who has more than a score of grandchildren, came from Italy around 1892, made his way to St. Louis, and started out as a banana peddler. Ultimately he joined his uncle in the macaroni manufacturing business in Detroit, and around 1919, when he was ready to set up for himself, he chose Cincinnati because a stranger there had befriended him and given him food on his first trip west. He began as a wholesale grocer and importer of Italian food products and later began making macaroni. Around 1926 he opened a plant which now turns out over 7,000,000 pounds of *pasta* products each year.

From time to time in future issues Collier's will offer more articles describing some of the nation's most interesting and satisfying eating places

Antonio's two main interests were always his family and his work, and nothing pleased him more than the decision of one son after another to join him in business. Pete, forty, the eldest, went with his father in 1925; he was followed by Bill, thirty-six, Dominic, thirty-one, Paul, twenty-four, and finally Joe, twenty.

The Palazzolos work together like a group of seasoned circus performers. Almost everything they touch turns the color of spaghetti cooked in chicken broth. Not only are they among the foremost *pasta* producers in the country; they also import foreign foods, mainly Italian, and operate a wine distributing business. A few years ago they began buying Cincinnati theaters, and they're now on their way to developing a chain. Last year, in order to help out a song-writing cousin, they took a flier into the phonograph record field. It wasn't too successful, but the boys weren't discouraged; they still case new business opportunities whenever they come along.

Pete, barrel-chested, bustling and always good-humored (*all* Palazzolos are good-humored, for that matter), is generally regarded by the brother act as the brains of the family, although Papa Antonio, who still puts in as hard a day's work as young Joe, is generally consulted on major decisions. Pete has always been interested in food, and is an amateur cook of some stature.

As soon as they got the title to the restaurant, the Flying Palazzolos took off like jet planes. Bill, having been named president of the unit controlling the place, dashed to Cornell University to take a summer course in eating-place management. Dominic set to work studying food costs and the buying of supplies. Pete packed a bag and took Gabriele DiMaiolo, chef at Caproni's for 24 years, on a two-week eating bender in New York, where they ate breakfast, lunch, dinner and midnight snacks in every Italian café they could find. Later, Joe, who was restlessly running an elevator in Detroit, was called back to act as maître d'hôtel. Joe calls himself the youngest restaurateur in the United States, and his claim to the title may be valid.

When the brothers got together again, they shut down their restaurant for six weeks and turned loose a crew of decorators. "We wanted to get away from the old-fashioned kind of Italian restaurant," Pete explains. They commissioned Dan Acito, a local artist, to paint a long, colorful mural in the main room, depicting a new Italy rising from the ashes of Fascism and looking to America for guidance. The mural is called Resurrection, and anybody who asks about it gets a pamphlet explaining it. Downstairs is a more intimate room, the walls of which are covered with blown-up photographs of Italian scenes. The modern *décor* sets the tone of the place.

Once the room was redecorated to their satisfaction, one thing remained for the brothers to achieve. They wanted to re-create the spirit that had permeated the place when old Caproni was alive. Today the customer—even the everyday luncher who orders the 70-cent special—is over-

GENE BADGER

Spaghetti à la Caproni, a favorite with regular customers. The owners belong to the tomato-sauce school

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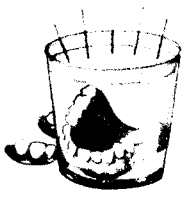

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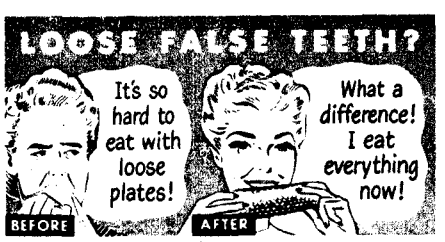

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whelmed, almost embarrassed, by Palazzolo-Caproni solicitude. Bill and Joe go from table to table like worried young fathers, hoping everything is all right, asking if there's anything more they can do. The waiters hover as few waiters on earth ever hovered before, and spring to attention at the flicker of an eyelash.

As is only natural, the new Caproni's menu is heavy with *pasta*. The Palazzolos make close to 70 varieties of *pasta* products, falling in three main classifications: macaroni, in both straight and elbow shapes, spaghetti in varying thicknesses and lengths, and egg noodles. In addition, they manufacture hybrid sizes and shapes, such as corrugated elbows, coiled and bunched rods, alphabet characters, shells, seeds, bows and stars. (Macaroni and spaghetti and the hybrid varieties are made from semolina and water—semolina is the purified middlings from durum wheat, the hardest known—mixed to a dough, forced through a die, and dried slowly in a drying room. Egg noodles are made from durum flour and water, but with the addition of 5.5 per cent egg solids.)

Spaghetti sizes range from Zitoni, a little more than three eighths of an inch thick. There are 12 or 13 different sizes of elbow macaroni; the odd sizes and shapes range upward from the grain-of-sand Acini Pepe to the large bow-shaped Farfalloni.

A Dissertation on Macaroni

Pete, Bill and Joe took me through their plant one afternoon, and I asked them why they felt compelled to make so many different shapes and sizes of the same product. Pete gave me a look that showed his tolerance. "Macaroni products can be used more different ways than any other food I know," he said. "They're good for appetizers, soups, casseroles, as side dishes, with meat and fish and dairy products—there's almost no limit to the number of ways they can be used. They can even be used in desserts. They absorb any flavor you want to combine with them, they help stretch other foods to fill more stomachs, they're wonderful for using with leftovers.

"Since they can be used so many different ways, they've always been made in different sizes for different purposes and tastes. Some people like tiny, thin spaghetti, some like it thick. Some put elbow macaroni in soup, others prefer smaller bits, like *stelline*, the little star shapes. The sea-shell shapes are made that way to catch the sauce they're used in—and as a matter of fact, that's the main reason *all* shapes are as they are: they're made for sauce-catching, or avoiding, purposes.

"The two main ways of serving *pasta* are either with a sauce or condiments, or in a soup or stew. With a sauce, it should pick up the sauce and its flavor. In a soup, it should lend body. The bigger, broader patterns are generally for use with sauces; the smaller, less absorbent ones for soups."

No matter what their shape, Pete later told me, macaroni products should be cooked according to individual taste. Some people prefer them soft, some *al dente*, or hard enough to be chewed. Consistency depends upon cooking time. As a mean rule, eight ounces of *pasta* should be cooked about 10 minutes in two to three quarts of angrily boiling water to which one tablespoonful of salt has been added. The *pasta* should be added gradually so that the water will keep boiling, and should be stirred every once in a while to keep it from sticking.

When the Palazzolos cook spaghetti this way, they allow about four ounces per person. They drain it when it's finished boiling and rinse it with cold water in a colander. Then they return it to the pot in which it was cooked, place it over a low flame, and add three pats of butter, two tablespoons of Parmesan cheese, and a generous pinch of chopped parsley. They watch it carefully, working the melted butter and cheese into the strands, removing the pot from the fire occasionally, until it's well mixed.

There always have been two pretty violent schools of thought on spaghetti eating. One maintains that it's best just with butter and cheese; the other won't have it without tomato sauce. The Palazzolos prefer the latter, and after some testing in their factory kitchen, they've come up with a foolproof recipe. They contend that at least two quarts should be made at a time, and here's how they do it:

Grind together (medium grind) 10 ounces lean beef, 4 ounces veal, 6 ounces lean pork, 1 strip bacon, ½ cup parsley, 1 small stalk celery (cut off the leaves), 4 ounces fresh mushrooms, 1 large onion, 2 large cloves of garlic. Sauté this mixture in ½ cup butter and ½ cup olive oil until golden brown. Now add a 6 ounce can tomato paste, and blend well. Then add 2 cans No. 2½ Italian peeled tomatoes, 1 pinch of ground allspice, 1 pinch *orégano*, and 1 tablespoon of salt and a teaspoon of pepper. Simmer slowly for at least two hours.

"Over watching Mr. Erickson spray-painting his picket fence. Why?"
COLLIER'S LARRY HARRIS

The sauce can be used in combination with almost any kind of spaghetti or with any of the larger macaroni shapes. It can also be used as a basic ingredient of a simple, homemade version of *lasagne*. Caproni's features this dish once each week—it's a stout, hearty casserole that's usually sold out long before the day is over. To make it, the chef uses his own *pasta*, but it can be made at home much more easily according to this recipe:

In a casserole, place a dipper of the sauce, cover it with grated Parmesan cheese and add three slices of *mozzarella* cheese. Now add a layer of large parboiled macaroni, preferably *Farfalloni* (bow shape). Keep adding the same layers to the top of the casserole, then cover with *mozzarella* and bake about 15 minutes in a 375° oven. The finished casserole, the color of sunburned wheat on top, steaming with garlic-tomato-meat-cheese aromas, could serve as a whole meal with just the addition of a green salad and a bottle of Chianti.

Another one-dish *pasta* meal is *pasta e fagioli*, a soup so self-sufficient that an added salad would insult it. To make it, the Caproni chef soaks about a pound of navy beans overnight and cooks them next day several hours in plenty of water. As they're getting soft, he adds 2 chopped cloves of garlic and a good-sized pinch of chopped parsley, both of which have been cooked previously in a little olive oil; then he puts in a can of tomato paste thinned with a canful of water, and a pinch of thyme. He takes about 3 cups of *ditalini* (seed-sized tubulars) which have been boiled a little more than half the customary 10 minutes and drained, and puts them in with the beans. He lets the soup cook about 10 or 15 minutes more, and serves it with salt, pepper and a big bowl of grated Parmesan.

Although *pasta* is preponderant in Caproni's that doesn't mean that the kitchen can't turn out highly respectable meat and poultry dishes. Each day the menu offers such specialties as chicken broiled and served with a hot tomato sauce, rolled beef with *mozzarella* inside, or the winy, tender veal scaloppine. By far the most popular veal dish, however, is Veal Cutlet Gabriele, made this way:

For one pound of veal (six slices pounded thin with flat side of a cleaver), mix a cup of grated fresh bread crumbs (use Italian bread if possible), a pinch of ground mixed spices, 1 teaspoon of grated cheese and salt and pepper. Set aside. Mix the same ingredients, except for the crumbs, in the same quantities with one whole egg, beaten well. Set this aside, too. Take the veal—each individual portion should just about cover the bottom of a medium-sized skillet—and dust each piece with flour, and dip first in the egg batter and then in the bread-crumb mix. Melt ¼ of a cup of butter in a very hot skillet, and fry the cutlet over a medium flame until golden brown; turn and fry the other side. When finished, squeeze the juice of half a lemon over the meat and add any drippings from the pan.

This process makes the cutlet as tender as a love song in an Italian opera, and no more needs a knife to cut it than macaroni does. It once elicited the following ecstatic testimonial from a diner: *Caproni: The only place I have had a better Italian meal was in an old monastery overlooking the sea at Amalfi.*

Customers are usually willing to write testimonials about Caproni's prices, too. Lunch seldom goes as high as a dollar; dinner never tops $3.25 (for the sirloin steak, personally selected by Pete), and averages around $2.25. In addition to Italian food, the bill of fare also offers such American staples as roast turkey, broiled tenderloin tips, roast goose, broiled lobster, calves' liver and pot roast.

The real test of a restaurant, however, is the length of time it can hold its customers. When Caproni died, his friends the Four Horsemen stopped coming in as regularly and often as they did in the old days.

Now that the Palazzolos are in the saddle, the Four Horsemen are riding again—even on some nights when no "regular meeting" is scheduled.

Caproni's Spirit Lives On

I had dinner one night with them not long ago, and they told me stories about Cap while we worked our way through an immense *antipasto, minestrone*, spaghetti and *ravioli*, baked fish, green salad, veal scaloppine, coffee, tortoni, brandy and Italian cigars. It was touching to hear them speak of their dead comrade, gone 15 years, as one still alive. At length I ventured a couple of questions. "How does the food here compare now with the kind Mr. Caproni used to serve?" I asked.

Arthur Schmitt, bald with a placid, kindly face, shook his head. "With all due respect to Cap—and he was a wonderful cook—I think it's better."

Old Mr. Ginocchio nodded his handsome gray head, puffing meditatively on his crooked stogie. "That's true. Cap would have admired this food—he'd have eaten it without a complaint."

"How about the place itself? Would he have approved of the way the Palazzolos are running it?" I asked.

Mr. Ginocchio was about to speak when Pete Palazzolo came up with a huge basket-covered bottle of Chianti in his hand. "Everything all right, gentlemen? How about more wine? What else can I get you?"

Mr. Ginocchio looked from Pete to me, slowly, then winked and nodded again. "Yes," he said softly, "I often think to myself, it's too bad old Cap's not here. It's the kind of place he would have felt at home in." THE END

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To Live Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

"You won't forget?"

"Paul!"

"I'm sorry, Mother."

"All right, dear." A wavering smile lighted her harassed features. "Will you light the gas, now? I'll clear up, and we'll settle down for the night."

DURING the next two days, Paul was kept very busy. Queen's University was breaking up for the long vacation and he had many obligations connected with the end of term. He had agreed to play the piano at the annual student sing; a mislaid library book proved difficult to trace; there was a chemistry "practical," and he suffered the usual tension waiting for the results. But when the lists were posted he found he was near the head of his class.

Once or twice, his thoughts reverted to the recent scene with his mother and, watching her, he wondered if she were not showing signs of strain. She seemed on edge, paler than usual, given to moods of queer abstraction. Of course, she had always been a nervous woman—he remembered how, in their early days in Belfast, a sudden knock on the door would make her start. But this was different; now a persistent sadness seemed to consume her. On both Thursday and Friday evenings she went out after supper to spend an hour with their pastor and oldest friend, Emmanuel Fleming of Merrion Chapel, returning quieted but wan, with a look of apprehension in her eyes.

On Thursday morning Paul asked her directly if she had received a copy of his birth certificate. She had not, she told him.

Several times after that, he was on the point of questioning her further but an odd compunction deterred him. There could be nothing wrong, nothing. Yet he was puzzled, and began to seek an explanation of her queer behavior in his own past history. The facts, so far as he knew, were all ordinary and open.

The first five years of his life he had spent in the North of England, in Tynecastle, his native town: a blurred background fixed by the sound of the jackhammers, and the long early-morning blast of the "hooter" summoning the men to the shipyards. Illuminating this dim impression was his recollection of his father, a gentle and companionable figure, who on Sundays took him by the hand to Jesmond Dene, to sail little boats in the pond, and on weekdays brought him home colored marzipan fruits made by the confectionery firm which employed him as a traveling salesman.

After his fifth birthday they had moved to the Scottish city of Winton: this was a grayer and less happy memory, of smoke and rain and moving about, and the anxious faces of his parents, climaxed by the departure of his father on a business trip to America. Ah, the pang of losing his dear inseparable companion, the suspense of waiting for his return, then—as though fulfilling the premonition of that childish yearning—the unimaginable grief of hearing, not long after, of his death in a railway disaster near Chicago.

After that, he and his mother had come to Belfast. Here, through the good offices of Emmanuel Fleming, his mother had found work in the accounts division of the City Health Department. Her salary was small but at least it was secure and had enabled the widow to keep a respectable roof above their heads and, by a miracle of economy and self-denial, to educate her son for the teaching profession. Now, in the spring of 1937, after these fifteen years of her strenuous endeavor, he was within reach of graduating from the university.

Looking back, it seemed to Paul that the very intensity of his mother's effort had constricted their life in Belfast to the narrowest limits. Except for her frequent attendance at chapel, she never went out. Apart from Pastor Fleming and his daughter Ella, she had no close friends. She scarcely knew their next-door neighbors. Paul had a sociable nature, and was popular at school, but he always felt that his mother frowned upon his friendships. He often chafed at this restriction, yet he suffered it, for he was deeply sensible of what he owed to her.

In the past he had credited his mother's protectiveness mainly to her extreme and watchful piety. But now, in the light of her present conduct, he wondered if there were not another cause. An incident came sharply to mind: a year ago, he had been honored by an invitation to play for Ireland in the international rugby game. Nothing, surely, could have been more gratifying to a mother's heart, yet she had positively refused to allow him to accept. Why? At the time he could not guess. Now, dimly, he understood the reason. Indeed, considering the pattern of her existence, in its guarded quiet, its shrinking from all contacts, its secrecy, he saw it, almost with a kind of shock as the life of one who has something to conceal.

On Saturday, a half holiday for her, she came home at two o'clock. By this time he had made up his mind to have the matter out with her. When she came into the living room where he sat turning the pages of a book, her appearance really startled him: her face was quite gray.

"Have you had lunch, son?"

"I had a sandwich at the Union. How about you?"

"Ella Fleming made me some hot cocoa."

"You've been there again?"

She sat down wearily.

"Yes, Paul. I've been there again. Asking and praying for guidance."

"Mother, we can't go on like this. There's something wrong. Tell me, did you get that certificate this morning?"

"No, son. I didn't even write for it."

"Why not?"

"Because I had it all the time. I lied to you. It's here now, in my bag."

He gazed at her, startled, as she fumbled in the purse on her lap and brought out a folded paper.

"All these years I've fought to keep it from you, Paul. At first, I thought I'd never do it—it was sore and difficult. Every step on the stairs, every voice in the street made me tremble for you. Then, as the years went on, and you grew up, I thought that with the help of God I had won. But it was not His will. I had feared the big things, but it was a little thing that did it, just that trifle of your teaching in the summer school. But maybe it had to come sooner or later. That's what the pastor says. I begged him to help me to put you off some way. But he says you are a man now, that you must know the truth."

HER agitation had increased with every word. Her hand quivered as she held out the paper to him. In a daze he took it, looked at it, and saw immediately that the name there was not his name. Instead of *Paul Burgess* he read *Paul Engel*.

"This isn't right—" He broke off, gazing from the paper to her. A chord, deep in his memory, faintly touched by the name "Engel," vibrated almost painfully. "What does it mean?"

"When we came here I took my maiden name of Burgess. I am Mrs. Engel, your father was Leon Engel, you are Paul Engel. But I wanted to forget that name."

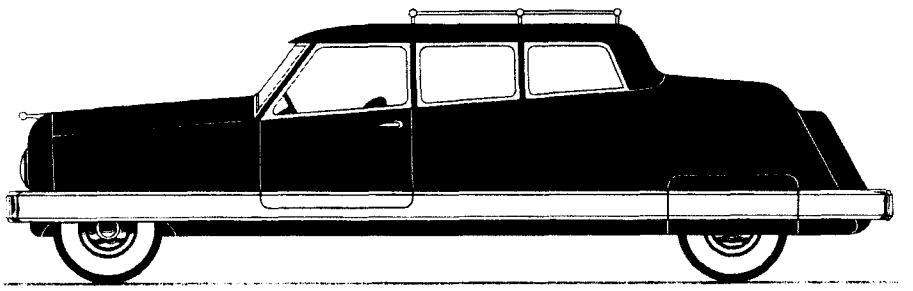
"Why?"

There was a pause. She lowered her eyes. Almost inaudibly she answered, "To save you—from a horrible shame."

Conscious of the rapid beating of his heart and of a hollow sickness in his stomach, he waited, motionless, for her to continue. But this seemed beyond her. She threw him a despairing glance.

"Don't force me to go on, son. Mr. Fleming promised me he'd tell you everything. Go to him. He expects you now."

He saw that it was torture for her to



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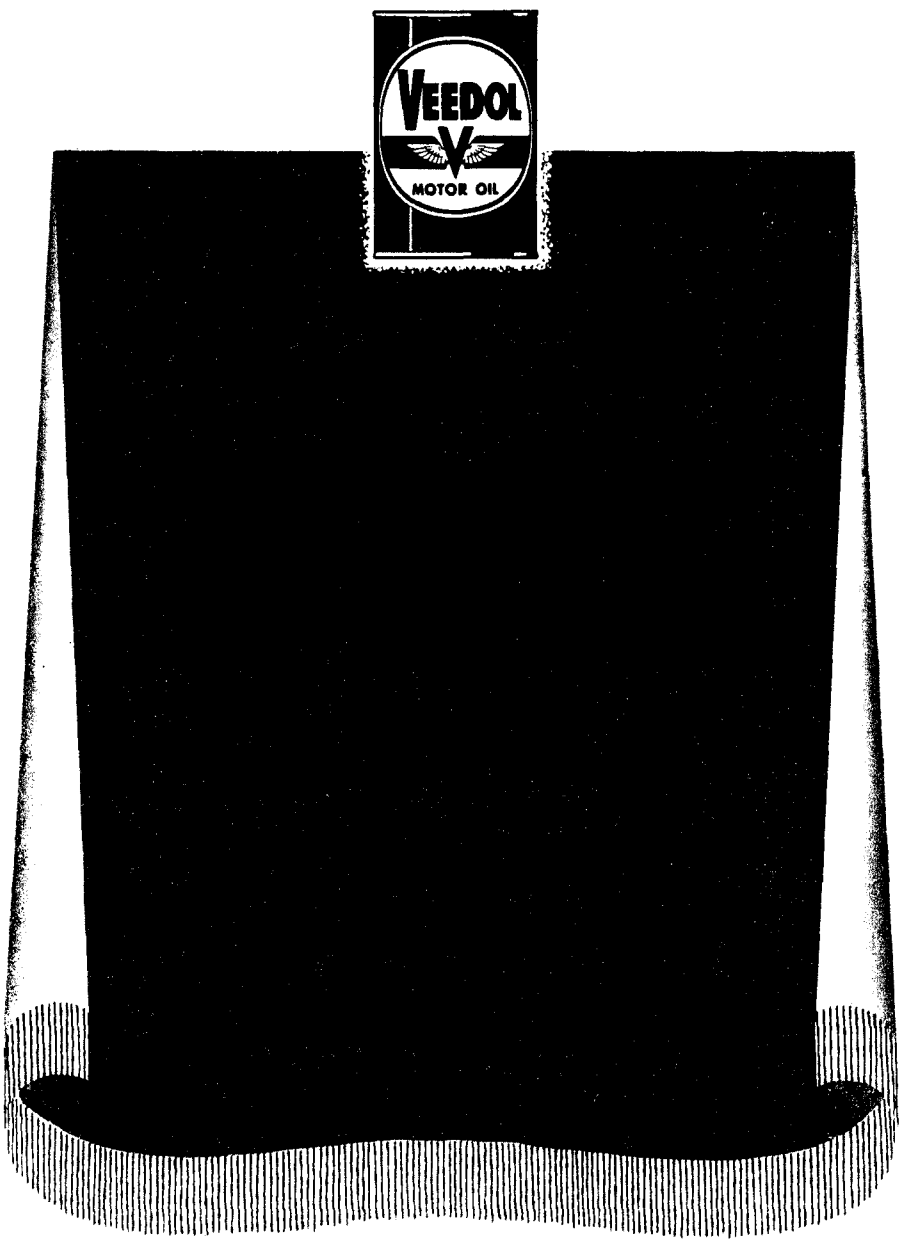

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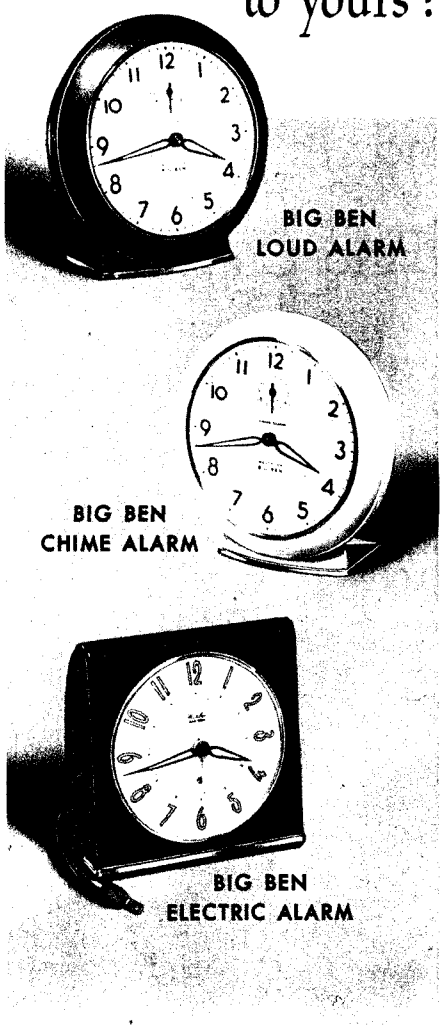

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proceed, but he too was suffering and he could not spare her.

"No, go on," he said in a tight voice. "It's your duty to tell me."

She began to weep, in choking sobs. After a moment she took a quick breath. Without looking at him, she said, "Your father did not die on a trip to America. He was trying to get there when the police arrested him."

Of all things that he had expected, this was the last. "For what?" he faltered.

"For murder."

There was a mortal stillness in the little room. Murder. He felt a cold perspiration start to break out over his body. His question came in a trembling whisper. "Then—he was hanged?"

She shook her head. "Better for us if he had been. He was sentenced to death, but he was reprieved at the last minute. He is a life convict in Stoneheath Prison.". . .

Pastor Fleming's house stood in the busy heart of Belfast near the Northern Station—an ugly, narrow dwelling painted slate-gray, like the chapel which it adjoined. Although he felt physically exhausted, fit only to hide in some dark corner, a gnawing urgency had driven Paul to trudge through the wet streets to see the minister.

The hall light was turned up in answer to his knock and Ella Fleming admitted him to the parlor, a low-ceilinged room with dark red curtains and old-fashioned furnishings, warmed by a small coal fire.

"Father is busy with a parishioner. He won't be long." She gave him a small, prim smile. "It's turned damp outside, hasn't it? I'll make you some cocoa."

Ella's panacea for most ills was a cup of cocoa—a true parochial gesture—yet, though he had no desire for the innocuous drink, he was too spent to refuse. Was it his imagination which saw in Ella's too inconsequential manner and her slightly tightened lips, an awareness of his predicament? He sat down, and she went into the kitchen.

She was two years older than he, but her trim, narrow-waisted figure and pale complexion gave her a rather girlishly fragile air. Her eyes, of a grayish green, were large and expressive; they were her best feature. Usually they were shining and clear, but on occasion they could fill with tears, and show a spark of temper too.

He accepted the cocoa and drank it in silence. Several times she lifted her eyes and looked at him questioningly over the knitting she had taken up. She was naturally talkative, with a flow of bright conversation, and keeping house for her widowed father had given her a certain social assurance. But when Paul failed to respond to her remarks with any show of interest, her brows drew together, and she seemed to resign herself, if ungraciously, to silence.

PRESENTLY there came the sound of voices in the passage, followed by the click of the front door. Ella rose at once.

"I'll tell Father you're here."

She went out of the room and a moment later the minister, Emmanuel Fleming, appeared. He was a man of about fifty, with thick shoulders and big hands. He wore dark trousers, heavy workmen's shoes and an alpaca jacket showing wear at the seams.

He immediately came forward, grasped Paul's hand with extra warmth, then took him affectionately by the arm.

"I'm very glad you're here, my boy. Come along and we'll have a little chat."

He led Paul to his study, an austere little room at the back of the house. It was uncarpeted, and sparsely furnished with a yellow oak desk, some bent-wood chairs and a varnished bookcase. The pastor indicated a seat for Paul, and took his place at the desk. He hesitated for some time, then began, in a tone of affection and sympathy.

"My dear boy, this has been a frightful shock to you. But the great thing to remember is that it is God's will. With His help you'll get over it."

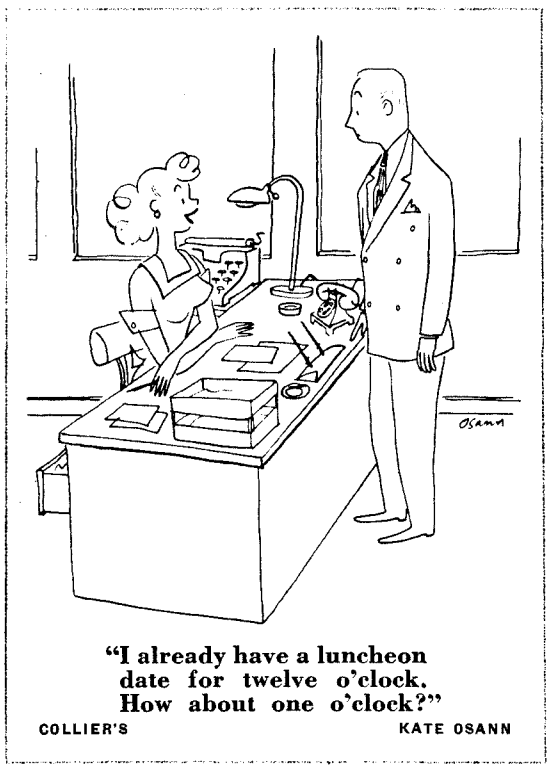
Paul swallowed dryly. "I can't get over it till I know something about it."

"It's a sad and sordid story, my boy," the minister answered gravely. "Had we not better leave it buried in the past?"

"No, I want to hear it. I must hear it or I'll never stop imagining . . ."

There was a silence. Pastor Fleming rested his elbow on the desk, shading his eyes with his big hand, as though engaged in inward prayer for help. He was an earnest and well-meaning man who had labored long and unsparingly "in the vineyard of the Lord." But he was limited in many ways and often, with great despondency, saw his best efforts and intentions go astray. He was a lonely soul and knew many moods of self-reproach.

Even his love for his daughter became an accusation to him—for he realized her imperfections, her pettiness, her vanities, yet was too fond of her to correct them. It was his tragedy that he longed to be a saint, a true disciple who would heal by his touch, make his flock radiant with the word of God, which he himself felt so deeply. He wanted to soar. But alas, his tongue was clumsy, his feet were bogged—he was earth-bound. Now, when he began to speak, his tone was troubled, his grave, pedantic phrases seemed measured by the somber beat of the clock.



"I already have a luncheon date for twelve o'clock. How about one o'clock?"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

"Twenty-two years ago, in Tynecastle, I married Leon Engel to Hannah Burgess. I had known Hannah for some years; she was one of the dearest of my flock. Leon I did not know, but he was a well-mannered, engaging young man, and I liked and trusted him. He had an excellent position as representative for a wholesale firm of confectioners. I had every reason to believe them happy, especially when you were born. It was I who christened you."

He paused, as though weighing his words with care.

"I will not deny that there were occasional slight rifts in the harmony of your home. Your mother was strictly religious—a true Christian. Your father, to put it charitably, held more liberal views—and this naturally produced a clash. Your mother, for instance, was firmly set against the use of wine and tobacco in the house—a prejudice your father could never fully understand. Again, your father's work took him away from home for at least one week every month, which had, perhaps, an unsettling influence upon him. Also he made many friends—for he was a handsome, agreeable fellow—friends of whom one could not always approve. Still, I had nothing serious against him until the terrible events of the year 1921.

"In the early part of that year, your father's firm made some staff changes, and your parents had to move with you to Winton. A few months earlier, I myself had been transferred to this parish in Belfast, but I still kept in close touch with your mother by mail. I must confess that your life in Winton was, from the start, unsettled. Your father seems to have resented his transfer to Scotland. Winton is a gray, unprepossessing city, and your mother never liked it. They could not find a suitable house and occupied a succession of furnished rooms. Suddenly, in September—on the 9th, to be precise—your father announced that he had reached the end of his patience.

"He proposed to throw up his job and emigrate at once to the United States—there would be a better chance for all of you in the New World, he felt. He booked passage for three on the liner Volturnio, due to sail on the 15th. On the 13th, he sent you and your mother to Liverpool in advance, to await him at the Great Central Hotel. Late on the night of the 14th, he left Winton by train to join you. But he never got to join you. At two in the morning, when he reached the Central Station, the police were on the platform. After a violent struggle, he was arrested and lodged in Canon Street jail. Dear God, I can still remember the stunning shock of it—the charge was willful murder."

THERE was a long, tense pause. Paul, hunched in his chair like a hypnotized figure, scarcely breathed until the minister resumed.

"On the night of September 8th a particularly sordid and brutal crime had been committed. An attractive young woman, Mona Spurling, was battered to death in her flat at 52 Glenhill Terrace in Dalgarno, a suburb of Winton. The crime was quite definitely set at between eight o'clock and ten minutes past. When she'd come home from work at seven thirty, Miss Spurling had her dinner, and at eight o'clock had sent out Janet Crombie, who helped around the house several evenings a week, for an evening paper. During Janet's absence, a couple named Prusty, in the flat below, heard sounds of unusual violence coming through their ceiling.

"Urged by his wife, Albert Prusty went up to investigate. He knocked loudly on the door of the flat above but received no answer. He was standing on the landing in some perplexity when Janet Crombie returned with the newspaper and at once admitted him with her key. As she opened the door a man came from the sitting room, brushed past them, and dashed down the stairs. They hurried inside and found Miss Spurling, her head savagely beaten in, stretched on the hearthrug in a pool of blood.

"Mr. Prusty ran for his doctor at once but by the time he arrived Miss Spurling was dead. The police were sent for, the local police surgeon, and a detective-inspector by the name of Swann. At first it seemed that the murderer had left no traces, but within a few hours two clues came to light. Inspector Swann discovered that a valuable diamond ring belonging to the murdered woman had been stolen. Also he found a note, unsigned, but bearing the date stamp of September 8th, which said: *I must see you tonight*. From particulars given by Janet Crombie and Albert Prusty, a description of the wanted man was immediately issued, and a large reward offered for information leading to his arrest.

"Two days later a local laundrywoman named Mrs. Burt came to the police station with her fifteen-year-old daughter, Louisa. It appeared that Louisa, coming back along Glenhill Terrace from an errand at ten minutes past eight on the night of the crime, had been bumped into and almost

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knocked down by a man running out of Number 52. She had imagined then that he was rushing to catch a tram, but now the more sinister reason for his haste was apparent. In her deposition she gave a description of the man. The police had now three witnesses who had seen the murderer."

PASTOR FLEMING broke off and turned upon Paul his troubled and guileless gaze.

"It's not pleasant to touch on certain matters, Paul, but, I'm sorry to say, they are only too relevant to this tragic history. Mona Spurling, it seemed, had had a lover. No one knew who the man was, for the affair had been conducted with great discretion. But Janet Crombie acknowledged that her mistress had recently seemed worried and low-spirited, that she had overheard her at the telephone in conversations of an angry and recriminatory nature, using such phrases as: 'You are responsible,' and 'If you leave me now I'll give the whole show away.'

"Finally, the post-mortem examination of the body revealed that the murdered woman was pregnant. The motive was now firmly established: clearly the woman had been done to death by the man accountable for her condition. Perhaps he was already tired of her. When threatened with exposure, he had written to make an assignation, and had killed her.

"Armed with this evidence, the police brought their full resources into action to find the wanted man. All railway stations and ports of embarkation were closely watched and for almost a week the most intensive search went on.

"Then, late on the evening of September 13th, a Winton pawnbroker urgently notified the chief constable that a man had visited his loan office to pawn a diamond ring. Suspicious, yet unable to detain his customer, who indicated that he was in a great hurry, the pawnbroker had secured the ring by a payment of forty pounds and sent out his assistant to follow the man. The superintendent of police, accompanied by Inspector Swann, immediately proceeded to the loan office. Twenty minutes later the pawnbroker's assistant returned, reported that the man had boarded the Liverpool night express from St. Mungo's Station. The arrest, at Liverpool, followed inevitably. The man, Paul, was your father."

Again there was silence. The minister poured himself a glass of water from the carafe which stood on his desk. His brows drawn, he went on, while Paul sat listening in misery.

"It so happened that Albert Prusty, the male witness, was confined to bed by an acute attack of asthma—he was, by trade, a tobacconist who manufactured cigarettes and the nicotine dust periodically aggravated this complaint—but the two female witnesses were immediately taken to Liverpool by the superintendent and Inspector Swann. There, from a dozen assembled persons, they unhesitatingly picked out your father as the man they had seen on the night of the murder. There was, indeed, a terrible certainty in their recognition. Janet Crombie exclaimed, 'So help me God, that is the man!', while the younger girl, Louisa Burt, carried to the verge of hysteria by the responsibility of her position, burst into tears. 'I know I am putting a rope around his neck,' she cried, 'but that's him.'

"But God knows, dear Paul, I have wrung your heart enough," the pastor said, seeing Paul so crushed. Paul only motioned him to go on.

"The trial began on the 15th of December at the Winton High Court before Lord Oman. Oh, what anguish we suffered then! The public prosecutor called the witnesses, one after another, to give their damning evidence. A search of your father's trunks had resulted in the discovery of a hammer which medical experts for the crown proved to be the instrument of the crime. A handwriting expert testified that the note found in the murdered woman's flat had been written, left-handed, by your father. He had several times been seen in the florist's shop, where Mona Spurling had worked, buying himself a boutonniere.

"So it went on. The attempted flight to America, his violent resistance of the police, all bore heavily against him. And when he took the stand, he was, alas, a poor witness on his own behalf, contradicting himself, losing his temper, yes, even shouting at the judge. He could not properly account for his movements at the hour of the crime, asserting that he had spent part of the evening at the cinema. But his alibi was riddled by the prosecuting counsel.

"Only one faint gleam shone in his favor. Albert Prusty, while admitting that your father resembled the man who ran from the flat, would not swear that he was the actual person. However, it came out that Prusty's eyesight was bad, and in cross-examination it was plainly seen that he entertained a grievance at not being taken to Liverpool with Janet Crombie and Louisa Burt.

"The summing up of the judge went dead against the accused. The jury was out only forty minutes. Their verdict was 'Guilty.' I was there in the courtroom—your mother was too ill to attend—and I shall not to my dying day forget the frightful moment when Lord Oman, putting on the black cap, pronounced sentence and commended your father's soul to the mercy of God. Your father struggled and raved as the guards took him out, shouting, 'There is no God! Damn your mercy and His! I want neither!'

"Ah! The Lord God is not likely mocked, Paul. Yet perhaps it was to answer such a blasphemy that the Almighty did show mercy to the sinner. Although no one dared expect it, on the eve of the execution—mainly, I believe, because the Home Secretary at that time was a man of great humanity—your father's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment and he was removed to Stoneheath Prison."

With the falling cadence of the pastor's voice a stillness fell upon the room. Each man averted his gaze from the other. Paul, now so deeply sunk in his chair that he seemed crushed into it, wiped his forehead with his crumpled handkerchief. Then in a broken voice he whispered:

"He is still alive then?"

"Yes."

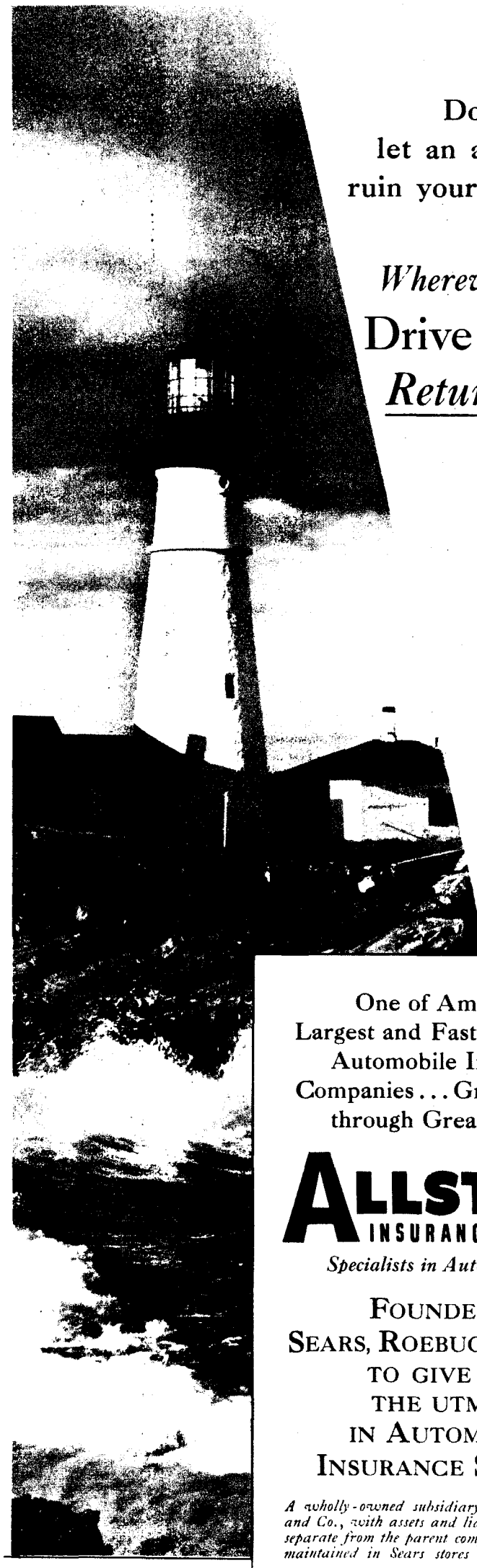
"No one has seen him—since he went in there?"

The minister sighed deeply. "At first I tried to keep in touch with him through the prison chaplain, but he met my advances with such resentment—I might even say ferocity—that I was forced to discontinue them. As for your mother—well, my dear Paul—she felt that she had been used most cruelly. Moreover, she had you to consider. For your own sake she thought it would be best to obliterate this awful chapter from your young life. That she hasn't altogether succeeded makes no difference. You're strong enough to stand the shock of this revelation and that's why I've told you the whole story. But now it's done, I want you to cleanse your mind. You must go on as though all that I've told you had never been—forward, not only in faith but in forgetfulness."

Paul knew this was not possible for him now, but he respected the old man's good intentions, and realized with sympathy the effort it had cost him to tell this story. He said nothing, therefore; only pressed the pastor's hand warmly and took his leave.

A WEEK had passed since the interview in Fleming's study. It was Sunday afternoon and the Merrion Scripture class was over. The last of the children had gone, and Ella stood waiting for Paul at the door of the hall, wearing her best blue dress and the neat straw hat she had herself trimmed with navy ribbon. He got down stiffly from his desk and moved between the empty desks toward her. Although he took the class mainly to please his mother, he usually enjoyed the experience—the sharp-witted urchins from Merrion Street amused him—but today, his brain dazed, his head ringing from another sleepless night, the session had been almost more than he could bear.

Ella addressed him tactfully:



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"I'm sure you don't feel like music, Paul. But it's lovely out—we could take our walk now, if you'd like."

Ordinarily, before their regular Sunday stroll, he would sit down at the little organ and play for her: he had considerable talent and, knowing her romantic taste—which was not his own—would play anything likely to meet her restricted choice. But today such a performance was beyond him. For that matter, he did not feel much like walking either, but since he felt she had suggested it to distract his mind, he offered no objection.

She took his arm, with a faint possessive pressure, and he accompanied her along the street in the direction of Ormeau Park. They were early, but already many people were strolling about, the women showing off their finery, the men looking respectable and self-satisfied in their Sunday suits—a note of propriety which somehow jarred on Paul.

"I'm not in the mood for this parade," he muttered impatiently.

Ella looked vexed at this, but kept silent. Although her nature had no profound capacity for emotion, her affections had long been centered upon him. Her sense of propriety did not permit her to reveal this, and Paul himself, though he accepted her as an intimate friend, and though his mother, from time to time, dropped fondly encouraging hints, had drifted into the relationship with careless good nature, not realizing the essential incompatibility between his own easy ways and Ella's pious conventionality.

Ella, however, regarded the matter as fairly settled—all her plans for the future were based upon the certainty of their marriage. She was highly ambitious both for herself and for him, recognizing that his ability matched well with her own talent for "managing." Already she saw her good influence advancing his career until he stood finally in a high academic position, moving with her in the most distinguished circles.

IN THESE circumstances, the recent disclosure had been a severe injury to her pride. She saw also how great a shock it had been for Paul. Yet if she were willing to get over it why should not he? The damage was not deadly. The whole thing lay buried in the past; with a little care no one need ever remotely suspect it. And now, because of his persistent dejection, a touch of grievance, even of annoyance, began to qualify her sympathy. Although she controlled it admirably, she had a pretty temper—not violent, but vixenish—and, as he spoke again, it cost her a struggle to subdue it.

"It seems as if all these years I've been living under false pretenses. I can't even call myself Burgess any more—my name is Engel, Paul Engel—if I don't use that name I'm a liar and a cheat. If I do use it, everywhere I go, I'll imagine I see people pointing me out, whispering about me—that's Engel, son of the man who—"

"Don't, Paul," she interrupted. "You're making it too hard for yourself. No one need ever know."

"Even if they don't, *I'll* know."

"You must forget about the whole thing," Ella said.

"Forget?" he repeated incredulously.

"Yes." Her patience was wearing thin. "It's perfectly simple. You must put all thought of—this man Engel right out of your head."

He turned to her with haggard eyes.

"Disown my father?"

"Is he someone to be proud of?"

"Whatever he's done, he's paid for it, shut up for half a lifetime—poor devil."

"I was only thinking of you," she answered sharply. "And please don't swear, Paul."

Paul looked at her, astonished. "I didn't say anything."

"You did," she said unreasonably. She could contain herself no longer. The blood rushed into her face. She snapped at him. "I think you're behaving inexcusably."

"How do you expect me to behave?"

"You don't seem to understand that this affects me just as much as it does you."

"Oh, Ella, for God's sake let's not be childish."

She stopped suddenly, overcome by her sense of injury and her inability to influence him. Her face had paled a little.

"If that's the way you feel, I'm afraid there's no point in our walking any farther."

There was a pause. He gazed at her numbly. His thoughts were far away.

"Just as you please."

DISCONCERTED at being taken at her word, she bit her lip to keep back angry tears. Then she gave him a smile full of reproach and outraged goodness.

"Very well. I'll go home then. I hope you're in a better mood next time we meet."

She swung round and moved off with her head in the air. For a few moments he gazed after her, regretting their unaccountable misunderstanding, yet relieved to be alone. When she was out of sight he moved on slowly.

He could not bear to return to Larne Road. He knew he would find his mother awaiting him with anxious, unbearable solicitude. He shrank from her hushed voice, the putting out of his slippers, the mute coaxing to a safe and peaceful evening in the home.

How strange was this new attitude of his to his mother! But stranger still, and more illogical, was the feeling, slowly forming within him, toward his father. Here was the real criminal, the cause of all his misery, yet Paul somehow could not hate him. Instead, during these last tortured sleepless nights, his thoughts had turned toward him with a singular pity. Fifteen years in prison—was not that punishment enough for any man? Recollections of his early childhood, vague yet poignant, surged upon him. What tenderness he had received, always, from his father—not one harsh memory marred the picture. Tears suddenly blurred his vision.

He had now reached Donegal Quay, the poor dockside district of the city. The strange impulse growing within him had brought him here. Head down, he tramped on, across the railway tracks, threading his way through the confusion of bales, sacks and crates which littered the cobbled wharves. An evening mist was stealing in from the sea, mingling with the brackish emanations from the harbor pool, turning the tall pier derricks to spectral shapes. The foghorn of the outer breakwater began to sound its deep, melancholy note.

At last, brought up by a barrier of merchandise piled between the sheds, he sat down on a packing case. Immediately opposite, a small rusty freighter was making preparations for departure on the tide—he recognized her as the Vale of Avoca, a cross-channel cargo boat plying between Belfast and Stranraer which occasionally carried a few passengers. At the gangway now a small group of men and women, probably potato pickers bound for the Ayrshire farms, stood with their belongings, bidding some friends good-by.

Seated there in the mist, with the foghorn sounding in his ears, Paul stared at the vessel with a growing intensity. With his holidays begun, his plans for the summer school broken off, time stretched before him mercilessly. A sudden strange excitement filled him. Impulsively, he took out his notebook and scribbled two lines. *I am going away for a few days. Don't worry. Paul.*

He tore out the page, folded it, and wrote his mother's name and address on the back. He called one of the boys standing about, and gave him some money to deliver the note. Then he rose, went unhesitatingly to the shipping company's shed, and bought himself a ticket for Stranraer. Some of the crew were already casting off as he crossed the gangplank. A moment later a heavy rope splashed; then, with a throbbing of her old engines, the freighter lurched and shuddered to the outer seas.

IT WAS six o'clock next morning and raining heavily when the Avoca docked at Stranraer. Stiff and chilled, Paul went ashore and crossed the tracks to the railway station. He scarcely had time to finish a cup of tea in the refreshment room before the northbound train was signaled. He paid the half-awake waitress and hurried to take a place in the corner of a third-class compartment. Then the engine shrieked and started off.

It was a long journey, with two changes at junction stations. Paul was soon thoroughly drenched, but his physical discomfort did not affect his determination. The pastoral character of the country gradually took on a wilder, bleaker quality. Stony moors and scattered heaths supplanted the square, hedged fields. In the west, from out of the pine woods, a dull blue ridge of mountains rose, capped with gray clouds and veined by tumbling cataracts. The engine labored as the wind came blasting from the sea and at a curve in the line Paul saw waves beating against the high cliffs.

At last, toward four o'clock in the afternoon, the train drew into the small Highland station that was his destination. The single platform was almost deserted as he surrendered his ticket to the solitary porter. He had meant to ask the man to direct him to the prison, but somehow the words thickened on his tongue, and he went through the gate in silence. Once outside, however, he saw, across the rain-drenched heath, the great gray bulk of Stoneheath, crouching behind its castellated walls. He set off along the road which wound across the moor.

The nearer he drew to that grim citadel, the faster his pulse raced. His mouth was dry, his chest constricted. He felt sick and empty; except for a cup of tea and a sandwich, he had eaten nothing all day. At an incline on the path he had to stop and lean against a tree to get his breath. Now a patch of sky had lightened on the western horizon, and from the slight rise on which he stood, he could make out the details of the prison more clearly.

There it rose, a great blank windowless square, pierced by a low portcullis, with watchtowers at each corner; sheer as a rock, uncompromising as a medieval fort. Two rows of warders' houses stood outside, with sheds and other workshops, and all around, except for three red stone quarries gaping like enormous wounds, was the unrelieved desolation of the moor. A tall fence enclosed the whole domain. In one of the quarries some gangs of prisoners were at work, guarded by four warders in blue, carrying guns, who promenaded slowly, yet menacingly. The little drab figures bent and strained and toiled, and a dead silence hung over the place.

A sudden step behind him startled him, and made him spin round. A shepherd had come up the hill, followed by his collie dog. The man had the close and secret look of the Northerner; he halted beside Paul and leaned upon his crook, a blend of curiosity and suspicion in his glance.

"Not a pretty view," he remarked.

"No," Paul said with an effort.

"It's a hell spot if ever there was one," the shepherd said. "And I should know—I've lived here forty years." He paused. "They had a riot last month—five of the convicts and two of the warders got killed—and it looked just the same then as it does now. Quiet and blind. Ay, even as we're talking here, a guard in that tower has a pair of field glasses leveled on us, watching every move we make."

Paul suppressed a shiver, and forced himself to ask the question uppermost in his mind. "When do they have their visiting days?"

"Visiting days?" The crofter looked at him with open derision. "There are no such days in Stoneheath."

Paul felt his heart contract. "But surely—there must be some days when the prisoners' relatives are allowed to see them?"

"They have no visitors," the other said briefly. "No, not ever. It's as hard for us to get in there as it is for them to get out. And now good evening, young sir."

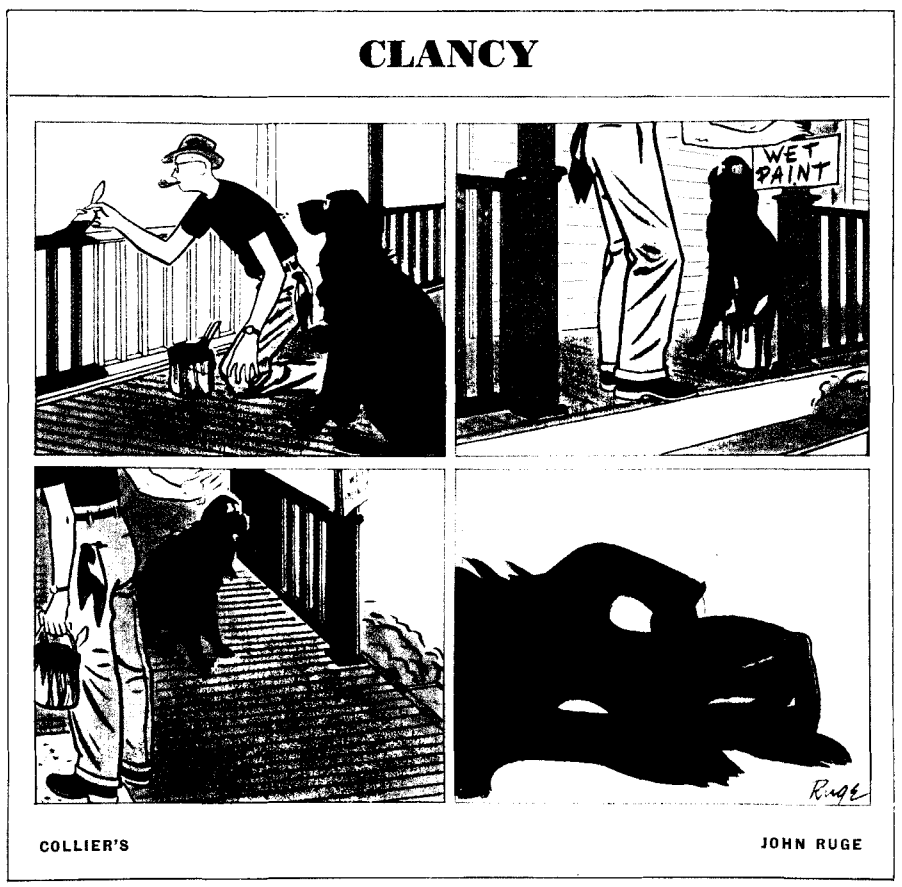
He whistled to his dog and, with a final nod, was gone.

ALONE in the stillness, Paul remained watching, sick at what he had learned. No visitors—never! What he had come to do then was impossible—he could not see his father—could not even speak one word with him.

The landscape darkened and, as he lingered still, a bell in the prison began to toll slowly and heavily, breaking the heavy silence as though tolling for the dead. Then he saw the convicts stop work and, marshaled by their keepers, move in a slow line toward the prison. The portcullis was raised to let them in, then lowered. A few minutes later, the last of the luminosity left the sky.

Torn by a strange, unexpected grief, Paul gave a wild inarticulate cry. Tears filled his eyes and ran down his cheeks. He turned and made his way back blindly from the spot, but a grim and tenacious resolve was forming within him. *I am not beaten yet,* he vowed to himself. *This is not the end of it.*

(To be continued next week)



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Michigan's Happy Convicts

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

stayed alive to be tossed about on occasion and was there to be picked up for further examination when a bighearted legislature put the Conservation Department in a hole out of which succeeding sessions failed to pull it.

This is what happened: In Michigan the Conservation Department is of unusual relative importance. It is responsible for state parks—60 of them, ranging in size from 20 to 45,000 acres; and for state forests—4,250,000 acres of them, all of which, besides yielding considerable values in harvested forest products, are open to hunting, fishing and other recreational uses. It is charged, also, with the maintenance of stocks of fish and game for its own folks and their paying guests, who are numerous enough to make the tourist industry Michigan's second commercial asset. The state sold nearly 1,000,000 fishing licenses in 1949 and more than 1,000,000 hunting licenses.

All this indicates that it is a busy agency. Nevertheless, for years it has not been able to keep up with the demand for the services it renders, especially in the item of parks. In 1945 the legislature sought to solve this problem by appropriating more than $4,500,000 for the acquisition of additional sites, among them an aggregate of 60,000 acres in five units. All the land was within a 40-mile radius of downtown Detroit, where lack of outdoor recreational opportunities was named as a major factor in generating the tensions which resulted in the grisly race riots of 1943. However, when the Conservation Department asked for $20,000,000 to develop this real estate and expand older parks, the legislature appropriated only $1,500,000, the state's financial position having deteriorated. So, there it was—a lot of expensive acreage doing nobody any good!

Then P. J. Hoffmaster, Director of Conservation, dusted off Judge Gilbert's idea and got down to brass tacks with the Department of Corrections. Sure, said Corrections, if Conservation would furnish work plans, material and equipment they'd do the rest and try the plan.

Some Residents Protested

From the beginning there was the delicate matter of public relations to be considered. Some residents of the Proud Lake area, where the first camp was set up, protested vigorously. They didn't want convicts housed and working in the neighborhood, they said. Nobody could tell what might happen, they declared. It was all right to let trusties work on the prison farm, as had been the practice for years, but public parks were no place for them, they argued.

That attitude didn't last long. The vast bulk of the visitors who saw the crews at work never realized they were prisoners. No armed guards stand over them—just a work foreman, seldom with more than 10 men in his group. Few who passed the revamped farmhouse where the men were housed suspected it sheltered anything other than another force of laborers on some nearby job. There were no walls, no wire fences; just a few inconspicuous signs marked "Yard Limits."

And the men themselves, realizing an idea that might be priceless to them was on trial, went all out to make it acceptable. Conservation Department workers tell me that even in the beginning, before they were familiar figures to the prisoners, on approaching a work detail they'd hear someone snap:

"Visitors, gang! Watch your language!"

And they turned out the work! New drives were graded, culverts built, hiking trails cleared, picnic areas created, trees planted for erosion control and for landscaping effects, and garages and tool houses erected. Plants to furnish food and shelter for wild life were introduced because, even in these areas close to metropolitan Detroit, sections are designated where a city hunter may hope to get a shot at an occasional pheasant or rabbit. In season, of course. Old-timers who helped administer CCC camps declared that the man-hour returns in achievement by these prisoners have been at least as good as those from the C's—and often considerably better.

A park ranger tells of being beckoned to a table occupied by four women on one of his newly opened picnic areas.

"Young man," an austere lady said, "did those convicts fix this place up?" They had, the ranger replied. "Do you remember me?" she asked. He did not, he admitted regretfully. "I'm glad," she said. "I am the woman who scolded you when I heard they were bringing in convicts to work here. I wrote to Lansing and scolded *them,* and I signed a petition against it. I'm sorry. I'm a taxpaying citizen, and all the time you were trying to get something back for me out of my tax dollar that goes to support the prisons!"

The incident is an example of what Warden J. N. Frisbie of the State Prison of Southern Michigan, the penal institution from which the camp workers are dispatched, calls conditioning the public.

"In such a new venture we can go only as fast as the public will permit," he told me. "Certain risks are involved. We can expect to make mistakes in selecting individuals to go outside, but if we make *bad* mistakes it means our jobs—mine, first—so we aren't going to take many chances. We are convinced that, with these groups, there is less risk of neighborhood annoyance or disturbance than there would be from a camp of ordinary laborers, ordinarily supervised. If we can make the public see this, and show them the kind and amount of work the boys are doing, we'll have all the support for the program we'll ever need."

When openings for workers in these conservation camps are announced, the nearly 6,000 inmates in the Southern Michigan institution flood the prison administration with requests for consideration. Three of the staff are assigned to screen possible material. Records are finely combed and the individuals studied from every angle. If the committee rates a man as a poor risk, that is final. If an individual is recommended, Assistant Deputy Warden George Kropp rescans his application personally and accepts or rejects him.

In general, only those who have already served half of their minimum time are selected and the age range runs from the later twenties to forty-five, with some exceptions. Sex deviates and assaultive types are ruled out; otherwise, the nature of offense and length of sentence matter little, which is a departure from Judge Gilbert's original plan. Some are serving short sentences for such minor items as alimony dodging; five of the 300 on last year's roster were lifers, "doing it all" for murder, who after many, many years had proved fit for special consideration. The great bulk of the men in the camps have less than a year more to serve.

The acceptance of the program by inmates was something to behold. They'd been kept busy making shoes or automobile license plates or binder twine or clothing or tending farm crops for their own institutional use. The camp plan was something new and privileges were comparatively abundant. Besides, the men had a feeling that they were making a genuine contribution, providing facilities which might be enjoyed by friends and families outside and which they themselves might someday use. Inmates who pioneered the venture went all out to make it function and there are stories, difficult to authenticate, of several kangaroo courts held at the first camp to bring questionable individuals into line. Such self-discipline is not tolerated by penal officials, so the reports are vague; but here is one story for which I obtained a certain amount of confirmation from guards, who admit that there are goings on they cannot verify.

"Out here, we get two visiting days a month," this convict told me, "instead of just one, like inside. In summer our families can come on Sunday, bring a picnic dinner and we eat with them on tables out under the trees. Boy, is that something after you've been talking to your own folks through bars for so long!

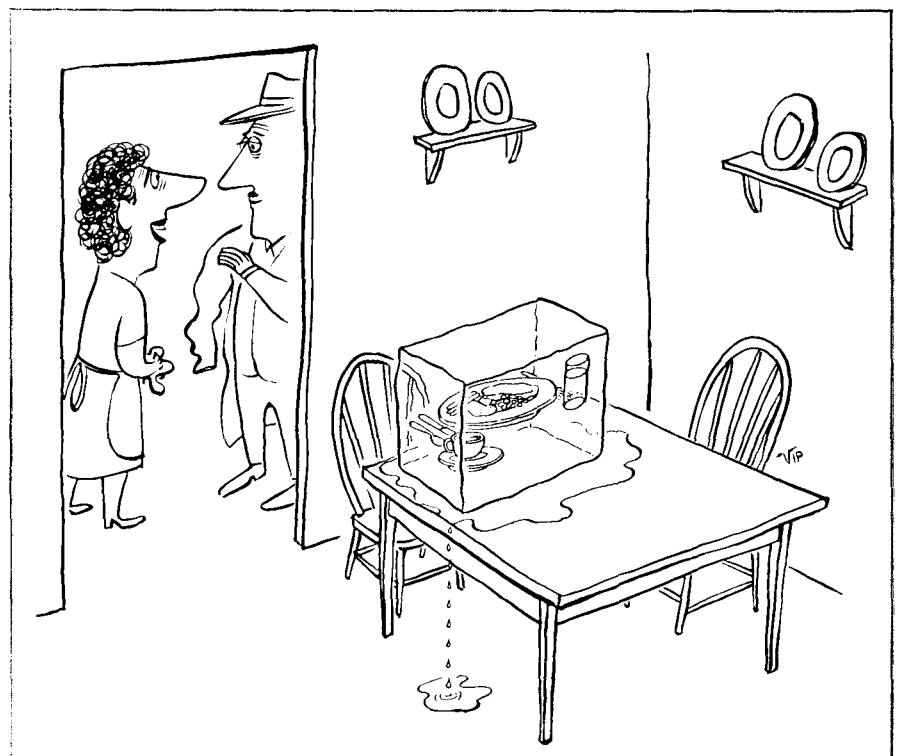
"Well, the guards look those lunches over and keep an eye out to see nobody slips us nothing. But—well, there's shrubbery around and it wouldn't be much of a trick to drop something into it, see?

"We had this guy come in with big ideas. And after he'd been here a few Sundays he got some of the boys together and says it'd be a cinch for a visitor to bring in hooch if we just told him beforehand how easy it was. He made quite a talk and a few of the younger ones listened.

"That was enough for some of the others. They got together and moved in on this cookie. And did *he* straighten out!"

"You mean you roughed him up?" I asked.

"Well, no, I ain't saying that," he answered, a trifle lamely, I thought. "That'd be against other rules. But, anyhow, he's been a good boy since!"



"Why, Roger! You *know* I don't care if you're a little late. . . . Of course your dinner is cold"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH

Guards Do Not Carry Weapons

No guns, no riot sticks are in these camps. The attitude of authorities on the matter of weapons is illustrated by the following:

Early last summer two camps were under construction—by prison labor—in Michigan's upper peninsula. One was in the Porcupine Mountains, the other at Tahquamenon Falls which, if you recall your Longfellow, will be recognized as Hiawatha's river. Both are extensive park projects in wilderness areas. For the interval, perishables were kept in wooden iceboxes outside the temporary kitchens. Bears broke into each box and made away with quantities of meat. Each camp supervisor requisitioned a rifle, intending to put one of their guards on the alert to kill the marauder.

"Forget both the losses and the rifles," responded Corrections Commissioner Earnest C. Brooks. "You put a weapon of any sort into a guard's hands and men are going to doubt your faith in them. Lose that and you've lost everything."

It's a 40-to-50-hour work week, with occasional chores on Saturday. In a group of 60—the standard size—10 are assigned to kitchen and other camp duties. On Saturday forenoon all hands join in to slick the place up. Each bunk has headphones connected to a master radio for evening relaxation. All camps have libraries and those within driving distance of the big prison see a movie once a week. No dormitory door has a lock and, except at Camp Wilderness, an hourly bed check is made at night. At first, work supervision was in charge of guards. Now, park rangers and other Conservation employees have taken over and the Michigan Civil Service Commission is setting up a new classification for the job. I talked at length with men working alone or in couples, far distant from camp, with no supervisor in sight.

Do they walk away? In three years, five have. Two returned voluntarily, two were picked up and one is still at large. But during 1949 alone, 22 inmates walked away from the Southern Michigan prison farm. (Nineteen were recaptured in short order.)

Let a man violate the simplest rule and back inside the walls he goes. Here, for example, was the top worker in one of the camps, an ex-serviceman in for manslaughter. He was a pace setter to watch.

"He'd do more work than almost any free man you'll see," a guard told me, "and the rest had to keep up or feel ashamed of themselves. But we were cleaning up a bathing beach before the park opened and in the bathhouse was a telephone station. This boy got the idea of calling up an old girl friend and couldn't resist. She turned him in and he was back inside the walls before he knew what had happened!"

A prisoner-nurse told me his troubles. This chap is a three-time loser, now doing seven-and-a-half to 15 years for breaking and entering; he had had long experience in the prison hospital.

"It was kind of simple inside," he said. "A man gets the sniffles and he tells about it and lays up right away. Out here—why, I can't keep these guys quiet when they get a bad cold! They just insist on going to work. Lots of times I know they shouldn't

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and sometime it's going to get me in bad!"

After giving evidence of wanting to abide by rules, a man's work pattern is most important. If a man does his best and keeps doing it to the extent of his physical and mental ability, he stays; if he shirks, back he goes. So far, eight have been withdrawn from camps, for not hitting the ball.

I talked with a man of twenty-seven who is in for manslaughter. He was inside the walls for three years, on the prison farm briefly, and at the time I spoke to him had been in a camp for nine months.

"Back at the prison you do everything their way. It gets you down," he said earnestly. "Out here work changes every few days, but better than that, every so often you'll see a new way to do it. You talk it over with the boss and chances are he'll let you try. I tell you, when you see your own ideas tried out, it makes you feel like *folks!*"

Fit to Enjoy Freedom Again

Another, in for burglary and due before the parole board shortly, was enthusiastic about camp life because of its preparation for a return to freedom.

"If a fellow's made a mistake and is paying for it and has made up his mind never to let it happen again, a job like this is a godsend. Under this kind of custody you can try yourself out and get a line on what you've got to watch about yourself when you get the big chance. Are any other states trying this sort of plan? They should, because there are thousands of guys like me who'd gain by it."

One of the interesting side lights as the plan has taken hold has been the attitude of prison guards. They are realists, not softies, and all I talked to admitted they had had their fingers crossed when the camp program was announced.

"I've been in the guards for 23 years," said Sergeant John Hampton, in charge at Camp Wilderness. "I was there, you see, when silence among prisoners was almost a fixed rule. In my time I've seen a lot done in reforming men and a lot tried, but when I heard about this it stopped me cold. I didn't give it a chance of working out.

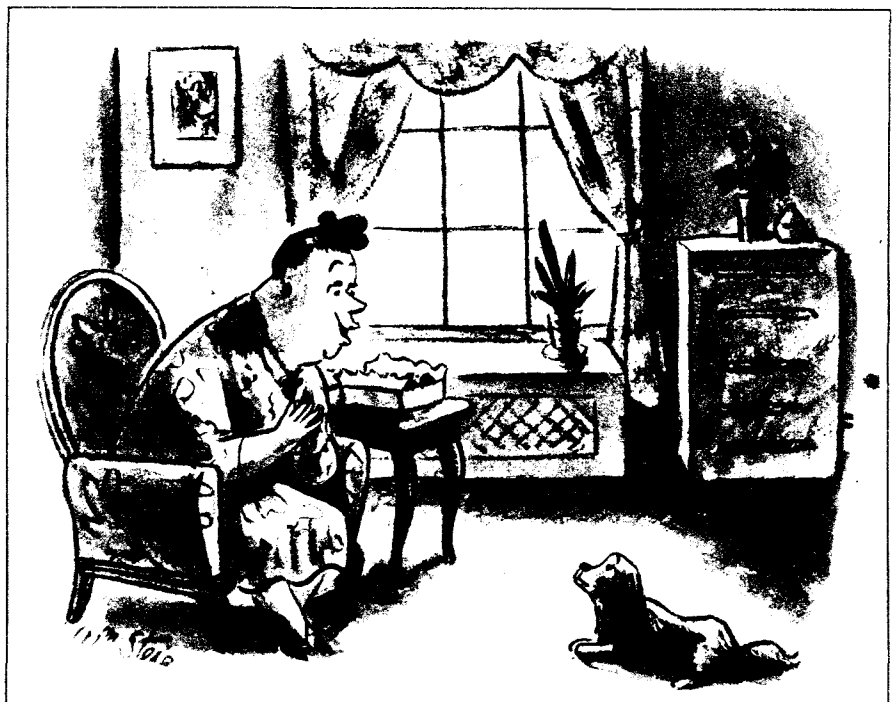
"But I'm here to tell you it's the greatest thing ever thought up. The state's getting a whale of a lot of work done and as a rehabilitation move it's going to pay dividends you don't dare guess!"

As yet, the rehabilitation factor cannot be accurately measured. A special study is being made of men who have been paroled from the camps, but the time for drawing conclusions is not yet. I thumbed into a file of questionnaires answered by parolees who had had camp experience. The first 10 were so enthusiastic about the routine as a preparation for normal life that I went no further.

But it is established that Michigan is getting big returns for the money invested. Per capita cost in camp is higher than behind walls. Figures covering 150 men for a three-month period showed an excess outlay of $18,716.47. However, the Conservation Department demonstrates that for every $3 invested in a camp worker the state is getting a return of from $7 to $10 in completed projects, depending somewhat on location. Comparisons were made against actual accomplishments of civilian crews hired at local going wages which run up to $1 per hour. Prisoners are credited with 25 cents a day for labor.

"Like most other state conservation agencies, we have never been able to develop or maintain our big areas properly," says Conservation Director Hoffmaster. "For instance, up in Wilderness Park we had bad storms and millions of board feet of timber went down, so located and in such a tangle that no contractor would bid on getting it out. But prisoners are salvaging tens of thousands of cords of posts and poles for use on other state areas and no one can yet estimate how much good lumber for future construction.

"Early in January, Governor G. Mennen Williams dedicated the winter sports area in Porcupine Mountain State Park, away up on Lake Superior. So far we have two



COLLIER'S "What shall we do today?" WILLIAM STEIG

fine skiing slopes, tows and a temporary warming house. Authorities tell us it is the finest ski site between Sun Valley and Lake Placid. It is only a sleeper jump from Chicago and that upper country certainly needs more business. Prisoners are doing it all.

"We have countless man-months of lake and stream improvement work to do in order to increase the game-fish-carrying capacity of our waters. Prisoners can do much of it. We have years of thinning ahead in our state forests to improve timber stands, and no hope of doing it by ordinary hiring. We have so much to be done that our one great fear has small chance of materializing; that's the fear of being charged with leaf-raking."

Men Needed for Forest Work

Already, the possibility that some similar plan may be considered for national forests, and park and wild-life refuges is indicated. State Senator John B. Martin, Jr., former Rhodes scholar, practicing attorney and a stanch supporter of the camp idea, recently led his friend, Congressman Gerald Ford, Jr., into the Manistee National Forest, one of five such federal units in the state. They were told that the U.S. Forest Service could use 500 convict conservationists indefinitely on its 2,500,000-acre holdings in Michigan. The congressman turned back for Washington with a purposeful gleam in his eye.

"We have, all told, 8,568 male prisoners," says Corrections Commissioner Brooks, "and the state's prisons are crowded. At current construction rates a cell costs $7,500. We think we're making good citizens out of not-so-good ones quicker by this method than by anything we've ever tried—which could mean a slackening pressure for more cells. I'd like to see a full thousand men in the program."

And here's another angle to that line of thinking:

Group camping for Boy Scouts and similar organizations is a major activity in Michigan's state parks. I visited with convicts busy at winterizing cabins on the Waterloo area so they will be habitable the year around and more kids may have a chance to learn to live together in peace, health and productive activity

"I guess," said one with whom I'd been talking, as he picked up his saw, "I better get going. We want to get this place ready for the kids." He paused. "You know, if more of them had places like this to go to, there wouldn't be so many of *us*." THE END

A Program to Copy

Harold Titus, author of this article, was for 20 years a member of the Michigan Conservation Commission, and its chairman at the start of the experiment in conserving natural and human resources described here. He saw that experiment pay off richly, in manifold ways, and he is hopeful it may be repeated elsewhere. Collier's seconds that hope. In fact, we commend this article to the serious consideration of the citizens and governments of our other 47 states.

Michigan is giving health and hope, responsibility and trust, to convicts who it believes can be salvaged as useful members of society. The prisoners, *almost without exception, have justified that trust. Working in a positive* atmosphere, they have built recreational facilities which may aid in curbing delinquency and reducing the future prison population. They have helped to beautify their state and add to the happiness of its people. And many of them, when freedom actually is theirs, will be able to take pride in the enjoyment of their own handiwork.

On the "practical" side, Michigan gets about three times as much value out of the convicts' work as it invests in this successful program; it has done jobs which the state's budget otherwise would not have allowed. And in doing them, it offers a solution for conservation departments, which, as Mr. Titus says, "have been starved for help" since the days of the Civilian Conservation Corps.

We believe that what Michigan has found good will be good for the rest of the country. And we think that any scheme which can make a more beautiful state and better citizens, and at the same time save money, is very much worth trying.

THE EDITOR

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Mr. Pak Is Worth Fighting For

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

years of Japanese annexation before 1945, few Koreans occupied any positions of importance. And before that, centuries of domination of one kind or another—Chinese residents and corrupt Korean rulers—left little room for the sort of aspiration I found when I met the Paks. Essentially, the Paks wanted what little people everywhere in the world want: a chance to make their way without political or economic oppression and with some measure of personal dignity. (Under the republic the Paks had almost two years of this kind of democracy. They liked it.)

The Paks tried desperately to keep up their daily routine. It was not easy with the gay rush of children gone, with the flow of refugees and the constant threat of attack. Mr. Pak kept his shop open from 7:00 A.M. to 8:30 P.M. and, with the war on, the family in Taejon was limited to two meals a day. The first was served at 9:00 A.M., and consisted of rice, a bowl of soup *(kook)* and pickles. The evening meal—at 6:00 P.M.—might mean fish or meat, if available, rice again and more pickles. There are delicious variations sometimes, Mrs. Pak said—squash, for example, melon or Korean jam—but the Paks were very careful with food.

All meals were prepared in a narrow hallway—the kitchen, or *boouk*—about a yard wide and 12 feet long. The food was kept in a heavy wooden cupboard. In a corner of the *boouk* was a large stone tub, originally the bathtub but now a charcoal bin. Fuel had to be kept close at hand and the family was going to the public baths. The tub held five sacks of charcoal, enough to provide cooking fuel for about a month.

A dim bulb flickered in the *boouk*—and that was rare. Koreans seldom have had electricity during the day, although most homes have only a few small windows, some rooms no windows at all. Power was kept on for emergency radio transmission, and thus the Paks had light. In normal times, electricity used to be turned on for a few hours in the evening.

Dining Without Chairs

Near the Pak kitchen was a small dining room with a low, round table. The Paks used no chairs, curled their feet under them while they ate. There were two sleeping rooms, one also used as the Pak office. The master bedroom was about four by six feet, built on a raised platform about two feet above the flooring in the rest of the home. The bedroom was covered with oiled paper, and the only piece of furniture was a *chan jang*, a cupboard which displayed china soup bowls, an inkwell and a cup filled with pens. On the floor was an abacus, the ancient Oriental adding device, a "must" in all Oriental bookkeeping and an apparatus that the Paks used with flying accuracy. At night, when the room was used for sleeping, Mrs. Pak slid back a wall cupboard door and took down thick Korean quilts, the only bedding. The other tiny bedroom was used by the four sons when they were home.

At her daily chores, Mrs. Pak wore the typical clothing of Korea: a short blouse, the *juck sam*, which fitted her waist just short of a long striped skirt made of Korean cotton, and the traditional canoe-shaped shoes or *ko moo Shin*. Her coal-black hair was drawn neatly and tightly into a bun. She told me she was thirty-six—six years younger than Mr. Pak. She smiled more readily than he did. Like most Koreans, both rarely showed irritation.

The Paks were Buddhists. They made their regular pilgrimages to the temples, but in times like these there had been too many chores, too much watching and waiting, to find much time for worship. The Paks insisted they would never give up their ancient religion, although they had heard of the efforts in the North to wipe out the old prayers and to introduce strange kinds of political religion which they were sure they did not like.

Christianity, though limited, ranks along with Buddhism, shamanism and Confucianism as one of the major faiths of the Koreans. Christianity and the ancient Oriental religions remain the most durable. Koreans are tolerant and have few strong dos and don'ts. They ask only a reasonable respect for their customs and beliefs, and especially for their conduct of ancestor worship. Mr. Pak was not certain what progress the Russians had made in eliminating the old Korean religions in the North, but he shook his head to indicate "Not much, likely."

Mr. Pak also failed to display the confidence in North Korean elections that Russian propaganda is supposed to reflect. He expressed his preference for the South Korean form of elections. Under the South Korean Republic, headed by Dr. Syngman Rhee, voting was by ballot listing many candidates and, in the recent elections, there was a heavy overturn in the membership of the national assembly. The North Korean elections have the familiar character of Russian voting. There are two urns—one white, one black. To vote for *the* candidate, the voter puts his ballot in the white urn, and to vote against *the* candidate, the black urn.

Most Russian propaganda proved extremely baffling to Mr. Pak. He could not, for example, understand how the North Koreans were able to pretend that they "represent" all Korea. He and other South Koreans pointed out that, of Korean's approximately 29,000,000 people, only about 8,000,000 of them live in the rugged, industrial North. In the South, under the Rhee government, only a few "Communist pockets" had any political affinity for the Russians and the North.

Mr. Pak was less disturbed by Communist activity in South Korea than by the failure to supply South Koreans with sufficient arms to defend themselves against the invaders. This he could not understand. The South Koreans had a carefully trained army but practically no weapons other than small arms, and not enough ammunition. In the opinion of Mr. Pak and his neighbors, the lack of tanks, artillery, ammunition and planes (the South Koreans had only 10 aircraft and these were gunless) gave the North Koreans, liberally supplied by the Russians and the Chinese Communists, a quick advantage once war started.

But Mr. Pak wanted to look ahead. "All that is past now, he said. "I, myself, have come to believe more strongly than ever before in the United Nations. That is because the nations across the sea have exhibited something more than words."

Mr. Pak said he placed great hope in the U.N. and in the American military power behind it for real Korean independence and a unified country. There is a fierce feeling of nationalism among Koreans. They never lost it in the long years of Japanese domination. Sometimes the light of independence burned low, Mr. Pak said, but it was never extinguished.

An old Korean woman interrupted Mr. Pak. She held up a wooden spoon.

"Ten won," Mr. Pak said. (Ten *won* is too small an amount to be counted in American money.)

The old woman shook her head. "Too much." Mr. Pak felt he could go no lower. She put the spoon back on the counter—and went off, seeming to be saying some prayer to herself.

"She is old," Mr. Pak said. "She only wanted to ask. She does not need the spoon."

Mr. Pak smoked another American cigarette. He and his neighbors talked on about the plight of Korea.

South Koreans believed that real independence had come when the Japanese finally surrendered in 1945, but soon the world realities made themselves felt in Mr. Pak's remote homeland. There was the 38th parallel—dividing line between American and Russian occupation forces—and the parallel was to become bitter medicine.

Soviet Puppet Was Hostile

Finally, when the occupation forces were withdrawn, North Korea was a puppet power, armed by Soviet Russia and openly hostile to its South Korean neighbors. In South Korea, there was a frantic effort by President Rhee to preserve the brave but young republic. Americans helped organize the army but only Washington could deliver equipment, and this—Mr. Pak's neighbors shook their heads—had not been forthcoming.

Mr. Pak's concern for Korea was deeper than his personal interests and those of his immediate family including his father, Pak No Hak, sixty-five, and his mother, Kim Kyung Yu, sixty-three. They are too old to join the refugees; they are too old, he said, to stand the hardships and the uncertainties of war. And there were two younger brothers, Pak Chang Kyu, twenty-five years old, and Pak Young Kyu, only twenty-three, both sergeants in the South Korean army. What of them? What of his married sisters, Pak Yung Ai and Pak Shun Kyu, with their own families, and the younger sister, Pak Kyu Nyu, eighteen, who lived with the old folks in the country?

These were the sad things, Mr. Pak said, but there was hope.

I started to leave, but a heavy shower broke through. In a moment, the old stone gutters in front of Mr. Pak's shop were running deep.

Shortly the Paks would sit on their floor for a silent, lonely evening meal. Mrs. Pak had been stirring in the half-dark kitchen and the rice was almost ready.

Was she afraid of the future?

"Not any more," Mrs. Pak said.

Koreans—the Paks and others like them—understand this to be a war for their liberation. When you are in the middle of a thing, the world-wide aspects of United Nations and American military action, and the containment of Communism, become blurred. The Koreans are thinking of their own preservation, as would people in Iowa if the war were fought across the prairies and the rolling country from Council Bluffs to Des Moines. Like the Iowa storekeeper, Mr. Pak recognized an immediate responsibility: his family, his home and his shop.

Beyond that, Mr. Pak hoped that there might yet be a place in that vague and free world for Korea. Because of this, as well as for the larger reasons of stopping Communism, I believe Mr. Pak is worth fighting for.

THE END

Next Week

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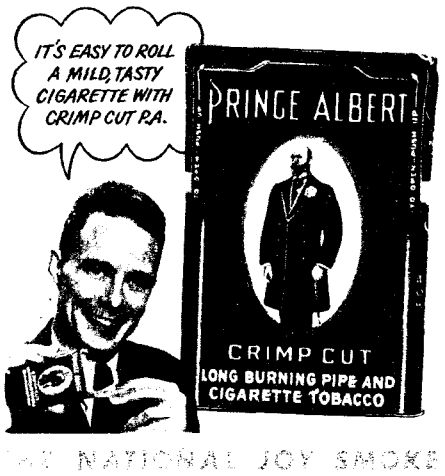
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Out Whar the East Begins

You don't have to go West to find a dude ranch. There's probably one just around the corner

By JAMES DUGAN

WHEN Daddy was a little chap the steam cars took you off to Atlantic City, and that was all you could do in the summer. There weren't any motels and a man could drive his horse and buggy 50 miles between horsetels. The only ranches Daddy ever heard about were way out West in books by Teddy Roosevelt. This was long before dude ranches sprang up in the suburbs of New York City.

Now that Daddy's boy has grown to man's estate, he can coil his nylon lariat and ride Old Paint (his old jalopy) up the Chisholm Trail to the Catskills, where men are men, and women are also men, wearing pants by Saks Fifth Avenue. The wild East is with us, buckoes. The dude ranchers are grazing tourists in some of the finest rangeland in the Empire State. The West jest loaded up its bedrolls on a chuck wagon and come East.

There are nigh 40 ranches hereabouts. Personally, I like to tie up at the hitchin' rack of the Bar-None Ranch, up the draw a piece from the Bronx. Lots of New York dudes ride up thataway to enjoy real Eastern hospitality. There's ridin', singin', brandin', rustlin', wranglin', calf ropin', square dancin', guzzlin', eatin' and payin'. The Boss Cattleman has made it right easy to git thar. You jest sink your rowels in a subway seat, git off at the end and holler for the stage.

The buckboard—F.O.B. Detroit—totes you off hell-for-leather. This is hostile country and the stage carries a guard to prevent the party from being held up in roadside juke joints. The ride is swift and uneventful, except when some puncher gets his spurs caught in a cowgirl's Schiaparelli chaps. The tenderfeet soon reach the old Bar-None Corral, which they can plainly tell by the 50-foot neon sign over the cookhouse.

The ride up from the depot puts the roses in your cheeks and gives you a powerful appetite for real Eastern cookin'. It comes in the kind of heapin' portions city critters never dreamed they could get outside of, and still can't. There comes the welcome sound of the cookhouse tocsin, as Cookie Joe plies a mashie niblick against a piece of angle iron he sawed off of Bear Mountain Bridge. "Come and git it!" he hollers in the traditional manner of the old East. "Afore I throw it out!" It is remarkable how quick the cityfolk catch on to the customs of the prairies. The next mealtime Cookie Joe yells, "Come and git it!" The customers reply, "Throw it out!"

After dinner it is but a short stroll to the Bar-None Saloon, which is a good thing because the cowboy boots are killing you.

The faro dealers are busy at the green baize tables refereeing gin rummy games, and grizzled prospectors crowd up to the bar to throw their pokes to the bartender. The bartender pokes right back, and before Law & Order is restored several dudes have lost the seats off their levis on the steerhorns hanging on the walls. Then comes the square dancin'. By tophet, you never saw so many squares dancin' in all your born days.

The next morning before sunrise the angle iron starts banging again and the guests leap out of bed at eleven thirty to go down to a dyed-in-the-wool ranch breakfast, consisting of woolen pancakes dyed brown, after which those who do not have to be carried leap back into bed. That easygoing custom of old Spanish Days, the Hour of Siesta, has arrived. *Quién sabe, camarada?* The accountant nods over his adding machine and the cow waddies drowse in the shade of the bunkhouse. And well they might, because these lean, hard men must soon be ready for the Roundup. Suddenly the whole rancho is astir with activity. Off on the horizon a cloud of dust is approaching. There are more strangers down at the depot to be rounded up and driven into the Old Corral!

Soon the new herd of dudes arrives amidst gay welcoming cries of "Yippee!" and "You'll be sorree!" With them comes a picturesque band of Mexican *charros* who unpack their bongo drums and clarinets in readiness to play the rumbas at the Saturday Night Hoedown. But before the Great Spirit takes the sun out of the sky, there is the day's biggest event to come—the Rodeo, Cowpoke Reunion and Old Pioneer Fiesta. Already riders are coming in from the neighboring dude ranches, from Bar-Sinister Ranch, Rancho Sam Gabriel and the Flying-Bar-Stool, to see the rodeo. They are dressed in the finest traditional costumes, brought out of trunks and thriftshops. The men have grown day-old beards for the celebration of Frontier Days.

Amidst a veritable prairie of ten-gallon hats and mantillas, the Rodeo begins. At first the action is a little indistinct because the television set is miles away from Madison Square Garden, and Gene Autry has a tendency to look like Lassie. But Peekskill Pete didn't do 14 at Sing Sing for expert safe-dialing without retaining the knack of twisting the right knobs on a television rodeo. The crowd watches little dogies getting themselves dozed by the dozen, while off in the bar some of the dudes get themselves dazed by the Daiquiris.

And now as the sunset creeps across the purple sage and the outline of the Old Corral is transformed by the magic of the plains to an empty cattle pen erected at considerable cost, the first faint stars twinkle in the gloaming. We are left to ponder on the age-old mystery of the open range: How much does it cost to fly to Dallas and rest your peepers on a paved street again? THE END

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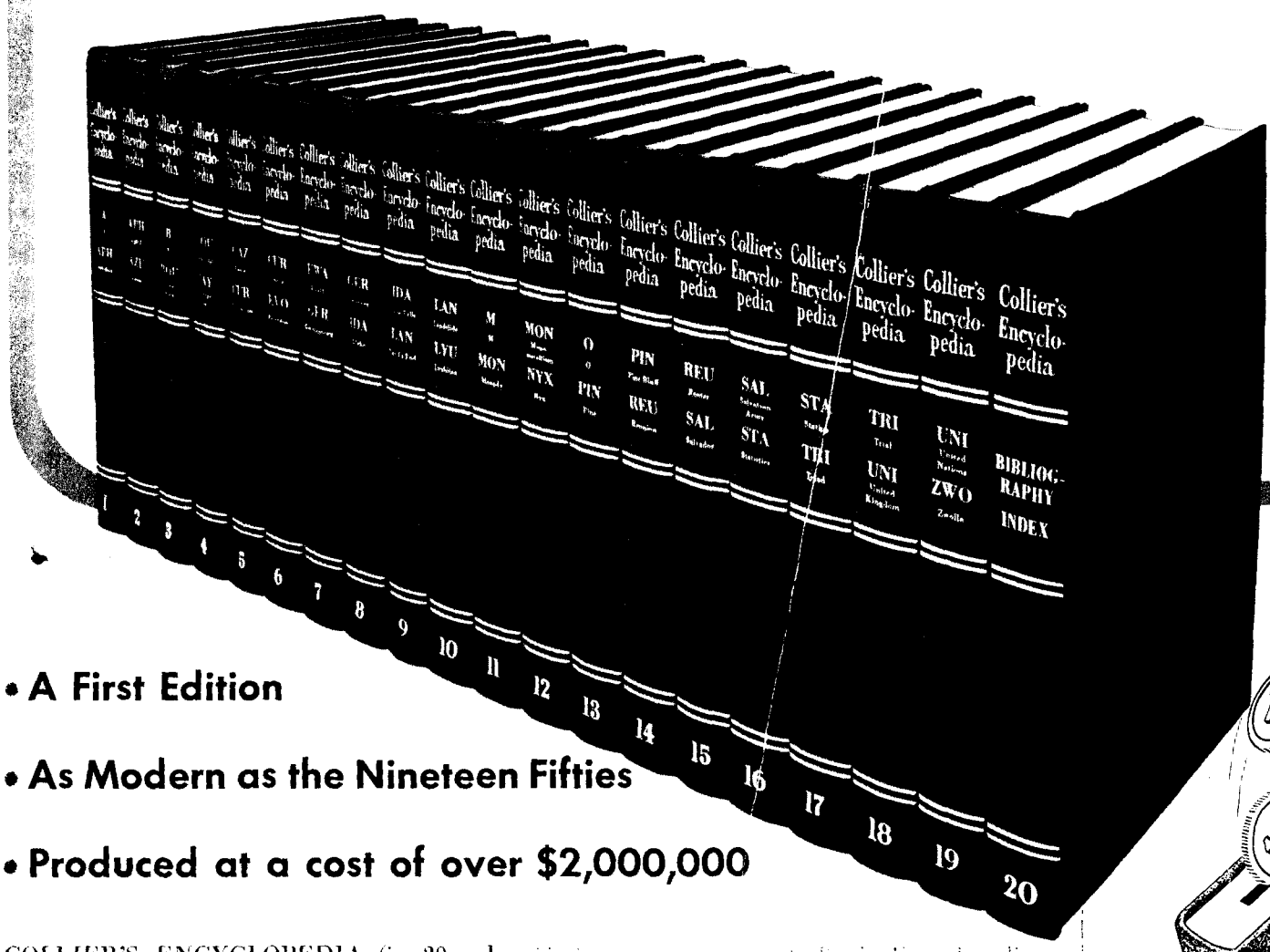

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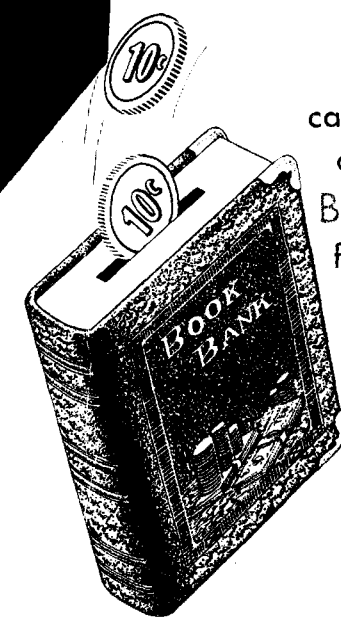

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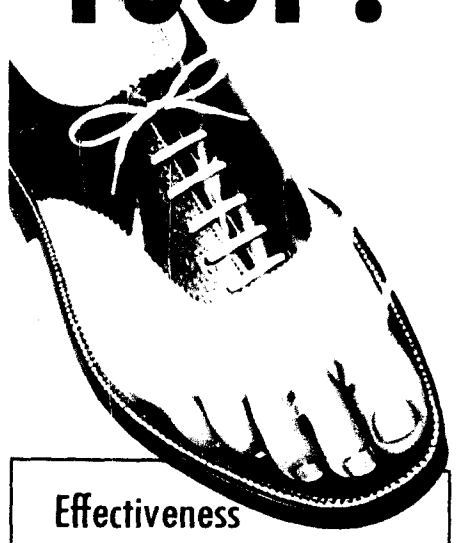

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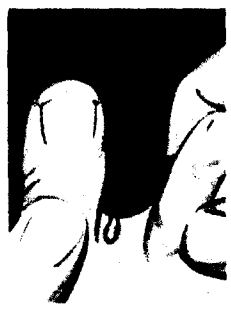

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Waterfront

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

he found out where Malone was. "Well," I said, "he knows where Malone is now, but Malone don't know from nothin'."

"You got any ideas where we can find him?"

"How about the Royale Hotel?" I said. "No. He goes off at seven."

Somebody came over and looked at me queerly, and then he turned to Stratford and said, "Inspector, this boy of yours didn't make sense with that last crack. You know that."

He was right. There was something I wanted to say but I couldn't remember what it was. "I'm sorry," I told them. "I'm still a little foggy, I guess."

And I was. All of a sudden everything was all mixed up in my head. The punch the gorilla had given me had scrambled my upstairs. "There's something about a blonde, somewhere, only I can't remember it, exactly."

"Come on, Freddy," Stratford pleaded. "Where's this blonde? What did she do? Where did you meet her?"

"Gin and tonic," I said. "Gin and tonic, that's what we had to drink."

"Gin and tonic," someone muttered, disgusted. "The only guy who can break this case and he's gone nuts. Gin and tonic. God, this job is enough to drive a man to drink!"

Something clicked. "That's it," I shouted. "Drive. Riverside Drive! That's where Blackie Clegg lives, only his name is Charlie! Chief, I remember it now. The blonde is Blackie's wife, only she don't know what he is. They live up on Riverside Drive." I told them where it was. "Eight hundred and six."

"Get some people up there," Stratford ordered. "Don't take any off this job. That'd be in the Twenty-seventh Precinct—call them and give them the dope."

"Bennion had a book," I said. "It was there on the desk. He knew enough to get himself killed."

Three detectives grabbed for the book and started going through it.

"This is Bennion on the floor, ain't it?" somebody else asked me. "Who broke his neck—Clegg?"

I nodded.

ANOTHER detective came in the door and walked up to Stratford. "Inspector," he said, "this block is sealed off. Nobody's gone out, I'll swear to that. We've had men on all the roofs, on every fire escape, at every door. We got spotlights on the windows. We've got men in all the buildings. And yet he's gone!"

"What do you mean, gone?" Stratford growled. "How many were here, all told, Freddy?"

"Blackie, and the two guys in the little room, and the guard outside, and maybe another one somewhere that I didn't see. And then there was that big creep who slugged me. Maybe I shot the guard—I don't know."

"That makes four, at least," Stratford said. "And you say they've all disappeared? Why, damn it, Lieutenant, that doesn't make sense. Four guys can't get through the gang we had out there. Have you looked in all the buildings—every room and closet in the block?"

"We've been through most of them, sir."

"And they're gone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, how the hell did they get out of here?" Stratford was bull-red by now. "They damned well didn't pass me as I was coming up the stairs."

"We think they went up two flights and then ducked into the building next door. There's a door."

"You think? By God, Lieutenant, you oughta know, by this time. *I'll* go up and find out!"

"I'm coming, too, Chief," I said. "I'm still on this case."

"To hell you are," he said. "You're still silly in the head. When that ambulance comes to get your girl, you go with it—as a patient. That's an order!"

My heart sank as I followed him out of Blackie's office. And then I saw that Mary was gone. "Where's that girl?" I said. "What happened to her?"

"Who? That girl who was here when we got here?" a detective answered. "She passed out again, and then an ambulance came and a couple of interns took her away."

"Hey, Chief!" I yelled, running after him. "The ambulance has already gone. I can't follow out that order. Can I come with you now?"

I saw him smile in the dimly lighted hall, as he turned and started up the stairs. "Come on, you dumb cop," he called. "Nothing that can happen tonight is going to make you any nuttier than you are now."

There were three other detectives with us. "You say you shot one of the bums, Freddy?" the inspector asked. "Did you hit him bad?"

MARTHA BLANCHARD

Calorie Gal

With weighing too much
I'm definitely through;
For you eat your cake
And you have it, too!

—AUDREY OVINGTON

"I don't know if I hit him at all, Chief. I snapped one at him with that little .32, but it didn't knock him down or anything."

"We'll look for blood anyhow. You guys," he called over his shoulder, "keep your eye open for blood. Maybe one of these thugs is shot—I hope."

We found the connecting door. There was a hall on the other side, and stairs leading up to a fire door. The cop up there said nobody had come up, and he had been on that post before the shooting started. So we took the stairs that went down, and followed them all the way to the basement.

"Were you down here before?" Stratford asked the three cops with us.

"Yes, sir," one of them said. "I was down here. Didn't find anybody."

The basement had a concrete floor. There was an enclosed furnace—a big, metal, boxlike thing—and a hot-water tank and a lot of pipes. That was about all. Except a shabby piece of carpet.

Then I noticed that the concrete floor at the bottom of the stairs, was cleaner than the rest of the floor. There was a rectangular patch, about as big as—I picked up the shabby piece of carpet. There was a lot of blood under it.

"That's one I missed," the detective who had been there first admitted.

"You must have hit him, Freddy," Stratford said. "Now we know they were here, anyhow. Looks like you must have caught him in a little vein, or something like that, and he held his hand over it until he got here. Then he let it go."

"Yeah," I said. "And then where did *he* go? Where did all of them go? Up the chimney?"

"They sure didn't go down the drain," one of the others said ruefully. "Because there ain't no drain."

"The hell there isn't!" I shouted. "Blackie said we could jam Bennion down the sewer and he'd float out to sea with the next rain! One of you guys cover me while I open the door to that oil burner."

THEY weren't in there, of course, but there was more blood on the floor—and there was a big covered drain. We yanked the cover off and looked down a long black hole. Water rippled somewhere below, and when we stuck a flashlight down the hole we could see a sewer, about ten feet below us.

"Faith and begorra," moaned Stratford. "Now we got to go into the sewers after the bums. One of you guys go call the Sanitation people and get 'em up here to tell us where this thing goes. And if they can tell you where the end of it is, get some cops there watching for Clegg and his gang to come out."

"There's a lot of manholes between here and there," I said.

The inspector just looked at me, sadly. "Sometimes I almost wish Blackie Clegg had never moved to New York," he said. He spat into the sewer opening. "I'll go so far as to say I wish he hadn't even been born. Fifty million manholes, more or less, and he may be popping out of any one of them. You know what else I wish?"

"No."

"I wish I wanted to retire. If I didn't like this job so much I'd do it. Hand me that flashlight. I'm going down and look around."

"Wait a minute, Chief. That's no place for you."

"What do you mean it's no place for me?" He had his feet on the iron rungs that led down the manhole. "You mean I'm too old? I wasn't too old to be the first man up those stairs, and I'll be the first man down here, too!" His head disappeared below the level of the floor.

"What are we going to do with a guy like that?" I asked the others. "Has anybody got another flashlight?" Nobody had. "One of you get a gang down here. Get some lights and ropes and stuff—and some long rubber waders, if there are any around. I got an idea we're going to get our feet wet." I stuck my head down the manhole. "Anything down there, Inspector?"

"Not a thing," his voice echoed back. "This damn' sewer pipe is as big as a cave, and it's got a foot of water in it, but there's nobody here but me. I'm coming up."

His head and shoulders came through the manhole. "This sewer runs north and south," he announced, stamping his wet feet. "About five yards south of here it connects with another one running east and west."

The detective who had gone to call the Department of Sanitation returned. "The emergency squad will be here in a minute," he said. "This hole drops into an old feeder that hits the main line south of here. It doesn't connect with anything on the north, and they thought all the entrances were blocked off."

"They were wrong," Stratford said. "Where does it go south of here?"

"Into a cross-town line that comes out under a pier on the Hudson River, about four blocks west. I told the lieutenant, and he's got the street watched all the way. Of course," he added, "they might have come up any time in the last forty minutes. We've been here that long."

"Don't say it," Stratford said. "I know it already. All we're going to get is wet feet."

"Hey," a voice called from the top of the cellar steps, "you down there, Inspector Stratford?"

"Yeah, I'm down here."

"Sanitation squad." A big man in long

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rubber boots and a hat with an electric light on it came down the stairs. "I hear you got some worms down in the holes. My name's Joe Vitteli." There were half a dozen men with him, all dressed for going underground.

"They went down, Joe. They probably went back up again, too, just as soon as they could. But I guess somebody has to go down after them and look around."

"It's a hell of a way to make a living," Vitteli said. "But if you say so, down we go. Is there going to be any shooting?"

"Pretty good chance of it," I said.

"Then maybe some of you cops would like to come with us, I hope. We don't carry cannons."

"I'll send four or five cops with riot gear," Stratford said, starting up the steps. "You take charge, Malone, and report to me as soon as you can. I'll be in my office."

"Send some boots, too," I called. "I don't mind getting shot at, but I hate athlete's foot, and that looks like a good place to get it."

"It ain't bad down there, bud," one of the Sanitation men said. "You hardly ever step in over your head. Except when we got a leaky bottom."

The cops showed up, and we got into our boots and went down the ladder to the sewer. It was a tunnel about five feet square, slimy-sided, stinking, black and dirty. "There's miles of this stuff," Joe Vitteli said. "Where do you want to start?"

WE FOUND one man. He wasn't Clegg. It was the guard who had been stationed outside Blackie's office, in the anteroom. He had drowned, and we found him face down in a foot of water, with a .32 hole in his hip. It was easy to picture him, limping along, trying to keep up with the rest, getting farther and farther behind. Then, finally, alone in the pitch-black darkness, he slipped and fell. There was nothing he could hold onto with his hands. Maybe he got up and limped on, only to fall again, and again. When he couldn't get up he lay there and died.

And so I hated Blackie Clegg a little more, if that was possible.

We sent the body up a manhole, and kept on. We checked every foot of that sewer, and all its connections. It was after five o'clock in the morning when we came to the surface ourselves—dirty, greasy, wet, stinking. I've never been so tired or so filthy.

"Well, Malone," Joe Vitteli said. "I guess we missed this time. Sorry we didn't get the bums for you. Anything else you want us to do?"

"Go on home and get some sleep," I said. "And thanks a lot. It wasn't your fault we didn't find them. We just got started too late, I guess. You cops can shove off too. I gotta keep on working."

We had come up at a manhole down near the waterfront. Like all the other manholes, there was a three-cop guard standing over it. They rang up a squad car for me, and I climbed into the back, where I wouldn't ruin the upholstery, and they drove me to Homicide West, on Twentieth Street.

Stratford was in his office, his feet propped up on his scarred desk, worrying a piece of cigar between his teeth. The oversized ash tray on his desk held the remnants of other cigars that he had chewed down to nubs.

"No luck, Chief," I reported, sagging into a chair and kicking off my slimy rubber hip boots. "Blackie got away. I'm sorry. Maybe we'll have better luck next time."

"Maybe," he said listlessly. "But I'm beginning to think he's the devil's own spawn, and can make himself invisible or float through walls. No human could have gone through the mess of cops we had around there tonight. But that guy ain't human."

"What cooks now?" I said. I fumbled in an inside pocket for a pack of cigarettes, found it and then found one that wasn't wet. "You got some matches, Chief? Mine are soaked."

He tossed one of his big kitchen matches to me, and I filled my lungs with smoke. "We figure he's still in town, somewhere, and we're doing everything we can to keep him here. We've got men at the ferries, the tunnels, the bridges and the subways. We've turned up eighteen poor guys who had the bad luck to be wearing black wigs. Thousands of bald men have been questioned. Not a single damned one of them had any trouble proving he wasn't Blackie Clegg. I tell you, Freddy, the guy's uncanny. Not only that, but he's smart."

"How about his wife?"

"You mean Mrs. Charles Tremaine? Either she don't know from nothing or else she's as slick as he is. I figure she just don't know—there ain't room for two people that smart in any one family. I talked to her for almost three hours. Levitt, the D.A.'s bright boy, was with me. What did we find out? Nothin'—but absolutely nothin'."

CHARLOTTE TREMAINE had met Clegg, or whatever his name was, six months before, in Kansas City. He called himself a manufacturers' representative, but she didn't know—or wouldn't tell—the names of any firms he represented. She had been singing in a night club there. Two weeks later they were married, and went to Hot Springs, Arkansas, for a honeymoon. After that they came back to Kansas City, and then they moved to Chicago for a while. He left her in Chicago and came to New York because he was offered a job in some kind of an import-export business. When he found a place for them to live she came East to join him. She had been in New York for about two months.

"The Chicago cops don't know anything. The Kansas City cops don't know anything. The Hot Springs cops don't know anything. There's a Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tremaine registered at the hotel when she said they were there. A Charlotte Dupont, which was her maiden name, sang in the Cricket Club in Kansas City when she said she did. So we've got a guy with no record, and not even his wife— Hey! Wake up, Freddy. You'll fall over on the floor and break your arm."

I shook my head. "Sorry. I doped off. You were saying something about Hot Springs, weren't you?"

"I'd passed Hot Springs and was heading back East. It don't matter. We didn't find out anything at all. So now we got Mrs. Tremaine sitting up on Riverside Drive with two policewomen for company and twenty cops hanging around outside her door."

"How about the stiff we found in the sewer?"

"Small-time hood from Brooklyn. Assault — acquitted. Assault — suspended. Carrying a gun—two years. Dead—can't talk. Why don't you go to bed?"

"Where?" I shook my head again. "Where do I sleep now? I don't sleep so long as Blackie Clegg is still loose, unless I want to die in my bed of a hole in the skull."

"Well, take off those stinking rags you're wearing and go flop out in an office somewhere around here. You won't be bothered. Everybody I got is out looking for Clegg. Hell, I even got laboratory cops pounding the streets. And in case you wake up enough to start worrying about your girl, don't. They got her turned in at the hospital with enough dope in her to keep her sleeping until noon. Now go lie down! That's orders."

I pulled myself to my feet and started toward the door, dog-tired. "Can somebody get me some clean stuff for when I wake up? They could go down to my place on Sullivan Street." I told him where the key was hidden.

"Sure." Inspector Stratford said. "I guess I can send a car down there. And look, Freddy. You've done a fine job on this case. Don't worry about it. I talked to the commissioner, and he's pleased. Everybody knows you couldn't have shot it out up there in that office. And you'll get back on the case as soon as you get some sleep."

So I felt better, and got a cop to open an empty detention cell for me. I managed to wash some of the filth off my hands and

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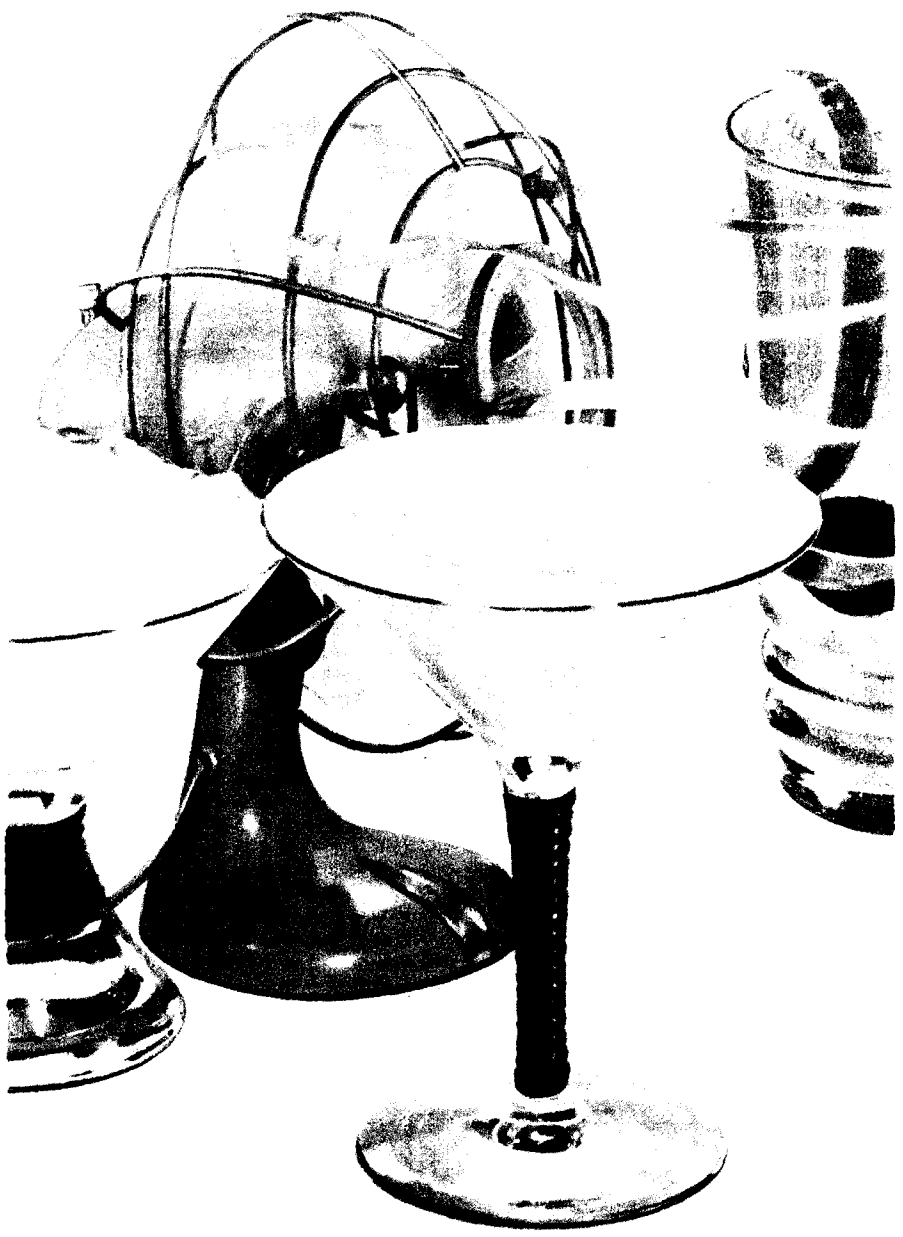

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face, threw all my clothes in the corner, and flopped on the bunk.

They let me sleep until eight, and then a guy came in with a clean outfit and a cup of coffee and shook my shoulder. "Here you are, chum," he said. "Drink this, and then get dressed. There's a big wingding on at nine, and you're invited."

"Thanks." I gulped the coffee. "Any news—good, that is?"

"Not a thing. Thousands of cops in the streets and not a thing. Morgue full of stiffs, but Blackie Clegg ain't one of them, worse luck."

"I hope they're saving room for him." I pulled on my trousers, and transferred stuff from my dirty pants to the clean ones. "Because he's going to be there soon."

"Yeah. Or else you." He walked away and I finished dressing.

STRATFORD was still sitting at his desk, with his feet up. The only change that had taken place during the two hours I had been sleeping was an increase in the stack of piled cigar crumbs. "You get any sleep?" I asked.

"At my age I don't need it," he said.

"Any news?"

"Well, we got over a hundred guys with black wigs. We got no Blackie Clegg, or Charles Tremaine, or whatever the hell his name is."

"I hear there's going to be a meeting."

"Yeah. Here. It was going to be down at Centre Street, but I said I was sticking to this desk until we got Clegg. So the D.A. and the commissioner are coming up. I hope they see what a lousy-looking office I got. Maybe I can get some money to have the place painted."

"Fill me in some more on what happened last night." I lighted a cigarette. "From the time I called the D.A.'s office from Peggy Nance's apartment."

"That's what I got to do when all the brass gets here. Go get yourself some more coffee. I'm saving my voice."

Eight of us crowded into Inspector Stratford's office at nine o'clock. In addition to Stratford and me, there was the commissioner, the district attorney, Bob Levitt, a captain from the Riverfront Squad, a guy from the Rackets Bureau, and my old pal Clancy.

"What are you doing here?" I asked, shaking his big hand.

"Just an observer," he said. "Also I know Blackie Clegg—without his wig. Who the hell would have guessed that Smoothie was a killer? I always thought he was a pretty good old Joe."

"That makes two of us," I said.

"All right, gentlemen." The district attorney cleared his throat. "Let's get this thing tied together, so we can get back to work. Malone, you're first. Start when you found Clegg—whom you knew as Smoothie, the bartender—in your room at the Royale. I think we all know the case up to then."

It's no use repeating what I told them. When I finished Bob Levitt took it up.

"It was pure luck, but I was working late, and was in my office when Flynn's—Malone's—call came through from Peggy Nance's apartment. The man on the board told me immediately. Then I called the commissioner's office at the same time I called you, sir. That's about all I did."

"I came to your office right away," the commissioner said. "You know it from there. We called Stratford here, and told him to take charge because he knew Malone better than anyone else."

"But you got me all the men I needed, and had them on the spot in time, thank God. I hate to think what would have happened if they had been five minutes late." Stratford unwrapped a fresh cigar and jammed it in his mouth.

"What started the shooting down on the street?" I asked. "That was what saved me."

"It was the kid in the black sedan," Stratford said. "There must have been twenty cops on the street—not that you could see all of them. So the kid steps on the starter and before he has a chance to get the car in gear four cops in a prowl car swing in front of him. He whipped out a gun, and fired two wild shots at them. Next thing he knew he was dead."

"Who was he?" the D.A. asked.

"No record." Inspector Stratford answered. "At least we haven't found any. No prints on file."

"Go on."

"Then I heard a little *snap* somewhere inside the building and figured it was Malone's .32. So we went in. But all we got was a big ape who had been shot once already. I shot him again. He's in a detention ward, over in Bellevue. The guy's not right in the head. Can't get anything at all out of him. After that we searched everything in the block, found where they had gone down the sewer, and went after them. We didn't find them."

"You think he's still in town?"

"Sure I think he's in town. There ain't a man who has gone out of this town since midnight that hasn't been eyed by at least two cops. I don't think he could have come out of the sewer and changed his clothes and left before that. We got no reports of anybody leaving as dirty as he must have been."

"So it boils down to this," the district attorney said. "Blackie Clegg is gone. His wife's no help. The police in Chicago, Kansas City and Hot Springs aren't any help either—so far. Maybe they'll dig something up for us, but we can't wait that long. The commissioner can't keep his whole force on twenty-four-hour duty forever. We think Clegg's still in town. We got two reliable men who can spot him, and that's all. Malone and Special Agent Clancy here. We can find a couple more—the cops who cover the beat where the Royale Hotel is. But they're from the same outfit as Bennion, and maybe we can't trust them. Call it two, for sure.

"One of them Clegg knows—Malone. So we're right back where we started the morning that Edward Jenson got killed. Only Clegg has one more blue chip in his stack. Now he knows what Malone looks like with his hair dyed.

"But we've got a couple of new blue chips too. We've got Bennion's notebook—and if Bennion didn't do anything else he found out a lot of places where Clegg went. We've had men out visiting those places—bars and barbershops and things like that. Of course they didn't find out anything. Now I've got a plan. The commissioner agrees with me that it's the best chance we have."

And then he outlined what he had in mind, and the rest of us kicked it around for a while. Then everybody but Stratford and Clancy and me shoved off.

WE JUST sat and smoked for a few minutes. Nobody wanted to say anything. Finally Clancy broke the silence. "Well, it's a good plan—if it works."

"Yeah," I said.

"Sure is going to be hell if it doesn't work," Stratford said.

I got up. "Talking won't help. I'm going to go and collect my dirty clothes. Maybe I can get that suit cleaned. Some place with twenty-four-hour service can get it back to me tomorrow, and I'll start wearing it. That'll help." I walked back to the detention cell and gathered the suit and my shirt and shoes and underwear and socks together, tied a cord around them, and went back to the inspector's office.

"All right," I said. "Let's get started."

"Operation Malone's Neck," Clancy muttered. "It couldn't happen to a nicer guy."

Part of the district attorney's plan was for me to start walking around New York, visiting the places Bennion had mentioned and any others I might think of where Blackie Clegg might be. If I saw him first, I'd try to get him.

Clancy's part was to walk along about fifty feet behind me. If Clegg saw me first, Clancy would try to get him.

"Operation Malone's Neck" was a pretty good name for it. . . .

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Except for the dust that had drifted in, and the hot, still air, my apartment on Sullivan Street was the way I had left it so hurriedly a little more than a week before. My own gun, and my detective's shield, were still in the laundry hamper in the bathroom. I strapped the .38 under my shoulder, and dropped the shield, in its little leather case, in my pocket. Then I shifted the extra .38, the one I had lifted from Bennion, to my left hip pocket. The .32 I tossed in a drawer. There was enough weight on me without it.

Then, just to prove to myself that it wasn't necessarily my last day on earth, I turned on the refrigerator so the beer would be cold when I came back to sleep that night.

THE next stop was the Royale Hotel. Double-Ugly, the desk clerk, was reading a Racing Form, and didn't pay much attention to me, but he was willing to talk about Smoothie. That was because Smoothie's many names had got into the morning paper. Mine hadn't.

"Whatta ya know," he said. "You seen the papers this morning? The bartender, you know him—Smoothie—he's the biggest thing in this town since Lucky Luciano. Didja know that?"

"No."

" 'No,' he says! You oughta read the papers, Flynn. Smoothie—the bartender here, fa God's sake. He's really Blackie Clegg, that everybody's been whisperin' about fa weeks. Jeez, he's killed hunnerds of guys. Whatta man! And nobody here ever knew."

"They know now," I said. "As soon as I get my stuff together I'm checking out."

He started to chatter something else about Clegg and what a great guy he was, and he was still talking when I got back.

"Whatsa idea of leavin', Flynn?" he asked. "On the lam again?" There was a knowing look—in his glass eye. "What shall I tell the cops when they come lookin' fa you?"

"Tell 'em I've gone to see Smoothie. If Smoothie comes looking for me, tell him the same thing."

He leaned closer. "For a hundred bucks I won't tell the cops a thing."

"I'll bet you a hundred bucks they've been here already, and you've told them everything you know or could dream up."

"What kind of a jerk do ya think I am—a bum?"

"Yeah, bum. I think you're a jerk." He was sputtering mad as I walked out the door, too mad to remember that my rent had only been paid for a week, and that I had been there longer. Swindling such a dead beat was good for my morale.

It was about lunchtime. I headed for a restaurant that had been mentioned in Bennion's little black book, walked right straight through it, carefully and with my eyes wide open, and took a table all the way back, in a corner. Clancy came in and took a seat at the front.

Smoothie—or Blackie, or Charles Tremaine—wasn't there, but I kept an eye on the door while I was eating. He didn't show.

When the check was paid, I walked over to a phone booth along the wall and called Inspector Stratford. "You got anything, Chief?"

"We're starting to get something, Freddy," he said. "Fingerprints are coming through from Washington. Your friend Blackie used to be a lieutenant colonel in the Army, before he got court-martialed for running a black market in stolen stuff in France. He was a smart operator then. They never proved enough to jug him. You find anything yet?"

"Not a thing. How's Mary?"

"She's able to sit up and take nourishment. They still got her in bed, though. Stop worrying about her and get that damned Clegg, before he gets you."

"Okay, Chief, I'll get him. I always wanted to find a lieutenant colonel in a spot like this. Too bad he wasn't a full colonel."

"Too bad you don't have more brains." He hung up.

It was just a coincidence that the restaurant wasn't more than three blocks from St. Anthony's Hospital, where Mary worked and where she was now in bed. Strictly a coincidence. And, since I just happened to be going that way, it seemed a good idea to stop in and see her.

The receptionist didn't recognize me at first, with my hair dyed, but I finally convinced her that I was Freddy Malone and had a perfect right to see Mary Kiernan. Not only was she my girl, but it was my duty, as a detective, to interview her.

"Two other cops have been in to interview her already," she smiled. "I guess she can stand you."

Mary's room was at the end of a long corridor on the tenth floor, on the corner, and she was lying in bed as I walked in.

"Freddy," she said. "Oh, my darling—are you all right?"

I kissed her. "Right as rain, sweetheart. You look pretty good yourself. What's the matter, taking a day off?"

"I'm still all shaky and full of butterflies inside," she said. "But I'm better now that you're here. They told me you were safe, but they'd have said that anyhow. I'm glad you came. I had to see for myself." Her hand reached over and took mine. "That man—he's the one you're after, isn't he?"

"I'm after him more than ever, now. Did they give you a bad time?"

"They hit me on the head and knocked me out. And they slapped me two or three times. But—it was mostly the way they looked at me. And then there was that terrible person, the one—"

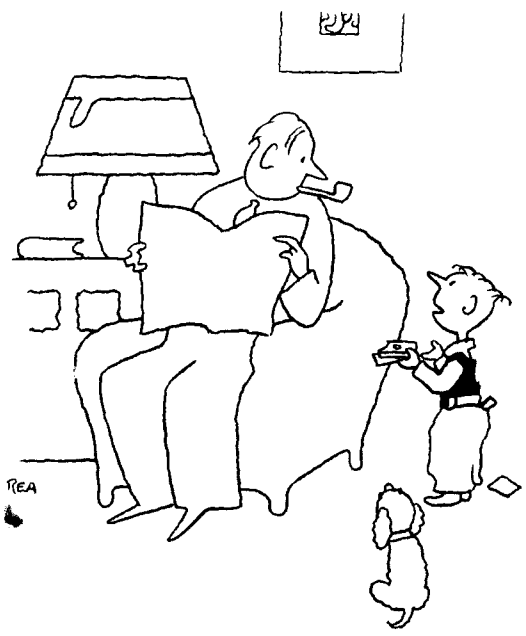
"Shhh," I whispered. "Don't talk about it. We got that one, and we'll get the rest soon. I'm sorry I couldn't get to you sooner, but I didn't know."

"I thought the telegram was from you, and you needed me. That was kind of stupid of me, I guess, but—"

SOMEBODY knocked on the door, and Mary said, "That's the nurse. Wipe the lipstick off your face. I'm not supposed to have any excitement. Come in!"

The door opened, and a man with a pistol in his hand walked in. He was bald as a billiard ball.

"One peep out of either of you and the dame gets it first," Blackie Clegg said. His



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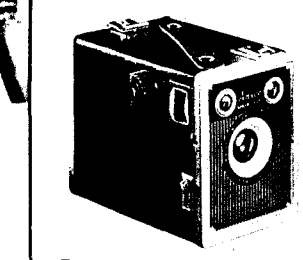

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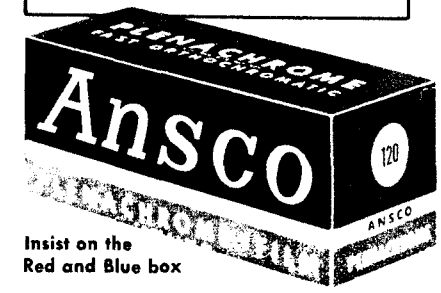

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left arm was in a sling. "Keep quiet and maybe she lives. She found you for me, Malone, and I'll keep my end of the bargain." He closed the door.

"You're a fool, Clegg," I said softly. "Think it over. You're ten floors up. Every cop in town is looking for you. One bang out of that gun and—"

"And this babe is dead. Don't talk to me, Malone. I know where I stand. And you're the guy who can get me off the spot. Keep your hands up—high."

"What makes you think I'll help you?"

"Because you don't want to see this pigeon's brains spatter up against the wall, that's why. Now get up, walk over to the window, and take off your coat—carefully."

There wasn't much I could do. Blackie was a desperate man, with a desperate plan in his cunning head, and the only thing on my side was time. That was running out.

"Easy with the coat, Malone," the voice behind me warned, as I stood at the open window. "This gun is against her ear."

I dropped my coat on the floor, and stood there with my two guns sticking out.

"Quite a lot of artillery," Blackie said. "Now, kid, you get up and go over and bring those two guns back to me. And don't stall or reach for the bell or knock anything over, or your boy friend gets knocked over. Understand?"

Mary understood. I heard her get out of bed, and then my two guns were removed.

"That's a smart girl," Blackie laughed softly. "Drop them on the bed." There was a moment of silence. "Now get back in there and behave yourself. You can turn around, Malone, so you won't be tempted to yell out the window. That's right. Sit down in that chair and keep quiet."

The two pistols had disappeared under his clothing, but the one he had when he came in was still in his right hand. He sat down in a chair by the other window.

"Okay," I said. "Now what are you going to do, Colonel?"

"You just find that out?" he asked.

"I found it out last night. Your prints were all over the place."

"Glad you told me," he said. "I'll have to watch that. Now stop trying to make a lot of chatter with me. We got work to do to get me out of here. You, Malone, are going to pick up that phone and call your boss and tell him you've chased me up in the Bronx, where Tremont Avenue crosses Bruckner Boulevard. You're not going to give him any phony street numbers, either. And in case you're dreaming up something cute, I know your boss is Inspector Stratford, and I know his phone number. I know a lot of other things, so you better make it good."

"Then what—if I do it?"

"You'll do it. You know damned well I'll kill this girl if you make even one little slip. And you'll tell Stratford to go up there himself, with all the cops he can get, and then—"

THERE was another knock at the door.

"Tell 'em to come in," he whispered, hiding the pistol under the sling on his arm. "And be careful."

"Come in," Mary called.

It was a nurse. "Oh, visitors, I see," she said cheerfully. "I guess you're feeling better, Mary, now that your boy friend is here."

The nurse stuck a thermometer in Mary's mouth, held her thumb on Mary's wrist, and looked at her watch. After seconds that seemed like years she finished taking the pulse, removed the thermometer, shook it, and put it back in the glass on the table. Then she made some notes on the chart that hung on the end of the bed. "There's nothing wrong with you, Mary," she said. "We'll have you up in time for supper." She went out and shut the door.

"Smart kids," Blackie admitted. "Stay as smart and Mary stays alive. Now get on that telephone, ask for an outside connection, and call Stratford. Tell him what I said, and get him and his cops uptown—in a hurry. Tell him I'm holed up in a brick building and you'll have to gas me out."

"Suppose I don't?" I asked.

"Then both of you get it, and I shoot my way out of here. With three guns I'll really raise hell. Start talking."

I knew he was right, and I didn't know where Clancy was, and I didn't want to see Mary's brains spattered against the wall, and I wasn't quite ready to die. "Outside," I said, when the operator answered. When the line clicked and the dial tone started I dialed Homicide West. "Hello. Give me Inspector Stratford . . . Inspector, this is Freddy Malone . . . Look, I've got Clegg. No, but I got a tip and trailed him to the Bronx! Corner of Tremont Avenue and Bruckner Boulevard . . . Northeast corner . . . He's in a brick building and we'll have to shoot him out . . . Huh? . . . There's five of us, and he can't get out, but we can't get in, either . . . Okay, we'll wait!" My hand was shaking as I put the phone back.

"You better hope he falls for it, Malone," Blackie said. "I'll wait here for ten minutes. There shouldn't be anything but traffic cops around Manhattan by then."

"What happens after ten minutes?"

"I kill you, you smart guy, and then I leave. You got ten minutes to sit there and figure how you're going to stop me. Only none of your plans will work, because before you can get across the room your girl will be dead. You saw me shoot Jenson. You know I don't miss."

The seconds ticked away. "How did you get out?" I asked. "Through the sewer?"

"Yeah," he said. "How long did it take you cops to find it? Too long, I'd say. We were out a manhole on Tenth Avenue a quarter of an hour after we left you."

"It took us an hour to find it. The guy you left behind was drowned."

"Served him right, after the way he passed Bennion with a gun on him."

"What did you do to your arm?"

"Slipped in that damned sewer and broke it. But then I figured if I went to a hospital and got it set I could hide out for a while in a private room. I came here because I knew your girl worked here, and sooner or later she was going to tell me where you were. You're still the only cop who knows me on sight. It happened sooner than I thought. You ought to warn your friends, kid," he said to Mary. "The word that Malone had come to see you was all over the place ten minutes after he walked in."

"What became of the other two guys who were with you?"

"You're awful conversational all of a sudden, aren't you, Malone?" he said. "Go ahead. You still have six minutes. We all got out. We all went to a place we know of and changed our clothes. Then I got a taxi and came down here. One of them came down to see me this morning and brought me this gun. Anything else you want to know? You still have five minutes."

"Yeah. Where did you come from?"

"That'll take more than five minutes, and if I tell you the dame here will remember it and maybe some of my friends will be on the spot. If the girl lives to talk," he added. "Let's just say I met some guys in the Army. They liked the way I did business. After I got booted out they looked me up. So some of them went to work for me, and I went to work for some of them. I had a pretty clean nose, and knew how to run an outfit. I did well in Kansas City, better in Chicago, and the boss promoted me to here. Here things were tougher. You got two minutes."

"How about Montgomery and Rizuki? Did you kill them?"

"Sure. One minute and a half."

"The three guys who came to my apartment the day I saw you shoot Jenson?"

"Punks. Hired 'em through a guy I know. They can't tell anything. Forty seconds. Get out of bed, nurse, and go stand by the window. Stay where you are, Malone."

Mary, white-faced, trembling, walked slowly across the room, her eyes searching my face for some hope. I couldn't show any, not with Blackie looking at me for the same sort of sign. It was the toughest ten seconds I ever lived through.

"You can go over and stand beside her," Blackie said, evenly and coldly. "You can hold hands for the last time, you love birds. I'll wrap a pillow around this gun and the noise won't carry out of the room. Get going, because time's up. Unless you want her to get it after all."

We were in a corner room, like I said, with windows on two sides. Blackie was sitting in a chair with his back to one of the open sides. I was sitting across from him, against a blank wall. As I stood up and started toward the other windows, where Mary was standing, I moved out of line.

Two men with rifles, whom I had been watching for five minutes as they stood in windows across the street, behind Blackie's back, fired at the same time.

STRATFORD laughed. "You were scared to death. You were still white as a sheet when it was all over."

"Scared, hell," I said. "I was just mad because Mary had to lie there without knowing what was going on. She couldn't see those cop sharpshooters."

"I knew something was going on," she said. "Just as soon as that policewoman who was pretending to be a nurse came in. What's her name, anyhow? I'll have to give her some lessons."

"That's Mary Glover," Stratford said. "One of the best cops we got. How'd you know she wasn't a nurse?"

"She used her thumb to feel my pulse. No nurse would ever do that."

"I'll be darned," the inspector said. "You learn something new every day. I'll have to mention that the next time I lecture to the girls down at the Academy." . . .

It was Monday evening, and we were having dinner together at a place on Third Street. Blackie Clegg had died in Bellevue on Saturday morning. He had never regained consciousness after the two slugs had hit him, and so we couldn't find out who his bosses were, even though we had a good idea. Somebody else would pick up and the waterfront rackets would go on.

We weren't worried about that. "Let the Rackets Bureau go back to work," Stratford said. "That's their job."

"I don't want any more of it," I said. "How about you telling Mary how you had things rigged there at the hospital? We've had other stuff to talk about."

"I'll bet you have." He smiled, and lighted a cigar. "Well, there wasn't much to it. The district attorney and the commissioner had it pretty well figured out, *if* Clegg actually was still in town, and *if* he was still looking for you. He'd tried to use Mary to catch you once, he might try to do it again. We put the story in the papers that she was confined to bed, *in a private room*, at St. Anthony's. Where we missed, of course, was when we didn't figure that he was already in the hospital. We had a million cops outside waiting for him to go in. They could have waited until they dropped.

"That policewoman was supposed to shadow you if you went to the hospital. She knew it was Blackie as soon as she saw him. I'd just hung up on her call when yours came in. Hell, I knew you were still downtown and not up in the Bronx—you'd called me not more than fifteen minutes before."

"Good thing Clegg didn't know that."

"Yeah. And what the hell kind of a police department does he think we have here, anyhow?" he sputtered. "Five cops not able to get one guy out of a building! One of them has to telephone for help!"

"You had to get at least five hundred when I had him in a building on Friday."

"That was different. You were in with him, and the place was full of helpless women, or something."

"What would have happened if Freddy hadn't been able to step aside so the cops in the other building could shoot?" Mary asked. "They might have shot him too."

"Not those deadeyes," Stratford winked at me. "They were brought up in poolrooms, and were going to bank their shots off the window sill. Of course the way they did it was just as good, but not as fancy."

I laughed. "That calls for a brandy on me. We might as well celebrate in style, while we have a chance. Tomorrow you'll probably have me on another case, and I might as well relax while I can." THE END

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The Chinese Pheasant

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

his pain had undermined his health; the hair of his head and beard was dry and sparse and speckled with gray, and there were heavy pouches beneath his eyes. He had mild and gentle manners and a soft voice. A few people, who did not know him well, underestimated him, thinking him slow and dull. Very often the mistake cost them dearly. He was capable of extreme cruelty and was as ruthlessly despotic as might be expected of one who had never been thwarted, corrected or even contradicted in the whole of his life, and who from his seventeenth year had held complete and undisputed sway over nearly ninety million people, a great many of whom regarded him not only as royal, but holy.

LINDA DORBRAY was the only woman in whom he had ever taken a sentimental interest. Before his accident he had collected women much as he now collected rare animals and birds. He liked variety and he liked oddity. Nowadays he seldom visited his zenana. He had only one use for women, and since his painful infirmity had come upon him he had left them alone.

He had been unlucky in that none of these many wives or concubines had been of a sort to exercise any influence on him. It was not until the arrival of Linda Dorbray on her first formal visit to the palace that he had ever suspected that a woman could afford him mental entertainment and stimulus.

His insatiable curiosity had caused him to send for her. He had never seen an Englishwoman, nor indeed any European woman at all, though he had, in the last few years, become fairly familiar with both Frenchmen and Englishmen.

His first feeling at the sight of her was one of disappointment. He thought her plain, her manner stiff and cold. The stiffness vanished with her shyness; the face he had thought plain brightened into animation. She laughed and made him laugh. When she rose to take her leave he was amazed to find that the hour had gone so quickly. When she had gone he realized that he had never enjoyed a conversation so much.

He had found a new interest in life. His elaborate spy system informed him that the Dorbrays seemed poorer than most of the Europeans. Little delicacies, fruit and flowers, went down from the palace into the dark, poky house on the other side of the city. In the heat of that summer the marble pool where the pampered ladies of the zenana bathed was placed at Linda's disposal. His most perceptive kindness of all, unknown to her, was the deputation of one of his stewards to watch the native servants in her house, so that never in the nine months of her sojourn was anything stolen or lost or broken.

In return she talked to him, explaining, or attempting to explain, everything under the sun; the English sport of fox hunting; the difference between a Whig and a Tory; what a newspaper was. He found that many things, which when other people had attempted to describe them had only succeeded in baffling him further, became clear when Linda, eloquent and observant, talked. And now she was coming to say good-by.

"It is good of you to come," he said, pronouncing his words carefully and with a singsong inflection. "I was afraid that you would go without saying good-by. So I sent. Is that what you meant to do?"

"I'm afraid it was," she said frankly. "I had a good many things to see to. And as you may understand, Richard isn't feeling very kindly toward you at the moment."

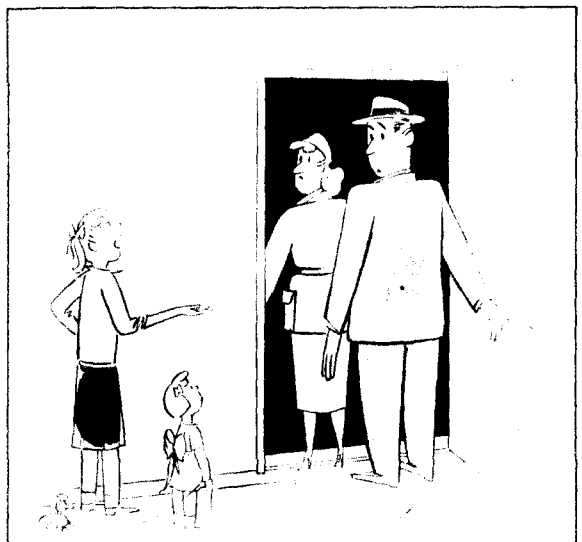
Actually when she had proposed coming to say good-by, Richard had uttered some flowery oaths and said, "Don't go near the old devil. He's been playing with us all the time. I'd like to wring his blasted neck."

She had not spoken of it again. Surunda Ghotal was not worth starting a quarrel over. And at the moment, as always when luck was against him, Richard was turning toward her.

"He thinks," said Surunda, "that I have done him nasty trick. He thinks I should have said no at the beginning." It was strange to hear so shrewd a guess spoken in that childlike and deceptively disarming voice. Again, she found it necessary to remind herself of his enormous, incredible power, of the awe with which everyone, even his own children, regarded him.

"Yes, exactly. And naturally the company, after being led to believe that you would give them their way, thinks that your final refusal is Richard's fault. *I* know why you have taken nine months to make up your mind."

"Oh? How do you know?" Surunda said.



"Would you mind paying me in advance, Mr. Tulley? I remember what happened *last* time you went out to play poker"

COLLIER'S — LARRY HARRIS

"There are four new forts between Chilpuddy and Dorhea. And five times as many soldiers in Jholobad."

"You see everything," he said; a smile broke on his dark face. He went on, serious again, "I have often wished to speak of this matter to you, but while I was negotiating with your husband it seemed not quite the right thing to do. Have I decided good or bad?"

"I don't know. But I do know one thing, and I have often wanted to say it to you. When the trouble comes it won't be along the road from Chilpuddy, or Dorhea. I sometimes wonder if you realize the strength of the company. If they have really determined to set up a factory here in Kilapore they'll do it, I'm afraid. Having failed by direct means, they'll undermine you in some other way. They'll find somebody with a shadow of a claim to your throne, or even bribe one of your sons to rebel against you. Then they'll step in. It has happened before. And when I think of that"—a slight edge came into her quiet voice—"I do find it rather hard that by playing for time which can't save you from the real danger, you should have ruined Richard."

"Ah, no," he protested, "that is very harsh. I understand it is not entirely because of his failure with me that Dorbray Sahib is in disgrace. There are other reasons."

"Oh, I admit that," she said a little wearily. "He's done many foolish things. And as far as we are from headquarters, every single one of them seems to have been reported. But if you had given him the concession they'd have been overlooked. As it is they've added all his faults together and finished with him. I expect you knew that."

"I had heard," he said placidly. "So you go back to England?"

"Yes."

"And that is what you wish to do?" he asked.

"Oh, yes." The thought of leaving India was the only bright thing about the whole sorry business.

"I ask because you would be very welcome here," he said with that disarming air of diffidence. "There is room in the palace for you both. Your husband could ride and shoot and help to train my soldiers; and you could advise me and keep those sharp eyes of yours looking for the treason you say will come from within."

He smiled, carefully tactful, throwing out the suggestion lightly, but watching her closely, even anxiously.

She thought for a moment, staring out at the garden and the strip of sky above it. In all other matters so honest and clear-sighted, she refused to face the truth about Richard because she was afraid to. Desperately she clung to the belief that once he got back to England he would be different. So now she told herself—and quite truly—that what Surunda Ghotal had suggested would never do. Richard would get drunk and insult somebody, there'd be one woman after another, and in the palace the woman question could be dangerous; he'd still be able to give the climate as an excuse for drinking.

"That is an exceedingly kind offer," she said graciously. "I only wish we could accept it. But I am really very anxious to get Richard home. I am concerned for his health." Something about his steady, noncommittal stare made the reason sound feeble and silly. And because of that she experienced a prick of pride, that tough, enduring quality which had survived through all the shifts and shames and buffetings of six years of marriage. Her back straightened and her chin came up. In a clear voice she added, "Also it is time he went back and looked after his own estate."

"Ah," Surunda said, voicing his understanding, but concealing his genuine surprise. He was surprised because none of his inquiries about Dorbray Sahib had brought to light anything that hinted at the possession of an estate. Was it in reason that any man with a place of his own in his own land would leave it to live in an alien place to sweat and suffer so much and become so bad-tempered and so ill?

So he said, "Ah," and then asked naïvely, "An estate is much land?"

"Not by your reckoning."

"Tell me about it."

WHAT could she say about Merrally? The word called up so much. The avenue of elms where the rooks built every spring in the swaying treetops; the old red-walled house with its wavy roof and mullioned windows; crown-land wood, so full of oxlips and windflowers and bluebells. They were the memories of homesickness. It had a history, too, but that ended in gray ruin, with Richard's having to get this job with the East India Company.

"It is in Suffolk," she said, "on the east side of England. The house is called Merrally. That means the sea is coming. The sea on that coast did wash away a lot of the land. But it has stopped now and Merrally seems safe enough despite its name."

"It sounds very dangerous," said Surunda, who had never looked upon the sea. "I trust you will be safe there."

She smiled reassuringly. Impossible also to tell him that she would never live in that

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house. It would, by this time, take a thousand pounds to make the roof watertight and mend the windows. The ivy had been inside many of the rooms when she had left it. But it pleased her to think that in his mind's eye he saw her returning to her place, secure once more against her own background. So she smiled and said:

"Oh, yes, I shall be safe."

"And happy? That is good."

Something final seemed to have been said. Linda looked at the sky again and began to form in her mind some sentence of leave-taking which, without seeming unctuous, would express her sense of gratitude for the favors he had shown her and her intention to remember him as a friend.

She said, "Surunda Ghotal, the time has come to say good-by—"

"Yes, you must go," he agreed swiftly. "But first I have something to give to you. Present for memory. There is little word for it?"

"A keepsake. That is very kind of you—but then you have always been very kind. There is no need. I shall remember you, always, because of the kindness."

But as the words—sincere, and expressing something of what she had planned to say—fell from her lips, it shot through her mind that he might be intending to give her something, which, though trivial to himself, might be turned into money in England. If he slipped one of the great diamonds from one of his fingers, or wrenched the flashing ornament from his turban, or even plucked out one of the jeweled buttons from his jacket and gave it to her as "present for memory," it would mean that she would have something, a few pounds of her own which Richard shouldn't squander or gamble away. It might even be a lakh of rupees. A mere nothing to him whose treasury was crammed with bullion. But to her and Richard, food and shelter for a long time, while they looked around, while she put into action a scheme she had in mind— Oh, God, let it be a lakh of rupees, please.

LIKE a shy child again, asking a favor, he said, "Would you let me lean on your arm? Or would you rather I sent for Abal?"

"But, of course," she said, rising quickly. "Please have my arm. And don't be afraid to lean on it. I'm much stronger than I look."

She stood before him and stretched out both hands. Carefully he lowered his leg to the ground and then, taking her hands, pulled himself to his feet. As he did so she thought of another of the things she had often wanted to say to him and had not dared to.

"I wish you could be cured, or even improved. Have you ever thought of asking an English doctor? There are some in Fort St. George. One, Doctor Thompson, is very clever. I could see him. I would ask. I know he could come."

"No. No," he said testily. "I have my own doctors. You mean kindly, but I am satisfied with my own doctors."

She thought of some of the adjectives Richard had applied to Surunda Ghotal's obstinacy and for a moment echoed them. But at least he was consistent. He didn't want the company in Kilapore and he didn't want their doctors at his bedside. India for Indians, and Indian doctors for Indian legs injured by Indian spears. Perhaps he was right. . . .

"This way," he said in his usual pleasant voice, drawing her away from the path which led directly to the palace, and round to the back of the summerhouse. Beyond a door which swung open at a touch great flaring torches lighted up the whole of the space which she recognized with surprise as the center court of his menagerie.

About the courtyard were ranged the barred cages which housed his collection of beasts, chosen and valued for their rarity.

Moving slowly, followed by reverent and wary glances from the motionless torchbearers, Surunda passed his treasures without turning his head. Linda, aware of the difficulty with which he walked, wondered why he had brought her by this roundabout way. Was this final glimpse of his animals intended to give her pleasure? In case this should be so she looked into each cage, uttering an occasional appreciative sound.

The cages were much cleaner than the hovels of Jholobad, the courtyard incomparably better kept than any of its streets, but there was the unmistakable acrid odor inseparable from animals in captivity. There was a sadness about it. All too easily one's mind leaped to the thought of the women in the palace, comfortably caged, but nevertheless imprisoned; and the inevitable question would come: Who is free? Not this man, bound by tradition and custom; nor I who chose my own jailer.

To escape the thought she turned her mind to speculation about what Surunda intended to give her. Surely not an elephant! They were moving now toward the stables where the elephants were housed. How Richard would laugh if she went home and said, "He gave me an elephant." Well, one might have a worse present; it could carry all their luggage down to the coast, and would be worth money in Madras.

Surunda passed the cages and enclosures without a glance, plodded on, and halted at last before a cage containing two birds.

They had arrived at the palace on the previous day. A tributary poligar to whom he had done a careless favor had searched the earth and racked his brain for two years for a present rare enough to show the measure of his gratitude. He knew his raja's tastes and had chosen well—a brace of Chinese pheasants.

Even upon eyes lately dazzled by parrots and hummingbirds their beauty struck with a pang. By comparison the parrots were gaudy, the hummingbirds the work of a happy, haphazard child. And as though complete and utter beauty were not enough, the birds possessed a regal dignity and a matchless grace.

Linda stood, lost in admiration for a moment, not speaking. Surunda leaned against the front of the enclosure and sighed. Gloating possessiveness, followed by a curious wistful look, came into his wide dark face. Like a child who has been spoiled by too many toys, he was entranced by his latest possession, forgetting all the rest; and like a child, moved by a momentary sentimental generosity, he had decided to give away the thing he valued most.

When he had decided, earlier in the day, that if the Englishwoman obeyed his summons and came to say good-by, he would give her a present, his mind had automatically turned toward the thought of a jewel. For two hours he had combed through his treasures diving into chests which he had never troubled to open, handling and brooding over dozens of things he had forgotten, until the room round his couch resembled something out of a fabulous fairy tale. To many, many other women down the course of his years of giving he had given gifts like these.

But having reached the conclusion that a jewel was too ordinary a thing by which to mark the end of a relationship so rare, he knew exactly what he must give her.

NOW, looking at the beautiful birds, he sighed. It did not occur to him that by tomorrow or the next day the Chinese pheasants would have lost their novelty, and therefore their charm for him, and that he would be able to pass their cage as he now passed the ostriches which had once held him breathless with wonder. Nor did he think that a pair of largish birds, however rare and beautiful, constituted an awkward and unwieldy gift for a woman who had many thousands of miles of land and ocean travel between her and her destination. Of all his inestimable treasures, the fantastic riches at his command, only one thing at that moment seemed precious to him, and she must have it.

"They are supremely beautiful," Linda said. "What are they?"

"Pheasants. From China, the Closed Land.'" His voice was dreamy. The poligar, vain of his choice and anxious that his gift should be fully appreciated, had sent, with the birds, a long account of how they had been obtained. Smuggling and bribery and murder had been mentioned in it. Surunda Ghotal, remembering, knew that the likelihood of the birds ever being replaced was extremely remote.

Realizing that he who hardly ever walked more than a few steps had made a great and painful effort to conduct her to see his latest treasure, Linda said, "I am glad you brought me to see them. I shall carry away the memory of perfect beauty. I think they are the loveliest things I have ever seen."

"They are for you," he said simply. And without giving her a chance to say a word he turned and spoke rapidly in his own tongue to one of the servants. Immediately two others, bearing between them a large wickerwork basket, ran forward and began to open the front of the enclosure. . . .

Linda had a swift, disconcerting vision of that basket on top of the jolting oxwagon that would carry their luggage to the coast; of the problem of where to put it while they waited to take passage; of its being dumped with all the other bales and crates and boxes on board the crowded East Indiaman; of its arrival, some drizzling day in early autumn, at the London dock; of its accompanying her and Richard when they set off in a hackney coach to look for cheap lodgings. In her throat she felt a half-hysterical spasm of laughter. She took a tiny portion of the inside of her cheek between her back teeth and bit it hard.

When she could trust her voice she said, "It is most kind and most generous of you—in keeping with the way you have always behaved to me; but I couldn't possibly take anything so valuable, so precious. For one thing you could never replace them. I thank you for wishing to give me such a beautiful present, but all the same—"

"There are some things that one would not wish to be replaced; some things that it is good to have seen," he said. "When there are two such things it is well they should be together. Come. I am a little weary." He sounded tired and dispirited.

Suddenly, disconcertingly, she felt the tears in her eyes. Rashly she thought: I don't care what Richard says, I will take them back to England, somehow. I'll keep them alive if I can, and turn them loose at Merrally. They can breed in crown land among the bluebells. I shan't see them, but I shall like thinking of them there.

She tried to express not merely her gratitude for the gift, but her awareness of the subtle honor it conferred. Surunda Ghotal cut her short before the first sentence was completed.

"I am glad that they please you," he said, and shuffled forward toward the covered way that led back to the palace. Once inside its precincts she imagined that the half-intimate informality of this meeting would end, as it had on other occasions, abruptly.

SURUNDA continued his painful walk through the halls and corridors until they reached the top of the steps beyond the bronze door. At the bottom of the steps the little red litter waited; the wicker cage was already strapped into position. Linda stopped and would have withdrawn her arm and said good-by there, but Surunda went tottering on down the steps to the very place where the litter waited. There he halted and let go her arm.

"And now we must say good-by. I pray Allah that all things may go well with you. I shall remember all the things you have told me."

"And I shall always remember your many kindnesses."

She saw, with a feeling near to panic, that his eyes too were moist. I must *not* cry, she thought fiercely. But there was something stark and terrible about this taking leave forever: he to stay here with his possessions and his state, living out his days, warding off the company's advances, or giving in to it in the end; she to go back to the England she had longed for so urgently, and then—ah, what did the future hold for her?

She held out her hand; he bent his head, and brushed it with his lips.

"Go in peace," he said.

He stood watching while the litter moved forward into the night. Then, waving aside the attendants who sprang forward to help him, but making no attempt to conceal the tears that streamed down over his face, the great Raja of Kilapore, the man of great possessions, turned and began to stumble back up the steps to his palace. THE END

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Devil's Hat

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

had learned that much. But the new voice from the back said, and it was so loud it was almost a call, "Hi, Dutch, who you got with you?"

"Oh shut up," he said softly.

"What'd you say?"

"Guggle-guggle," he said, still softly.

"What?"

Red or Jeep said, "Well, tell her, fa Pete's sake."

"It's Tammie," he shouted then.

She leaned forward from the back seat. "Hello, Tammie. Glad to meet you. My name's Ceel."

AROUND a curve the lights of an oncoming car made a fan across the back seat, opened, closed. Turning, Tammie could see the newcomer for an instant, plain. Oh, she was wonderful, better than a girl. This Ceel was a woman.

This Ceel must be thirty, as old as that. The safety of being with a woman comforted Tammie; safety was all the adventure had needed. Now it would be like lying securely in bed listening to the horrifying story of Red Riding Hood and the Wolf. Shudder and be happy—it isn't for *real.*

She turned flat around to the back seat of the car and smiled, putting herself in Ceel's hands. The woman said, "A dish, no less. Dutch, where'd you get her?"

"Guggle-guggle," Dutch said. It was a game, it was an unpleasantness, it was the strangest thing the way he mumbled in his throat when Ceel spoke to him.

"What?" Ceel asked from the back seat, leaning forward.

"We met at school," Tammie said. "We go to Greeley High."

"I didn't get the last part," Ceel said, straining forward. She had a wide pleasant face, an anxious, dedicated face.

"At school, at school. Didn't you ever hear of it?" Red yelled. "A-B-C, for Pete's sake!"

"Oh, school," Ceel said, leaning back. "Schoolkid, huh?"

Tammie gave up talking to those in the back—the cutout was too loud. She settled herself beside Dutch and looked down the road, with its white skunk stripe and at the first bald black terrace of the foothills. "Are we going someplace in the mountains?"

It seemed as though he weren't going to say anything but she kept her face turned toward his profile till he said, "Yes."

The mountains could be nice. There was Inspiration Point Inn and Taver's Lodge, and the Columbine Club. "Where?"

"Can't you relax?"

She had more confidence than she'd ever had with him, enough to let amusement come into her voice. "What is it, a guessing game? Can't you tell me where we're going?"

"It's a place, a cabin. Near Devil's Hat. Now do you feel better?" He never looked at her—he didn't try to drive one-armed.

"Now I feel fine," she said cheerfully. She did too, though Devil's Hat was a long-ish trip for an after-supper ride into the hills, thirty miles both bent and coiled. "Is it your folks' cabin? I wish my folks would get a place in the mountains. Do you like to ski? I'm desperate for it."

Dutch didn't answer. He probably never had a chance to ski, she thought. It sounds like showing off when I talk about it. "I like music too," she said. "Hot or cold, sweet or sour." Everybody had a chance at music. "I never get enough music."

"I heard you."

Usually when you go out with a boy and he's been watching you for weeks and you say you like something he falls off his feet telling you he likes it too. You like skiing—let's go next winter. Music—let's go dancing. If you are happy so is he, if you feel sad he worries. He is nice.

It occurred to her that this Dutch Whyte was not nice, but it seemed a disloyalty to her interest in him. Well, it is interesting, she thought, and she looked out through the windshield. . . .

Now they were into the shapes of the mountains, the blunted thrusts of rock, the shelves and walls. The slant of trees. Things to make black shadows on the other side of the moonwash. The whites of the moon were so pure that the car lights looked yellow. The blacks were black as blindness.

On the ribbon of road they came down to a valley and flew along, holding to the road as though it were a rope to take them up again. There was a white sign with black lettering and a black arrow, Devil's Hat. Almost as an afterthought Dutch pulled the wheel and the car sideslipped to the left and up a new rise.

"Devil's Hat," Tammie thought, pleased with the name. In the mountains they liked those scary names, Satan's Slide, Suicide Leap, Devil's Pocket, Lost Lake.

Dutch stopped the car, the wheels braced against a tree off the road. The silence was stunning after the noise of the motor.

"Well, what are we waiting for?" Dutch got out on his side and Tammie opened her door quickly so she wouldn't have to notice that he wasn't going to escort her from the car.

The air was cold, as it always was in the mountains at night. Tammie stood breathing it, smoothing out the wrinkles in her taffeta skirt, swinging her patent-leather bag in a ladylike way. The two boys and the woman got out of the back seat and Ceel started to shiver, exaggerated shivers. "Oh I'm so cold!" One of those two, Red or Jeep, put his arms around Ceel and she giggled.

The cabin was a dark block, tilted against a hillock, awkwardly set so it was neither quite off the hill nor a part of it.

"Let's go inside," Dutch said.

"Wait a minute," Tammie said. "I want to look at Devil's Hat. I want to see the view."

Red and Jeep spoke together, tonelessly, "She wants to look at Devil's Hat. She wants to see the view."

"All right, all right," Dutch said irritably. "You all go inside. I'll show her the view."

The three black shapes became one with the black shape of the building, disappeared. It was all right for Tammie to be alone with this boy. Ceel was near.

THEY started up toward the clearing, the pine needles making pleasant sounds under their feet. Tammie came to the open space first. From where she stood she could see up and down and across; the night was as bottomless as a clear eye.

Dutch came up beside her, not looking out, nudging a rock with his foot. "How come you latched on to me?" he asked her. "All that looking at me you do at school?"

Tammie's anger came quick as blood to a slap. "I do not. *You* look at me! Every time I turn around you're staring."

"If you didn't start it, I wouldn't look at you if you was covered in diamonds."

"Well, listen, then you might as well take me right home.

"Oh keep quiet." He put his strong skinny arms around her, yanked her so she fell against his lips to be kissed. His lips were hard and insistent.

She broke away, catching her breath and alarmed by her own pleasure in the kiss.

He said, "Well, why don't you look at your view?" He looked at it too, the layering of white mountains chalked around with black edges. "This stuff is for tourists," he said.

He was hateful and disgusting but Tammie found that she was trying hard to interest him with her talk. "That Ceel is nice, isn't she?"

"Ceel's old as sin and deef as a wall." He said the long "e" as though he meant it to sound scornful.

"Gee, that must be awful. Why doesn't she wear a—thing?"

"How should I know? Maybe she thinks nobody notices." Idly but with a watchful pride he said, "She used to be a stripper."

Not to hear music or talk—or a cry for help. "Let's go back to the cabin," Tammie said.

He stopped her, kissed her again. There was something wrong with the way he kissed and with the way she felt. Her lips stung as though they stood way out from her face and fire drained down her sides.

"Well, go ahead down to the shack," he said. "What are you waiting for?"

It was hard going down the slope—her knees were wobbly. I'll have to hang on to myself, she thought. I could do—that. I never have, but tonight I could.

Better stick around with Ceel. A woman, a grown woman.

Tammie went in the door; taking his time, Dutch came after her.

BACK of the log exterior was one room, slapped up with paperboard. It was furnished with a table and two beds. A raw electric light bulb hung from a length of cord; in the cold fireplace there were ashes, old paper plates, cups and bottles.

Red and Jeep and Ceel sat on one of the beds, drinking each in turn from a bottle of whisky.

"Give," Dutch said and they gave him the bottle. He held his head back and let the whisky roll down his throat.

"Leave it breathe," one of the boys said and Tammie saw that his hair was red so now she knew that the other one was Jeep.

"Here's Tammie. Give Tammie a drink," Ceel said and as she pointed the blouse came up out of her skirt.

Dutch took the bottle from his mouth and held it to Tammie.

She liked neither whisky nor drinking out of a bottle but it was an initiation, a being included. She took the bottle, tilted her head back and drank some of the raw, red stuff though it would have been easy to keep her lips closed against it.

"I'll take that," Jeep said, reaching for the bottle. He had a broad upturned nose, a wide chin. He was not a cute fellow. "Well, why don't you settle down someplace?" he said to Tammie.

She still wore her good navy coat over her navy dress, and carried her patent-leather bag which matched her patent-leather pumps, now a little smeared and damp. She looked around. There was a nail on the door. Carefully she hung her purse, settled her coat over the nail so as to damage the collar as little as possible. When she turned around, she saw they were all looking at her.

"Well, what you waiting for?" Dutch said. "A round of applause?" He was lying on the other bed. "Pull off that light," he said to Tammie.

"But that's the only light there is," she objected.

"Pull it off."

Tammie went across to the fireplace. "If one of you fellows would take the junk out of here we could have a fire."

"Listen, if we'd have wanted a fire, we'd have one."

Ceel said, "What? What does Tammie want?"

"Guggle-guggle," Dutch said, pushing up on his elbow.

Tammie went to Ceel and spoke into the anxious face surrounded by sausage-roll curls. "Let's have a fire," she said, very loud.

"Gee, I love a fire," Ceel said. "Let's have one. Come on, Jeep." When he didn't move she tickled him. He laughed, like barking, and sat up.

The boys, without an exchange of words, had reached a decision to give in on the matter of a fire. Dutch brought in a load of wood; Red strained and grunted, dredging

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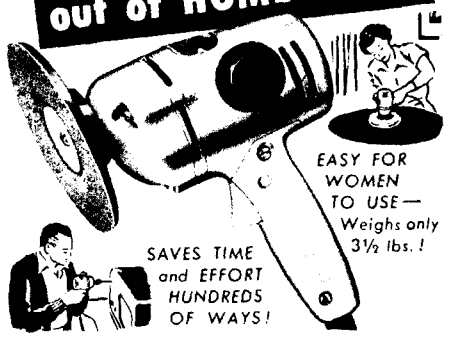

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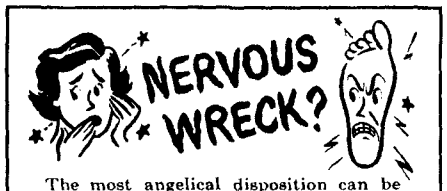

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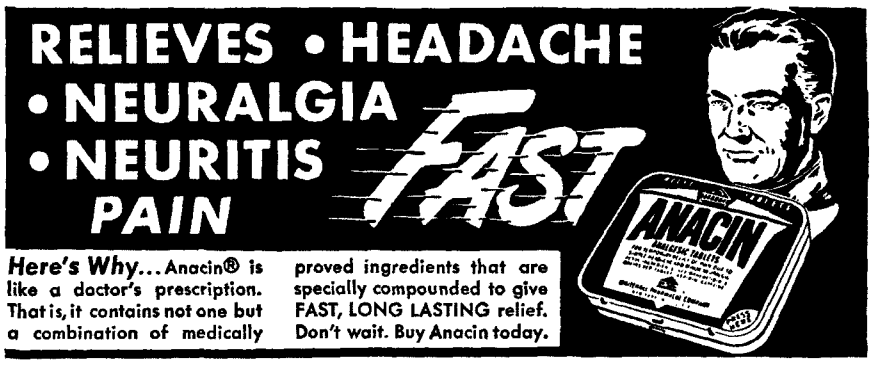
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the glass and unburnables from the fireplace. Ceel came close and knelt beside him.

Then Jeep came with a spear of flame and the papers took it. After the first roar the small wood smoked and lighted, the draft pulled and the fire bloomed.

Dutch pulled the light cord with one hand and put the other decisively on Tammie's arm. The room was no longer ugly—it was a dark amphitheater lighted by the little stage of flames. It was alive like a body with fire for a heart.

Tammie let Dutch's hand lead her to the bed. She sat, but until he kissed her she resisted his pressure.

I mustn't, she thought. But his lips sealed hers.

She forgot that they were not alone. She could not identify the laughter that was shrieking, the shrieking that was laughter.

"St-o-op." It was Ceel and nearly everything in her scream was pleasure. "Stop it!"

TAMMIE shoved Dutch aside and sat up. "Will you keep that broad of yours quiet?" Dutch yelled.

My dress is getting ruined and I didn't care—my navy taffeta. What are they doing over there, those others? It has to be all right—there are *three* of them. Like a whisper inside her—it does not absolutely have to be all right.

And what had happened to all the talking she and Dutch were going to do?

Sitting on the edge of the bed she found, surprisingly, that she could still make polite conversation. "Is this your cabin, Dutch?"

"Oh my gosh," Dutch said, "it's Santa Claus's." He grabbed at her and waves of sweet anguish raced up her back to the nape of her neck.

"St-op!" came Ceel's happy shriek. "Stoooooop." It trailed away like a train whistle down the converging tracks. . . .

Tammie wrenched herself up from the bed and stood in the wine-black light of the room. "I'm hungry," she said in a silly voice.

Not quite together, not quite in voice, Red and Jeep said from the other corner, "She's hungry."

"What? What did she say?" Ceel's voice was wiry with anxiety. She could not hear and she could not stand not knowing.

"I say I'm hungry," Tammie shouted.

Dutch got up and all his anger was in the quickness with which he came toward her, but his voice was controlled. "Aw, baby, we'll stop someplace on the way back."

"Well, then, I want some music. Didn't I see a record player here?"

They must have seen her flailing around to find the light-pull. "Don't turn on the light!"

With her hand on the cord it was as though she pointed a gun. "Well, then, I want some music."

Jeep said, "You keep that tomato off the light! I'm warning you, Dutch."

"Go on," Tammie said. "Start the music." She gave the light-pull a little twitch and Dutch went toward the wall. In the firelight she saw the crest of his hair like a cock's comb. He settled a record on the phonograph, turned the switch. The music came groaning from a standing start, and as the machine warmed up, it whined into Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition.

She let the light-pull spring away and went over to the phonograph. It would be nice to sit in front of the fire, but there were no chairs and she wasn't going to get her dress dirty sitting on the floor. She lifted herself onto the table, pushing back a bunch of keys and a pack of cigarettes to make herself comfortable.

"Well, there's your music. Satisfied?"

She was not satisfied. It had not been quite a joke when she had said she was hungry; she was double-edged with yearning and fear.

"Haven't you got anything newer?"

"Find it yourself."

She found and started My Foolish Heart, turned up the volume and hung over it as over an inhalant. Why does it seem so natural to me to be here in a place like this—doing what I almost did? I ought to get out. At least I ought to get mad.

Ceel wanted to hear. She came, pressing close to the music. "Gee, that's pretty. Gee, I could dance—"

Jeep heard her. "Hey guys!" he called. "Ceel wants to dance!"

"Give us a show!"

"Do a peel, Ceel!"

They incited her with two-finger whistling, stomping and slapping with hollow-held hands.

Ceel said, happy, "Should I? Should I, no kidding?"

"Take it off!" they yelled. "Take it off!"

"Well, okay," she said. Looking around, she planned her staging. "I'll come on through the front door. Tammie, keep the music playing." She ripped the needle back to the beginning of the record and went out the door to make her entrance.

They pushed the table back to make room for her. Red dumped another log on the fire—the sparks swarmed like bees. Then they waited, Tammie against the table and Dutch beside her, his arm around her, his hand under her arm not letting her forget him.

Into the light Ceel came, with the dragging false-lady step of burlesque, less dance than promenade. She turned slowly, lifted her arms, paused promisingly.

She wasn't thin—maybe she was almost fat. She was trying, though, trying hard. With utmost delicacy she bent and removed her shoes.

"Shoes don't count," Dutch said. "Who wants to see her feet?"

Tammie started the record again and when she turned back Ceel had pulled off her stockings. Barefoot, she ran back through the front door and they made a thunder of whistling, stomping and calling to get her back.

Now the dancer returned, and after some fumbling let them see her bare back.

They began to whistle and shout and she went away and came back again by popular acclaim. Ceel was smiling and bowing and teasing and once in a while she frowned with the strain to hear. When she came from the door this time there would be little left to unhook, pull aside.

"I think it's awful," Tammie said. "Awful."

"Maybe you can do better," Dutch said. "Hey, Tammie's going to show us how it's done."

The girl was scared by her project, scared by her anger. But she was happy with her anger too: it was the strongest emotion she had ever felt. While the boys kicked the floor and whistled, commanding her to begin, she let her fine fury feed her resolution.

"All right," she said, "keep the music loud." She gathered up Ceel's discarded clothes, pulled down her own coat and bag from the door; she slammed the door behind her.

CEEL was on the dark porch waiting to come on-stage again. Tammie took her arm, shoved her down the steps. The music came out of the house like sirup, diluted, thinning as she pushed and dragged the barefoot half-nude woman down the hillock. Snubbed against the tree was the car. Tammie jerked open the front door, threw Ceel inside, her clothes after her.

"Put them on," she said and she knew that the slap of the door as she closed it might be heard inside the cabin.

She ran around the car, climbed in the other side and there was not even time to pray that the key she had stolen from the table actually was the car key. It fit. The starter was standard but the roar of the stepped-up motor turning shook the body of the car, shocked the night.

Yelling even over that sound, the boys burst from the house, down the slope. Before Tammie got the car backed to the spur of road they came close enough so that she saw their faces, furious mouths open to their limits and black as tunnels. Let them yell! Torture a poor . . . thing . . . like Ceel, would they? Let them strangle.

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She had never before driven a souped-up car. The speed was immediate, the noise overpowering, and for a hundred yards there was no place and no time to turn around. It was a backward, terrifying flight. In another car they might have been caught by the running boys. This car had been engineered to get away fast. And it did. At the road junction where the Devil's Hat sign was, she shifted to a forward speed. It was only then that she turned on the lights.

It was like riding a runaway horse. Tammie hung on to the wheel. She was a little sick to her stomach, she felt like screaming, and she shook with joy and fear.

Down the short slope to the valley, the car flew like a rocket, up the steep grade. The white line in the road kept coming at her, going behind her. She caught the curves with tense, swift movements of her hands; when the moonlight touched the hood of the car, she heard the slap of light, like sound.

"What happened?" Ceel yelled. "Where are the fellows?"

Tammie shook her head.

"Tell me! What happened?"

Tammie said, "Get dressed!"

"What?"

"Guggle-guggle," Tammie said. She began to laugh and the tears came to her eyes with grief. I better breathe a lot or I'll be hysterical. She pointed to the tumble of clothes, still on Ceel's lap where she had put them. "Dress! Put on!" she yelled and after a few seconds she judged from the shuffle and motion that she had been understood.

There was no other attempt at conversation, the car roared down and around the mountains, its echoes flattening as they descended to the foothills, to the level road which led back to town.

Then the glow of the city in the distance, the first streets and curbs. That was all there was to it. Tammie spoke to Ceel. "You'll have to tell me how to get to your house."

"Gee," Ceel said despondently, "I sure never would have come with you if I knew you were going home. I didn't want to go home."

"Tell me, Ceel—it's left at this corner, isn't it? Then right?" She made the turns slowly. Ceel hadn't wanted to leave the place at Devil's Hat. She hadn't known what those boys said about her, she hadn't understood what their treatment of her meant.

Tammie recognized the place Dutch had stopped to pick up Ceel. She pulled in to the curb, turned off the motor. Prepared to speak.

But Ceel was crying, hands over her eyes, wet and noisy crying. Bawling. "Ceel," Tammie said, touching her. "Ceel, what's the matter?"

"Those kids will never call me again," Ceel said.

. . . Tell her she had been insulted, used scornfully? Tell her that her plight of which she had *not* even been conscious, was the only thing stirring enough to have given Tammie the strength to save herself?

"Listen, Ceel," she said loud and clear, "I'm not ever going to talk to Dutch again. But I'll write him a note and tell him I made you come, that it wasn't your fault. I'll tell him you want to see Red and Jeep. I promise."

TAMMIE'S mother and father were in the kitchen drinking tea. They looked at her as she came in, ashamed at having been caught waiting up for her.

"Have a nice time, dear?" her mother asked carefully.

"Oh . . ." Tammie said, elaborately casual. Then to her father, "I left them there and took their car. I guess it was—stealing. Should we tell the police?"

Her father stood up, tied the sash of his wool robe. "I'll look at the license number and report it."

Her mother said, "Want a cup of tea, honey?"

After a minute Tammie heard her father come back into the house and make a telephone call. Then he walked down the hall to the kitchen.

"Everything all right, Tam? With you?"

"Oh sure," she said.

"I gather it was pretty bad," he said, looking hard at her.

"Oh, it was just—" She made a face and let it tell her story. She didn't want to be asked a million questions. "I guess I'll go to bed," she said.

As she went upstairs she thought it was pretty funny that all the things she had told her folks just to get to go with Dutch had turned out to be true. That she was over the "thing" she'd had for him, that she could take care of herself. Maybe she was even beginning to know what to look for in a husband.

Her folks would be probing, trying to find out what happened. She wouldn't tell them, probably ever. How could you tell that stuff?

THE END

BUTCH

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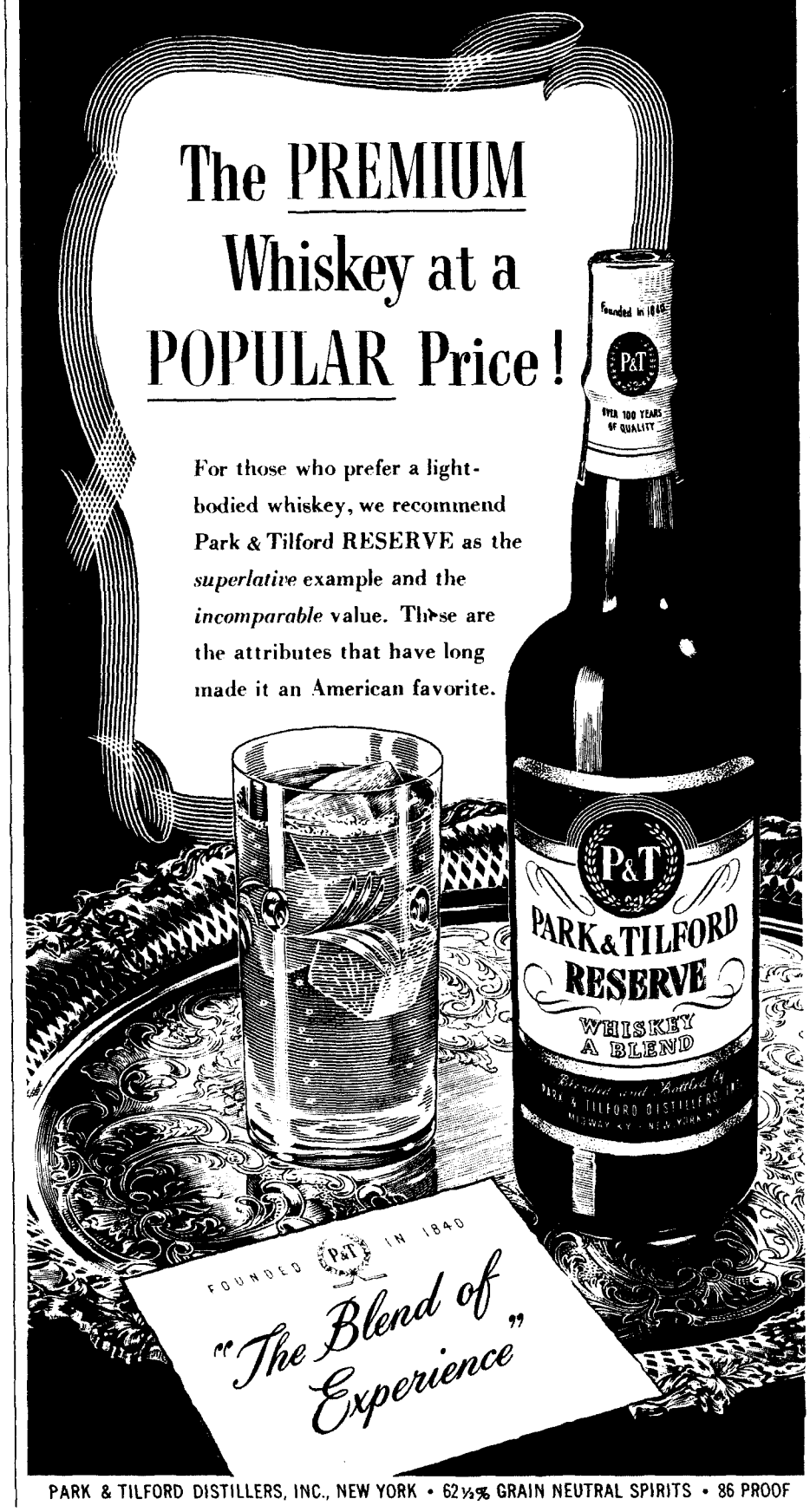

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HARRY DEVLIN

Time to Cut the Double-Talk

AMERICA'S BIG INDUSTRIES played a heroic part in World War II. And the government "gloried in the size of its industrial giants and honored them," as U.S. Steel's Benjamin Fairless reminded Congressman Celler's antimonopoly subcommittee not long ago. Since then, in the eyes of some members of the administration, these giants have turned from heroes to villains overnight.

We don't know whether the shooting war in Korea, which emphasizes our need of present strength and future preparedness, is going to cast big industry once more in a role of heroic importance. But we hope it will impel the administration to abandon its attitude of amorphous inconsistency and adopt a definable policy toward business.

During the last year we have tried to find out whether any such policy existed. And there have been times when we thought we had found it. One of those occasions was the Justice Department's action against General Electric.

The department's antitrust division asked the court to make G.E. divest itself of half of its light-bulb manufacturing business, turn over to the public its incandescent-bulb patents, and open its plants for inspection. This was the penalty for an organization which had 82 per cent of the light-bulb business in 1912 and now has only 58 per cent, and which had been praised by the court for steadily improving the quality and lowering the prices of its bulbs.

So we figured the administration's policy was that bigness is bad. Mr. Celler, in his antimonopoly inquiry, confirmed that opinion. But Mr. Celler also has announced that the present laws, under which the antitrust division seeks to punish G.E., are quite inadequate. And he confused us completely when, writing for the Reader's Digest, he stated what we assume is his basic philosophy toward bigness: "I believe it is more practical to outlaw any concentration of power that cannot be shown to be so useful as to justify the cost of policing it against abuse."

It is that philosophy which, with the President's blessing, Mr. Celler apparently wants to see become the law of the land.

But then we came upon some statements by Secretary of Commerce Sawyer. Here, we thought, we should surely find the President's policy toward business reflected by his Cabinet officer whose special province is business.

Let us look at some random quotations from two speeches that Mr. Sawyer made this spring: "It is interesting to note the smug detachment with which certain theorists, both in and out of government—including some on the bench—undertake to decide questions about business with a magnificent indifference to, and in many cases an appalling ignorance of, the daily difficulties which face a businessman. . . .

"There are attacks on bigness merely as bigness. Some political scientists have contended that political democracy and economic oligarchy cannot live together in the same country. . . . Strangely enough, most of these benevolent guides of our economy see no danger in bigness in labor, although the concentration of power is far more absolute and the increase in concentration clearly more definite. . . .

"Those who claim that competition does not exist between giant firms do not know what they are talking about. . . . The tendency of competition itself has been to strengthen the stronger units in many businesses; but—strangely enough—the result has not been to eliminate or even slow down smaller units, although there is widespread belief that this is a fact. . . .

"When everything else in America is getting bigger, shall we expect business to get smaller? And if we expect or wish it to get smaller, why? . . . It is clear enough to me that we need all sizes of business in this country. . . .

"What is the identity of the culprit who holds back the production of more and better goods for more people? Can it be taxes? Can it be equity capital problems? Can it be inadequate skill of management where the performance is poor? . . .

"When the antitrust laws are measured by this modern, factual yardstick, the basic philosophy that underlies the law will not be disturbed. The philosophy of freedom of competition will stand the test."

It is our opinion that Mr. Sawyer knows more about business and makes more sense than Mr. Celler. But even those who do not share that opinion may agree with us that the administration should have a consistent attitude toward business, and that business should know what that attitude is.

Mr. Truman has endorsed Mr. Celler's antimonopoly crusade. But he has also chosen Mr. Sawyer as his Secretary of Commerce, has kept him on the job and, by failing to make any public contradiction, has inferentially endorsed Mr. Sawyer's views. We suspect that this has been done because the President wants his administration to be all things to all voters. And we believe that, with the international situation as tense as it is, Mr. Truman ought to put an end to this political fooling around.

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IT IS NOW POSSIBLE to buy an alarm clock which not only assaults the sleeper's ears but disturbs his fretful slumber further by flashing a light in his face. We can see only one virtue in such an instrument. After an awakening that combines the technique of the police third degree with the nerve-shocking invitation to a three-alarm fire, any of the day's subsequent tribulations would be an anticlimax.

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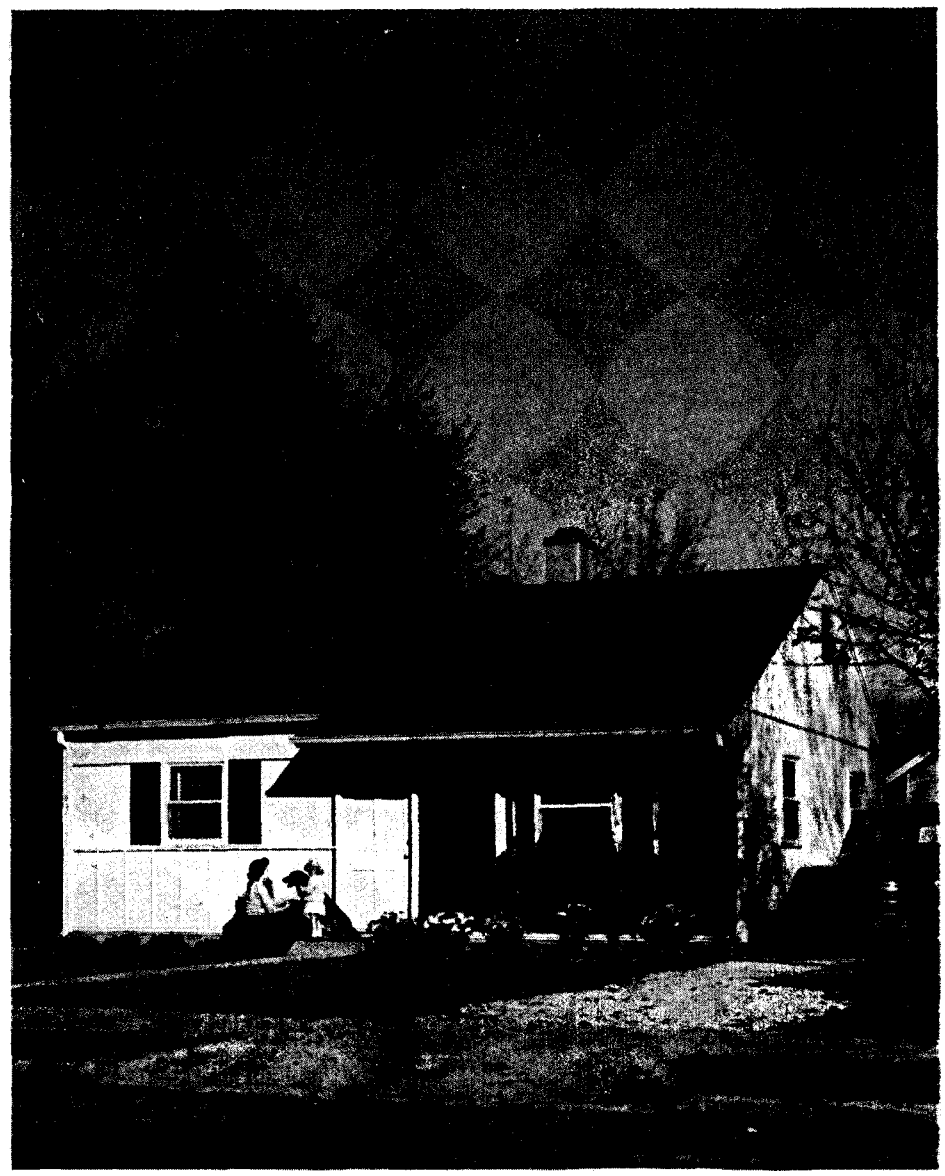

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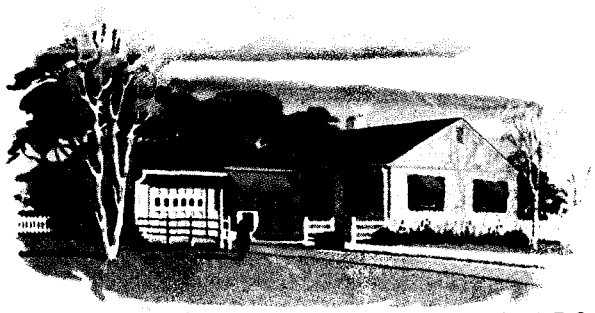

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